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P S A L M S

David N. Rodgers—

OF

D A V I D.

By the Reverend THOMAS CRADOCK, Rector of
St. Thomas's, Baltimore County, MARYLAND.

ANNAPOLIS:

Printed by JONAS GREEN, MDCCCLVI.



TO HIS EXCELLENCY

HORATIO SHARPE, Esq;

Governor of the Province of *MARYLAND*,

AND

TO THE HONOURABLE

JAMES HAMILTON, Esq;

Late Governor of the Province of *PENNSYLVANIA*,

THIS NEW VERSION of the
PSALMS of *DAVID*, is,
with all Humility and grate-
ful Acknowledgment,

DEDICATED,

BY

Their most obliged,

Humble Servant,

Thomas Cradock.



THE Author of the following VERSION owns himself under the highest Obligation to his kind and generous Subscribers; and modestly hopes, that, if they cannot applaud, they will, at least, excuse his Presumption, in attempting so bold and difficult a Work. He is sorry, that he could not comply with his Proposals as to the Time; but he was twice disappointed of his Paper, and then thought it most expedient to wait a little longer for the Advantage of new Types.





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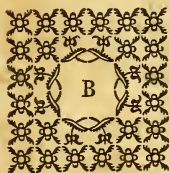
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THE
PSALMS
OF
DAVID.

P S A L M I.



LEST is the man, whose honest soul disdains
To tread the path where impious counsel reigns,
That in the way of sinners has not stood,
Nor fill'd the chair of the imperious proud.
2 But makes *Jehovah's* law his dear delight, 5
And meditates thereon by day, by night.
3 Like some fair tree, that near a riv'let grows,
And shades the waters with it's spreading

Boughs, that nor wither, nor delusive are,
But with their fruit reward the planter's care,
He'll flourish long ---- of heav'n itself the love,
And ev'ry solid joy and comfort prove.

[boughs,

10

4 Not so the wicked ---- like the chaff that flies,
And scatters far, when driving winds arise;
By the black whirlwind of their passions tost,
In guilt, and in it's direful woes they 're lost.

15

5 When therefore at the last tremendous day
Comes forth th' almighty judge in dread array;

B

Struck

- Struck with their crimes, his presence shall they fly,
 Nor join the righteous in their songs of joy. 20
- 6 For well our God the just man's way discerns,
 That he the path to heav'n with rapture learns;
 While impious men, who tread of sin the road,
 For ever perish-----such thy will, O God!

P S A L M II.

- 1 **W**HAT desp'rate madness strikes the heathen? Say,
 What vain delusive hopes the nations sway?
- 2 Earth's haughty tyrants in their pride rebel;
 With impious rage the mad'ning rulers swell;
 Thro' all, thro' all, the fatal frenzy flies; 5
 Against the Lord, against his Christ, they rise.
- 3 "Our souls (they boast) we'll from this bondage free,
 "And vindicate our native liberty."
- 4 But they in vain Omnipotence defy,
 The great, the sov'reign Lord, that rules on high, 10
 Laughs all their empty menaces to scorn;
- 5 See, see against them his dread fury burn!
 Hear 'gainst his enemies his thunder break!
 Hear him (O hear) the solemn mandate speak;
- 6 "Thou still, my son, on sacred *Sion* reign, 15
 "And o'er the conquer'd globe my pow'r maintain."
- 7 For me, while breath inspires this vital frame,
 The law my God hath giv'n me, I'll proclaim;
 "This day, my son, have I begotten thee;
- 8 "Ask of thy sov'reign father-----thine shall be 20
 "Whate'er the regions of the world contain,
 "Whatever *æther* bounds, whate'er the main;
- 9 "Thou with an iron rod the nations sway;
 "Bruise them, like vessels form'd of potter's clay."
- 10 But hear, ye monarchs of the world, be wise; 25
 Dispel this dark'ning mist before your Eyes;
- 11 Serve the great father, and his will revere;
 Temper your joy with pure, with holy fear,
- 12 Embrace the Son, and due obedience shew; 30
 If but awhile his dire resentment glow,
 Eternal death's your doom-----thrice happy all,
 Who trust in him, on his dread name who call!

P S A L M III.

- 1 **H**OW num'rous, Lord, how strong, how powerful they,
Who rise against me, and my soul dismay ?
- 2 Vain, empty boasters ! In their guilt they're proud,
And, that my God disdains me, vaunt aloud.
- 3 But me thro' dangers hast thou safely led, 5
And crown'd with glory and success my head ;
- 4 On thee I call'd in confidence of pray'r,
And from thy sacred hill thou deign'dst to hear.
- 5 At Night I laid me down, and slept secure ;
At Morn I rose, supported by thy pow'r. 10
- 6 Why then, tho' thousands threat me, shou'd I fear ?
My shield thy goodness, I defy the spear.
- 7 Rise, Lord, assist me-----save me from my Foes ;
Long has thy dreadful wrath against them rose ;
My only Foes the abandon'd wicked are, 15
And oft th' inflictions of thy hand they bear :
- 8 While all thy blessings righteous souls attend,
And them thou'lt save, who in thy temple bend.

P S A L M IV.

- 1 **A**LL-CLEMENT God, that know'st my honest Mind ;
In thee from ill a sure relief I find ;
Oft in my sad distress, thou'st giv'n release ;
Again my soul implores her wonted peace ;
Benign, O listen to thy servant's pray'r ; 5
Have mercy on me, Lord, in pity spare.
- 2 Ye hapless sons of men, what frenzy sways ?
How long 'gainst me your calumnies you'll raise ?
How long indulge your vile malignant spite ?
How long in killing slanders take delight ? 10
- 3 To your confusion know, the Godhead loves
The man, who by his works his duty proves ;
Nor, when in humble guise I to him plain,
Shall his obedient servant plead in vain.
- 4 Stand then, ye wretches, of his pow'r in awe ; 15
Nor sin presumptuous 'gainst his sacred law ;
Reflect your actions in the silent night-----
Your hearts will own you guilty in his sight.
- 6 The heedless *many* in vain riches trust,
And hope, their pray'rs for opulence, are just : 20
But I more happy, if thy light divine
On my glad soul in it's full radiance shine ;

- 7 More happy, thou, my only joy and hope,
 Than when the nectar sparkles in my cup ;
 Than when with corn my granaries abound,
 And loaded olives croud the fertile ground. 25
- 8 Yes, my good God, I'll lay me down in peace ;
 I'll sleep, devoid of care, secure of ease ;
 Thou, only thou, canst dissipate my grief,
 From foes give safety, and from pain relief. 30

P S A L M V.

- 1 **A**LL-POW'RFUL Lord, thy suppliant servant hear ;
 Thou art my God ; to thee I fly in pray'r ;
 Thou art my King ; thou in my heart dost reign ;
 Ah ! not thy *David's* humble suit disdain.
- 3 At early dawn my faithful voice I'll raise ; 5
 At early dawn I'll supplicate thy grace.
- 4 No pleasure tak'st thou in impiety,
 Nor wilt thou suffer sin to dwell with thee.
- 5 The fool, that hears not thy commands with awe ;
 The soul deprav'd, that deviates from thy law, 10
 The impious tongue, that deals in fraudulent lies ;
 The hand, it's maker's image that destroys,
 Are hateful to thee all, and soon shall know
 The direful pains thy vengeance dooms them to.
- 7 But on thy mercy shall my soul rely ; 15
 When I with rev'rence to thy temple fly,
 When at thy altar I devoutly kneel,
 Blest with thy light, what awful joy I feel ?
- 8 Direct me, O my God, the snares t' evade,
 Which my relentless enemies have laid, 20
- 9 Deceit and wrong their boast, fair truth their scorn,
 Their villain-hearts with horrid mischiefs burn,
 More black their throats than the remorseless grave,
 And with their tongues they flatter, to deceive.
- 10 Do thou, O God, the impious race destroy ; 25
 Thro' their own wild devices let them die ;
 'Gainst thee they dare rebel ;-----assert thy pow'r,
 And bear their vile atrocious crimes no more.
- 11 But let all they, that trust in thee, rejoice,
 And tune in hymns of gratitude their voice ; 30
 In thee the greatest happiness they prove,
 Thy will their law, thy glorious name their love.
- 12 For to thy will who bear a just regard,
 Shall from thy bounty meet a full reward ;

Them,

Them, who to thy commands due rev'rence have,
Thy gracious goodness, as a shield, shall save.

35

P S A L M VI.

- 1 **W**HILE lasts thy dread resentment! Lord, forbear;
Displeas'd, thy chastisements are too severe.
- 2 Have mercy, Lord-----a languid weakness reigns;
Heal my distemper'd bones, and ease my pains.
- 3 Incessant ills my anguish'd soul distress; 5
How long wilt thou delay, till thou redress?
- 4 Still I'll implore thee-----turn, dread father, turn,
Nor let thy mercy leave me thus forlorn.
- 5 In death of thee we no remembrance have,
And who can praise thee in the silent grave? 10
- 6 Heaves my sad breast the live-long night with sighs;
Suffus'd with constant streams my sleepless eyes;
My bed I water with the briny flood;
Swims my wet couch with tears, O pitying God;
- 7 No more with florid Health my visage glows; 15
The lilly now looks pale, where blush'd the rose;
My sight's impair'd, my body wears away,
While cruel foes haste on the swift decay!
- 8 Far hence, ye impious crouds; the Lord hath heard
My earnest pray'r, my anguish'd soul he 'as chear'd; 20
- 9 My earnest pray'r I've not preferr'd in vain;
My earnest pray'r my God will not disdain.
- 10 Confusion shall be theirs, that vex my soul;
Their causeless enmity shall meet controul;
With sudden terror seiz'd, lo! back they turn, 25
No more I'm harra'st, and no more I mourn.

P S A L M VII.

- 1 **O** LORD my God, whom my defence I've made,
When persecuting foes my life invade,
'Gainst their insidious schemes that life defend,
And in the threat'ning danger stand my friend.
- 2 For like the savage monarch of the wood, 5
Whose sport is slaughter, and whose thirst is blood,
If thou not aidst me with thy saving pow'r,
Their cruel jaws thy servant will devour.
- 3 And yet, O Lord, if I've th' offender been,
If I've not kept my hands from rapine clean; 10
- If,

- 4 If, when my friend my int'rest has pursued,
I've paid his friendship with ingratitude ;
(But sure a nobler way I always chose,
And oft from ruin have redeem'd my foes)
- 5 'Gainst me let my fierce enemy succeed, 15
Down in the earth my mangled carcase tread,
Be on the vile *ingrate*, severely just,
And lay my tarnish'd honours in the dust.
- 6 But thou, O Lord, in thy dread anger rise ;
O not my humble, ardent suit, despise ; 20
In all thy awful majesty array'd,
Call forth thy vengeance to thy servant's aid.
- 7 So shall the people tremble at thy pow'r,
And thee their king, and thee their God, adore.
- 8 O thou, the sov'reign judge of all mankind, 25
Let me, as I am guiltless, mercy find,
Let my integrity thy pity move ;
- 9 While my remorseless foes thy justice prove ;
Thou triest the reins, the heart-----thy searching eye
The soul's most secret purpose can descry. 30
- 10 But why their bitter enmity I fear,
When safely guarded by th' almighty's care ;
That gracious being that defends the good,
And pours destruction on the impious proud ?
- 12 If still perversely they resist his word, 35
Lo ! the all-high draws his avenging sword !
See ! his bow ready bent, his arrows fly ;
The wounded sinners feel his wrath, and die.
- 14 Such the result of wickedness like theirs !
With sin they travail, and they bring forth tears ; 40
Big with delusive hopes of mighty gains,-----
Death's the reward of their accursed pains.
- 15 For me they made a pit-----in vain they made ;
To the same pit they are themselves betray'd ;
- 16 On their own heads their threat'ned mischiefs fall ; 45
In their own snares involv'd, they perish all.
- 17 Therefore to heav'n's high Lord, in songs of praise,
Freed from their toils, my tuneful voice I'll raise ;
The just, the righteous God I'll, grateful, sing,
And ever hymn the universal king. 50

P S A L M VIII.

- 1 **O** DREAD Jehovah ! glorious is thy name ;
According worlds it's excellence proclaim ;

The

- The glitt'ring regions of the spangled sky
 Declare thy greatness and thy majesty.
- 2 How vast thy kindness to the sons of men,
 E'en in our helpless infancy is seen;
 If such o'er sucklings thy paternal care,
 The wicked sure their blasphemies may spare.
- 3 But when thy wond'rous works above I spy,
 The glorious canopy that hangs on high,
 Rejoicing in his strength, the radiant sun,
 With her attendant orbs, the glimm'ring moon;
- 4 Who can the depth of all thy goodness scan,
 Thy free, thy vast beneficence to man?
 That we, mere *things* of earth, thy care can boast,
 In joy, in rapt'rous wonder, I am lost.
- 5 With glory crown'd, ours is the second place
 To the high order of th' angelic race;
- 6 Lord of this lower world, a wide domain,
 O'er all the creatures of thy hand we reign;
- 7 The lowing herds, the bleating flocks obey,
 And all the beasts that in the woodlands stray;
- 8 Ours are the wing'd inhabitants above;
 The tribes are ours that in old ocean rove:
- 9 O dread Jehovah, glorious is thy name:
 According worlds it's excellence proclaim.

P S A L M IX.

- 1 **W**ITH heart sincere, thy praise, O Lord, I'll sing;
 Thy wond'rous works extol, my God, my king:
- 2 By thee supported, I'll in thee rejoice;
 Thy name, thy praise, thy pow'r, shall fill my voice.
- 3 Elate in vain, my vanquish'd foes are fled,
 They perish; lo! thy presence strikes them dead:
- 4 For thou my righteous cause hast made *thy own*,
 And spoke thy judgments from thy awful throne:
- 5 Thou badst the *heathen* give their madness o'er;
 By thee their names eras'd, shall live no more.
- 6 Imperious foe; thy menaces are void,
 Like the sack'd cities, by thy rage destroy'd.
- 7 But thou, O mighty Lord, shalt ever reign,
 Thy just tribunal ever shalt maintain;
- 8 By righteous acts thy faithful people sway,
 And shield the pious souls who thee obey.
- 9 A certain refuge to the sore-oppress'd,
 Thou, when thy wisdom wills, shalt give them rest.

Thee

- 10 Thee her support the anguish'd soul shall make,
 Assur'd, thy servants thou wilt ne'er forsake. 20
 11 Ye sons of *Sion*, his high name extol ;
 Shout forth his praises to the nations all ;
 12 Not unreveng'd he lets the guiltless die,
 And, when the humble plains, he hears his cry.
 13 O gracious God, whom my defence I found, 25
 When impious foes breath'd forth destruction round,
 Preserve me still, that I in grateful lays,
 'Midst *Salem's* joyous throngs, may hymn thy praise.
 15 Fall'n in the pit, for others they prepare,
 Entangled in their toils, the *heathen* are : 30
 16 O wond'rous justice of a righteous God !
 From their own wily acts their ruin flow'd.
 17 Thus their own schemes their own destruction prove ;
 Thus perish they, who not their Maker love.
 18 But all, who humbly on their God rely, 35
 Want not his aid, when in distress they cry.
 19 Yes, Lord, arise-----let not vain man prevail ;
 Convince them, that thy truth will never fail ;
 20 Make them thy sov'reign pow'r, thy justice own ;
 That they're but men, that thou art God alone. 40

P S A L M X.

- 1 **O** GRACIOUS God, why standest thou afar ?
 Why not thy poor afflicted servant hear ?
 2 The impious *atheist* persecutes the just ;
 His own insidious arts he makes his trust ;
 Shall he his vile insidious arts enjoy, 5
 And wilt not thou the villain brood destroy ?
 3 See, how he glories in his wild desires,
 And loves the man whom vain ambition fires :
 4 Big with his hopes, with high presumption fraught,
 Thee he denies, thou art not in his thought ! 10
 5 Secure in fancied happiness he lives ;
 To thy dread vengeance bold defiance gives ;
 With haughty scorn looks wrathful on his foes,
 And madly bids them all his schemes oppose.
 6 " Your efforts all, (he proudly cries) are vain ; 15
 " To life's last verge my pow'r I will maintain,
 " No care, no anguish, shall corrode my breast ;
 " No pain, no sickness, shall destroy my rest ;
 " In all the blessings of this earth I'll flow,
 " And brave the highest vengeance of the foe." 20

From

- 7 From his vile mouth continual curses fly;
 He smiles at perjury, adores a lie,
 Thinks it his highest honour, to deceive,
 And is in rapture, when the righteous grieve.
- 8 In the dark corners of the street he lies, 25
 With wond'rous skill prepares his treacheries,
 T' entrap the good, he spends the live-long night;
 The good, the constant objects of his spite.
- 9 As skulks the lion in his den, and waits, 30
 Till in his jaws some heedless beast he gets;
 So crouches he, so lurks in ambuscade,
 The blood of helpless innocence to shed;
 With what malignant joy the traitor smiles,
 When once they're hamper'd in his wily toils?
- 11 All this he does, and blasphemously proud, 35
 That thou regard'st him not, exults aloud;
 Boasts, thou his impious projects wilt not see;
 That *right* and *wrong* are all the same to thee.
- 12 Arise, O God, lift thy avenging hand,
 Nor let the poor in vain thy aid demand, 40
- 13 Why shou'd the wicked thus thy wrath despise?
 Thou carest not for man, prophane he cries.
- 14 Sure thou hast heard his boast, and seen his rage;
 The good man's cause thy justice will engage;
 To thee the humble plead for swift redress; 45
 Implore thy mercy in their deep distress;
 Own thy omnipotence, thy right divine,
 And that to punish wickedness is thine.
- 15 Break then his arm, O Lord, confound his pow'r;
 Destroy his schemes, that he may rage no more; 50
 Make all his vile imaginations vain,
 Nor let his crimes disturb our peace again.
- 16 Then shalt thou have o'er all eternal sway;
 With humble awe thy people shall obey;
 The madness of the *heathen* then shall cease, 55
 And all thy righteous servants dwell in peace.
- 17 Thus of the injur'd poor, the pious pray'r,
 All-clement God, thou condescend'st to hear;
 To thee they weep, to thee they cry, amain,
 Nor are their pious pray'rs address'd in vain: 60
- 18 That of th' afflicted thou assert the right
 Against th' injustice of the man of might;
 That he, abas'd his pride, controul'd his pow'r;
 May be the scourge of innocence no more.

P S A L M XI.

- 1 **I** ON the Lord with confidence rely ;
 (Sure is the aid of the divinity).
 Why then d'ye bid my soul distrust his pow'r,
 And a vain refuge in the hills explore ;
 Like tim'rous birds, whose flight betrays their fear, 5
 Who swiftly skim the skies, when danger's near ?
- 2 For lo ! th' ungodly bend their hostile bow ;
 Their arrows ready on the string they shew ;
 With private spite they at the righteous aim,
 The man, whose conscious heart is free from blame. 10
- 3 But thou'lt, almighty Lord, their fury stay ;
 The righteous thou'lt protect, who thee obey ;
 Thou wilt their helpless innocence defend ;
 The bow with fruitless aim th' ungodly bend.
- 4 Thou in thy hallow'd temple sit'st on high ; 15
 High in thy heav'ns, enthron'd in majesty,
 Full in thy view the scatter'd nations are ;
 Howe'er dispers'd, they all employ thy care.
- 5 Thine eye the actions of the *good man* views,
 The *bad* thro' all his mazy crimes pursues ; 20
 The *good* are constant objects of thy love ;
 The *bad* thy bitt'rest indignation prove.
- 6 Thou on the *bad* dost dire destruction pour,
 Hear ! the black tempests all around them roar,
 Hark ! the loud thunder rattles o'er their heads ; 25
 Lo ! it's swift fires the sulph'rous lightning sheds.
- 7 But, just thyself, thou call'st the just man thine,
 And bidst thy mercy on the upright shine.

P S A L M XII.

- 1 **O** LORD, assist ; for faith, for honour's flown ;
 Our Earth they've left, and sure to Heav'n are gone :
 2 Now each man to delude his neighbour tries ;
 Their tongues are tipt with flatteries and lies.
- 3 But the proud tongue, that speaks a haughty lie, 5
 The false, the flattering lip, wilt thou destroy :
- 4 Who fearless say ; " Our lips are sure our own ;
 " Be by our perjur'd tongues our courage known ;
 " Our villain-schemes undaunted we'll maintain ;
 " And who our tongues shall curb, our lips shall rein ?" 10
- 5 But thou shalt hear th' afflicted's earnest sighs ;
 Thou in behalf of innocence shalt rise ;

Shalt

- Shalt free their souls from each insidious snare,
And heal their sorrows with a father's care.
- 6 For in thy word, O Lord, we rest secure, 15
Thy word, than purest silver far more pure;
Than silver sev'n times by the fire refin'd,
It's dross exhal'd, and scatter'd by the wind.
- 7 Yes; what thy honour speaks, wilt thou maintain;
Their righteous souls in all their griefs sustain; 20
From this degen'rate race wilt set them free,
And bless them with their native liberty.
- 8 " But when unjust and impious men bear sway,
" Then vice exults, and walks in open day."

P S A L M XIII.

- 1 **H**OW long wilt thou my troubled soul neglect,
Nor to my fervent pray'r have due respect?
How long, my God, thy presence still conceal,
While I unutterable anguish feel?
How long thus bootless shall I yet complain, 5
While sneer my cruel foes, and mock my pain?
- 3 O hear, while I thy strength'ning light implore;
O hear, or soon thy servant is no more;
Death soon on all my glories casts a shade,
And soon shall I be number'd with the dead. 10
- 4 Then will my foes triumphant raise their voice,
And with their wonted insolence rejoice.
- 5 But still I'll place my confidence in thee;
My only joy, thy saving hand shall be;
- 6 By thy blest goodness rais'd, thy praise I'll sing, 15
And hymn thy glorious name, eternal king.

P S A L M XIV.

- 1 **T**HE impious *atheist*, in his folly proud,
At one all-powerful *being* laughs aloud.
Corrupt they're all; from virtue's path they turn,
And in the quenchless fires of lust they burn;
Their shocking crimes, their curst impieties, 5
Demand tremendous vengeance from the skies.
- 2 Th' All-high looks down from his ethereal throne,
To see, if man his sov'reign pow'r will own;
If yet the sons of earth accept his sway,
His name revere, and his dread will obey. 10

- 3 Ah no ! not one-----they 'gainst their God conspire,
Pursue the dictates of each wild desire,
In filthy scenes their precious hours employ,
And make their shocking crimes their horrid joy.
- 4 Does then rank frenzy o'er the wicked reign, 15
That they such hideous blasphemy maintain,
That they my people, as their prey, devour,
And, obstinate, reject almighty pow'r ?
- 5 But still their wretched hearts shall shake with fear, 20
For, where the righteous are, God's always near,
The refuge of the just he'll constant prove ;
The humble soul is sure to have his love ;
- 6 And, while, ye wicked, you her hopes deride,
Falls direful vengeance on your impious pride.
- 7 From *Sion's* hill, O that the Lord wou'd send 25
His speedy aid, and *Jacob's* sons defend ;
Wou'd his own people from their bondage free,
And give them back their long'd-for liberty ;
Then shou'd the race of *Israel* shout for joy,
And their glad tongues in grateful hymns employ. 30

P S A L M XV.

- 1 **W**H O in thy glorious temple, Lord, shall dwell,
And who shall rest upon thy holy hill ?
- 2 E'en he, who holds simplicity of heart,
And from thy righteous judgments dreads to part ;
Whose faithful tongue, indignant of a lie, 5
Wounds not his neighbour's peace with calumny ;
Whose thoughts no mischief 'gainst a foe intend ;
Who vents no killing slander 'gainst a friend :
- 4 Who shuns the wicked, and detests their ways ;
But, honours him, that heav'ns high will obeys ; 10
Who'll to the indigent his help afford,
And lose his int'rest, ere he'll break his word.
- 5 Who with a modest income is content,
Nor takes reward against the innocent ;
By acts like these, who can his duty prove, 15
Shall live for ever with his God above.

P S A L M XVI.

- 1 **P**R E S E R V E me, Lord-----on thy blest pow'r relies
My fervent soul, and to thy goodness flies.

Yet

- Yet not to thee my faithful works extend;
 Weak tho' I am, an aiding hand I'll lend
 To those dear saints, in virtue that excel,
 Their hope, their joy, their pride, with thee to dwell. 5
- 4 But hapless they, who not in thee will trust,
 And think their hopes in fancied gods are just!
 Their bloody sacrifices I'll disdain,
 Nor shall their impious names my lips profane. 10
- 5 No; rather in thy pow'r secure I'll stand;
 Receive my lot, my portion, from thy hand:
- 6 O blessed lot! O heavenly retreat!
 In fields of fairest flow'rs is fix'd my seat;
 Plac'd as I am therein by hands divine, 15
 A scene of endless happiness is mine.
- 7 Therefore my soul with gratitude o'erflows;
 By thee inspir'd, with heav'nly ardour glows;
- 8 I feel the present God, that guards my steps;
 My high-enraptur'd heart within me leaps; 20
 My infirm body trembles with the joy,
 And my whole system proves the ecstasy.
- 10 For from the gloomy horrors of the grave,
 Thy *holy*, thy *anointed* one, thou'lt save;
 From dreary darkness thou his soul wilt free, 25
 Nor shall thy *chosen* vile corruption see:
- 11 The blissful paths of life thou'lt to him shew,
 Where in thy presence joys for ever flow;
 Where in full streams immortal pleasures roll,
 From thy right-hand, to fill the ravish'd soul. 30

P S A L M XVII.

- 1 **D**O thou, just God, a just man's pray'r attend;
 O listen to the cry that comes unfeign'd;
- 2 At thy tribunal *David* asks redress,
 With pitying eye behold his sad distress.
- 3 Oft hast thou prov'd me in the silent night, 5
 And found the purpose of my heart was right;
 Oft view'd my secret soul, and found, in nought
 My tongue e'er differ'd from my inmost thought.
- 4 Thy word my rule, and govern'd by thy fear;
 I from the works of impious men kept clear. 10
- 5 O still preserve me in the path I've trod;
 O let me firmly tread, all-gracious God.
- 6 Thee have I oft invok'd, for thou wilt hear;
 Lift, while I plead; incline thy gracious ear:

Shew

- 7 Shew me thy mercy, thou, whose potent arm
 Defends the soul, that trusts in thee, from harm. 15
 8 Thy wings protectful o'er my steps extend ;
 Me, as the apple of the eye, defend
 9 From that abandon'd crew, my peace that wound ;
 From those my foes, that compass me around ; 20
 10 Who, with their wealth elate, forget their God,
 And in their guilt are insolently proud.
 11 In ev'ry secret place they lay the snare ;
 And 'gainst my life their wily schemes prepare :
 12 Like to the lion, that expects his prey, 25
 Or like his whelp, they keep my soul at bay.
 13 Arise, O Lord ; confound their villainy ;
 From their destructive toils thy servant free ;
 14 Thy sword they are ; thy wisdom lets them reign ;
 Thou giv'st them here a wide, a large domain, 30
 In wealth they flow, and, when they breathe no more,
 Their num'rous sons possess their shining store.
 15 For me, by innocence of heart I'll strive
 Still in thy favour, in thy light, to live ;
 Enough, O gracious God, enough for me 35
 To view in bliss thy glorious majesty.

P S A L M XVIII.

- 1 **O** SOV'REIGN Lord, whom my support I prove,
 Be thou the constant object of my love.
 2 My rock of safety thou, my strong defence,
 The God, the guardian of my innocence,
 My hope, my solace, in my sore distress, 5
 My shield, my buckler, when my foes oppress.
 3 Thee I'll invoke ; for worthy thou of praise,
 Thou in her griefs my drooping soul didst raise ;
 4 Hemm'd in with dangers, in distress I lay,
 Death with his direful snares beset my way ; 10
 Down to the dreary shades, the fields below,
 Caught in his fatal toils, I fear'd to go ;
 6 When to my God in confidence I pray'd,
 Preferr'd my sad complaint, implor'd his aid.
 7 Nor were my sad complaints in vain preferr'd ; 15
 Soon on his awful throne my voice he heard ;
 Lo ! trembles earth at the vindictive God ;
 Th' affrighted hills from their foundations nod ;
 8 From his dread nostrils clouds of smoke arise ;
 From out his mouth a fire consuming flies ; 20
 He

- 9 He bows the Heav'ns; he leaves his awful feat;
 He comes; thick misty vapours cloath his feet:
 10 " On flaming Cherubs royally he rode;
 " On wings of winds came flying all abroad;"
 11 Tremendous darkness his dread presence shrouds;
 Surround him waters, and involve him clouds: 25
 12 From his bright eyes burst forth a radiant light,
 That drives the darkness, and dispels the night;
 Then falls of rattling hail a dreadful show'r,
 And flakes of fire their glaring volumes pour. 30
 13 But when the Lord his awful silence broke;
 High heav'n with all it's deep artillery shook;
 Earth was astonish'd at the pouring flood,
 And with his rapid lightnings æther glow'd.
 14 Thro' the vast void his flaming arrows fly, 35
 And flash on flash redoubles, to destroy:
 15 The gaping Earth her secret sources shews,
 Whence springs the fountain, when the riv'let flows;
 And, so great terror at his wrath she feels,
 Trembling, her own foundations she reveals. 40
 16 He from above reach'd forth his aiding hand;
 Me, sinking in the waters, he sustain'd;
 17 Repuls'd the madness of my mighty foes,
 Their wiles eluded, and dispers'd my woes;
 18 And, when with all their malice they assail'd, 45
 Vain were their schemes-----I in my God prevail'd.
 19 Me did he reinstate in liberty,
 And, 'cause he lov'd his servant, set him free.
 20 For well my honest humble heart he knew,
 And deem'd the favours he bestow'd, my due: 50
 21 That in his righteous ways I constant trod,
 Nor with the wicked wou'd forsake my God;
 22 His statutes long with reverence obey'd,
 And never from his dread behests had stray'd;
 23 Had kept my soul from fraud, from falsehood free, 55
 Had loath'd the paths of guilt, of infamy:
 24 Therefore my life with justice he regards,
 And with a bounteous hand my truth rewards;
 Therefore his favour and his love he shew'd,
 And blessings nameless, numberless, bestow'd. 60
 25 For who with thee conforms in heart and mind,
 Thee with the holy shall they holy find,
 That to the perfect thou wilt perfect be,
 26 And the just man shall justice have from thee:

But

- But that the froward souls, who wilful deal
In wily schemes, shall thy resentment feel. 65
- 27 For, when in misery the humble grieve,
Thy pow'rful hand is ready to relieve,
And, when with haughty scorn the wicked glow,
Thou'lt check their high disdain, and bring them low 70
- 28 Me in adversity thou'lt oft sustain'd,
My lamp hast lighted, when the darkness reign'd.
- 29 My leader thou, tho' armed hosts assail,
I'll break thro' all, and in thy pow'r prevail :
Sure of Success, on their full ranks I'll fall, 75
And scale the highest turret of the wall.
- 30 For, when the righteous, in thy cause unite,
Thy word is promis'd to defend the right ;
Thy word, far purer than the purest gold,
Close, as a buckler, to my breast I'll hold ; 80
With firmest hope I'll on thy word rely,
Spring on the foe, and snatch the victory :
- 31 For who is Lord, or who is God, but thee ?
Who else has pow'r, has might, has majesty ?
- 32 Thou giv'st me strength against the foe, O God ; 85
To heav'nly wisdom pointest out the road ;
- 33 Thou giv'st me, swifter than the hart to fly,
And far from danger placest me on high :
- 34 Instruct'st my hand, the use of arms to know,
To dart the jav'lin, and to wield the bow. 90
- 35 My rock of safety thou, my pow'rful might ;
Thy strong right-hand protects me in the fight ;
- 36 Thou clear'st my road thro' the impervious way ;
My tott'ring Feet, where snares entrap, dost stay ;
- 37 Dost to my soul true fortitude impart ; 95
Soon feel my fainting foes the deadly dart ;
- 38 Soon at my feet my mercy they implore,
Sink with their wounds, and fall, to rise no more.
- 39 Thro' all my limbs new strength dost thou infuse ;
My ardent soul the gen'rous chace pursues ; 100
- 40 I'm all on fire ; my foes I soon destroy ;
Dismay'd, dejected, from my arms they fly ;
- 41 They call for succour, but no succour's near ;
To thee they call, but thou disdain'st to hear ;
- 42 Swift, I pursue, and follow close behind ; 105
Swift they disperse, like dust before the wind ;
And, like the filthy rubbish of the street,
I spurn their bodies with triumphant feet.

Thus

- 43 Thus from their hostile rage thou set'st me free,
 And crown'st me with imperial dignity ; 110
 E'en o'er the *heathen* giv'st unbounded sway,
 And bidst the distant realms my rule obey ;
 44 The distant realms submissive own my right,
 45 Distrust their castles, and decline the fight.
 46 Praise, might and majesty to thee, O Lord ; 115
 Thou didst thy pow'rful help to me afford ;
 47 Didst 'gainst my foes my injur'd cause maintain,
 And gav'st me o'er thy favour'd tribes to reign ;
 48 Thou bidst the tumults of the wicked cease,
 Distract'st their counsels, and commandest peace ; 120
 49 Therefore amid the nations I'll proclaim,
 In songs of gratitude, thy glorious name ;
 50 For to thy *chosen*, thy anointed king
 Didst thou, in his dismay, deliv'rance bring,
 Hast crown'd his days with glory and success, 125
 And still his latest progeny wilt bless.

P S A L M XIX.

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament, that hangs on high,
 The splendid glories of the spangled sky,
 Fix'd in due order, clad in bright array,
 The great, th' almighty architect, display.
 2 From day to day, from night to night, they roll, 5
 And pour conviction on the humble soul :
 3 In them, surpriz'd, the various nations hear
 'The mighty God his ruling pow'r declare :
 4 To regions most remote aloud they sound ;
 Their voice extends to earth's extreme bound. 10
 5 High 'bove the rest, in his full radiance gay,
 Comes forth th' englad'ning sun, to gild the day ;
 Like a young bridegroom, who, to charm his fair,
 Adorns his body with the nicest care ;
 Exulting, like a giant, in his force, 15
 He runs with vast rapidity, his course.
 6 See, from the east his rosy car he drives ;
 Lo ! nature at his joyous beams revives ;
 See, o'er the wide *expanse* he wheels his way ;
 The whole creation at his presence gay. 20
 7 But not alone these wonders strike with awe ;
 The Lord's as glorious in his sacred law ;
 His laws, which strictest purity impart,
 His word that giveth wisdom to the heart ;

- 8 His statutes that rejoice the humble soul,
His judgments that the ways of sin controul,
His precepts that enlight the pious breast,
His holy fear, that shall for ever last. 25
- 10 With them not e'en the richest sweets compare;
Than gold, than gems, of nobler price they are; 30
- 11 By them thy servant rules his inmost thought,
And the bright road to happiness is taught.
- 12 Yet who the errors of his heart can tell,
How oft 'gainst thee his secret thoughts rebel;
What vain *ideas* in his fancy play, 35
And o'er each word, each action, hold the sway?
O cleanse thy servant from the great offence;
- 13 O let him keep his truth, his innocence;
O from presumptuous guilt preserve him free,
And firm him in his own simplicity. 40
- 14 Grant, dear redeemer, this my fervent pray'r;
Whate'er my words, my meditations are,
To thee may they, a grateful incense, rise,
And meet with kind acceptance from thy eyes.

P S A L M XX.

- 1 **W**HEN troubles hem thee round, when foes distress,
And thou to heav'n thy fervent pray'r address,
To thee a list'ning ear th' almighty lend,
Thee by his name may *Jacob's* God defend: 5
- 2 From his resplendent throne assistance give,
From *Sion's* sacred temple bid thee live;
- 3 Thy victims at his altar not forget;
And thy oblations graciously accept;
- 4 Grant to thy heart's desire the ask'd success,
Dispel thy woes, and all thy counsels bless. 10
- 5 And when th' almighty God has given his aid,
And crown'd with conquest thy anointed head,
We'll join thy triumphs with according voice,
And in thy great deliv'rer we'll rejoice.
- 6 For well we know thou art th' eternal's care,
That from his lofty throne thy suit he'll hear; 15
That not in vain thou'lt on his pow'r rely;
His strong right-hand will give thee victory.
- 7 Let the proud *heathen* in their cars confide,
And on their harness'd steeds exulting ride; 20
Be they their empty boast-----more wisely we
Depend, O God, on thy great name and thee.

Their

- 8 Their harneſt'd ſteeds, their falchion'd chariots fail,
Nor in the day of deep diſtreſs prevail;
See, low they fall, while, in thy pow'r we riſe, 25
And ſnatch the conqueſt from our enemies.
- 9 Save us and hear-----on thee we call, O Lord;
While thou thy ſtrong protection wilt afford,
We dare the menac'd battle of the foe;
Fruitleſs, he darts the ſpear, and bends the bow. 30

P S A L M XXI.

- 1 **S**AV'D by thy hand, triumphant in thy pow'r,
The king ſhall thee in gratitude adore.
By thee ſupported in the doubtful day,
To thee the tribute of his praiſe ſhall pay:
- 2 Ne'er, when with ſuppliant voice to thee he pray'd, 5
Didſt thou deny in his diſtreſs thy aid;
Ne'er, when his lips pour'd forth his heart's deſire,
Fruitleſs did he the humble boon require.
- 3 Of all the bounties of thy love poſſeſt,
Above the warmeſt of his wiſhes bleſt, 10
A golden diadem ſurrounds his head,
Whoſe glitt'ring gems their bright effulgence ſhed.
- 4 For life he aſk'd-----thou more than life haſt giv'n,
A life of immortality in heav'n.
- 5 Eternal honours does thy hand beſtow; 15
Eternal glories from thy goodneſs flow;
- 6 Eternal bliſs thou giv'ſt without alloy,
Thy glad'ning preſence ever to enjoy.
- 7 For thou the anchor of his hope ſhalt be;
His truſt he'll place, all-pow'rful God, in thee. 20
- 8 Thy foes thy hand vindictive ſoon ſhall feel;
Vainly from thee wou'd they themſelves conceal;
- 9 For, like the fire, which in the furnace roars,
And the dry fuel, greedily devours, 25
On their devoted heads thy judgments fall,
And thy tremendous wrath conſumes them all;
- 10 Their names are loſt among the ſons of men,
And none will dare to ſay they've ever been.
- 11 'Gainſt thee their fraudulent villainies they ſchem'd;
And, boaiſtful, of their high ſucceſs they dream'd: 30
- 12 Therefore from thee ſhall they attempt to fly,
Yet by the arrows of thy vengeance die.
- 13 Yes, Lord; in all thy majeſty ariſe,
Exert thy ſtrength againſt thine enemies: .

So shall the pious tribes thy name adore,
And in continued anthems hail thy pow'r.

35

P S A L M XXII.

- 1 **W**H Y does my God forsake me? will no more
Thy goodness aid me, when I life implore?
- 2 The tedious day, the live-long night I sigh;
In vain; thy saving pow'r does still deny.
- 3 Yet art thou holy, O thou sov'reign king; 5
Thy praise the sons of *Sion* constant sing;
- 4 On thee our fathers in their woes relied,
On thee they call'd, nor was thy aid denied.
- 5 Their only solace in their sore distress,
Benign thou heard'st their pray'r, and didst redress. 10
- 6 But I'm a worm-----no man am I-----the croud
With jeers insult me, and reproach aloud;
- 7 With killing scorn, who meet me in the way,
Shoot out the lip and shake the head, and say;
- 8 " In God he plac'd his empty confidence; 15
" The Lord he boasted for his sure defence;
" Since Heav'n his glory, his delight he made,
" Let him support him now, and grant him aid."
- 9 But sure, when in the dreary womb I lay,
Thy goodness gave me, to enjoy the day; 20
When a weak helpless infant at the breast,
Thou wast my God, and with thy favour blest:
- 11 Now then, when only thou canst comfort give,
Let me secure in thy protection live.
- 12 Wild bulls of *Bashan* compass me around; 25
Me they beset, and meditate the wound;
- 13 On me they gape, and threaten to devour,
And, like to fierce and famish'd lions, roar.
- 14 My blood flows out; shrunk up is ev'ry vein;
My feeble joints, my body scarce sustain; 30
My trembling tortur'd heart forgets to beat;
It melts, like wax dissolving in the heat:
- 15 Like a mere potsherd, am I dried away;
My strength is lost; my weaken'd limbs decay;
Close to my shrivel'd jaws my tongue does cleave, 35
And lo! I totter o'er the gaping grave.
- 16 For the whole impious rout enclose me round;
And, like fell wolves, my wretched body wound.
- 17 They pierce my hands-----my feet-----so lank I'm grown,
With ease may be distinguish'd bone from bone. 40

With

- With the sad view they glut their rav'ning eye,
And feed their cruel hearts with horrid joy.
- 18 My various garments 'mongst them they divide,
And, whose my vesture, by the lot is tried.
- 19 But, gracious Lord, thy pleading servant hear, 45
And haste my sad afflicted soul to chear,
- 20 Drive back the sword of my assaulding foes ;
The fury of these rav'ning wolves oppose ;
- 21 O save me, save me from the lions jaws,
And with thy strongest might support my cause. 50
- 22 From death redeem'd, thy goodness I'll proclaim,
And in the glad assembly hymn thy name.
- 23 Ye humble souls, that fear the Lord, rejoice ;
Ye sons of *Jacob*, raise the tuneful voice ;
In festal hymns set forth his saving pow'r, 55
In songs of joy his clemency adore :
- 24 For, when th' afflicted in sad anguish cried,
With scorn he heard not, nor his aid denied ;
Nor from his mis'ries turn'd his face away,
But to his troubled soul restor'd the day. 60
- 25 Therefore his praises shall employ my tongue,
And all the pious tribes shall join the song.
- 26 The humbly meek, that seek th' almighty Lord,
Who've long his glorious attributes ador'd,
With joy shall at his sacred banquet feed, 65
And satisfy their soul with living bread.
- 27 Yes ; all the nations of the world shall own
His pow'r, shall worship 'fore his awful throne ;
Earth's farthest bounds his statutes shall obey,
And with according voice avow his sway : 70
- 28 Earth's farthest bounds are subject to his pow'r,
And he's the universal governor.
- 29 The rich, the mighty, at his board shall sit,
And bless his sov'reign bounty, while they eat ;
The poor, just sinking to the shades below, 75
'Fore him in humble adoration bow.
- 30 A *seed* shall serve him, and his name adore,
And be accounted *his*, till time's no more ;
- 31 To people yet unborn his works proclaim,
Display the wonders of his holy name ; 80
His dread inflictions on the haughty proud,
His ever-flowing mercy on the good.

P S A L M XXIII.

- 1 “**T**HE bounteous Lord my pastures shall prepare,
 “ And feed his servant with a shepherd’s care :”
- 2 In a gay verdant plain, with flow’rs o’erspread,
 Where *nature* furnishes her softest bed ;
 Where the clear stream in smooth meanders flows, 5
 He bids me take a sweet, serene repose.
- 3 When in erroneous paths I simply stray,
 His gracious goodness leads me in the way ;
 Recals my wand’ring steps, and points the road,
 The even path his *David* shou’d have trod. 10
- 4 Yea ; tho’ the gloomy vale of death I tread,
 Where dreary horrors compass round my head,
 E’en there no fatal ills my soul betide,
 Thy rod, thy staff, my comfort and my guide.
- 5 Vainly my foes with hell-born envy burn ; 15
 The choicest eates my loaded board adorn,
 My chearful bowls are fill’d with purest wine,
 And round my brows thy richest ointments shine.
- 6 And, while my breath inspires this vital clay,
 On thee secure I’ll rest, for ever gay ; 20
 Thy truth, thy mercy, shall protect me still,
 And constant I’ll attend thy holy hill.

P S A L M XXIV.

- 1 **T**HE spacious earth, and what the earth contains,
 Are heav’n’s high Lord’s-----o’er the wide world he
 O’er the wide world extends his boundless sway ; [reigns ;
 The wild, the wise, the wretched and the gay,
 The poor, the rich, howe’er dispers’d they are, 5
 Are *his*, and feel his providential care.
- 2 He on the seas this solid earth hath plac’d ;
 He on the raging floods has fix’d her fast ;
 In vain the waters rise, the billows roar,
 He braves their fury, and defies their pow’r. 10
- 3 All then is God’s-----but one empyreal throne,
 Sublime above all heights, has made his own.
 Thither can man ascend ? is man so blest,
 As near his maker on his hill to rest ?
- 4 Yes ; he whose honest heart from guilt is clear, 15
 Whose hands are spotless, and his tongue sincere ;
 Who shuns of *vanity* the baneful road,
 Nor to deceitful oaths attests his God ;

He

- 5 He with his gracious presence shall be blest ;
He on his holy hill shall ever rest ; 20
- 6 This, this is truth, the way to heav'n is this,-----
The certain road to everlasting bliss.
- 7 Ye doors, that on eternal hinges turn,
Ye shining gates, which sparkling gems adorn ;
The king of glory comes, by all ador'd, 25
Ope wide your portals and receive your Lord.
- 8 This king of glory who ? what royal guest
In these our sacred mansions deigns to rest ?
E'en he, the mighty God, whose strong right-hand
Has o'er th' extended universe command ; 30
Whose force in vain embattl'd ranks oppose,
Who comes triumphant o'er his vanquish'd foes.
- 9 Ye doors that on eternal hinges turn,
Ye shining gates, which sparkling gems adorn ;
The king of glory comes, by all ador'd ; 35
Ope wide your portals, and receive your Lord.
- 10 This king of glory who ?-----enquire no more-----
That sov'reign *being* of unbounded pow'r ;
That God encircled round with majesty-----
The Lord of hosts-----the king of glory, he. 40

P S A L M XXV.

- 1 **T**O thee alone, O sov'reign Lord, I cry ;
2 On thee alone, my gracious God, rely ;
O free my soul from shame, nor let my foes
Insulting say ; a vain support I chose.
- 3 No ; meet not they, that wait on thee, with shame ; 5
That love thy statutes, that revere thy name :
Be shame their destin'd lot, who thee despise ;
Who trust in fraud, in villainy, in lies.
- 4 Me in life's devious road benignly lead,
That I securely in thy paths may tread ; 10
- 5 Shew me thy truth, and teach me, not to stray ;
Thy strength my trust, thy pow'rful word my stay.
- 6 Remember, Lord, (nor be thy servant bold)
Thy mercies and thy clemencies of old ;
- 7 But ah ! remember not my youthful crimes, 15
The faults and follies of my wilder times,
When passion's lure had led my heart away ;
And from thy sacred laws I dar'd to stray ;
These, Lord, remember not ; let mercy plead,
And bid thy goodness to thy wrath succeed. 20

Benign

- 8 Benign art thou, and when, all-clement God,
Vile man repents, thou point'st the heavenly road.
- 9 The meek, the modest, thy assistance prove,
Follow the right, nor in blind error rove :
- 10 Their kind director thou, who love thy law, 25
And keep thy statutes with religious awe,
From sin, from sorrow, shall they walk exempt,
No griefs shall touch them, and no passions tempt.
- 11 That I may then to after-times proclaim,
To regions most remote, thy sacred name, 30
Great tho' they be, my num'rous sins forgive,
And in thy mercy let thy *David* live.
- 12 O happy they, who're govern'd by thy fear !
To help them on to truth, thou'rt always near ;
- 13 Their souls with affluence and with peace to bless ; 35
Their sons to crown with glory and success ;
- 14 To them thy sacred mysteries to reveal,
The secret counsels of thy will to tell.
- 15 Therefore my tearful eyes I raise to thee ;
Rest all my hopes upon thy clemency ; 40
'Tis thou alone canst clear me from the net
My cruel foes have laid, t' ensnare my feet.
- 16 O turn thee to me, and thy mercy shew ;
For deep I'm sunk in wretchedness, in woe ;
- 17 Incessant griefs my harraßt soul distress ; 45
O hear me, and restore my wonted peace :
- 18 With eyes of pity my sad anguish view ;
Nor let thy vengeance still my crimes pursue.
- 19 Great are my foes, their malice greater still,
And from their ceaseless hate what pangs I feel ? 50
- 20 No more their sport, their laughter, let me be,
But spare me, save me, for I trust in thee.
- 21 On thy integrity I'll yet rely,
And sure thy goodness will not let me die :
- 22 No ; gracious God, thy mercy thou'lt display, 55
And free the pious tribes, who thee obey.

P S A L M XXVI.

- 1 **T**O thee, O sov'reign father, I appeal ;
To thee the secrets of my soul reveal,
My faithful soul, that, firm in innocence,
Makes thee her surest hope, her strong defence.
- 2 O try thy servant, scrutinize his heart ; 5
Prove him, and judge according to desert.

With

- 3 With grateful eyes thy mercies all I view,
 With careful steps the road to truth pursue ;
 4 The fraudulent tongue, that ruins with a lie,
 The idly vain, that love not thee, I fly ; 10
 5 'The converse of ungodly men I hate,
 Nor 'mid the wicked e'er will fix my feat.
 6 With hands unstain'd I'll at thy altar bow,
 There pay the adoration that I owe ;
 7 In thankful hymns I'll there employ my voice, 15
 And in the wonders of my God rejoice :
 8 I love the temple, where thy name's ador'd ;
 Much do I love thy hallow'd dome, O Lord.
 9 Then suffer not my soul, to shades below,
 With bloody, with deceitful men, to go ; 20
 10 With men, whose hands in mischiefs are involv'd,
 Whose hearts for gain the blackest crimes resolv'd.
 11 No ; my sincerity be still my guard,
 With thy redemption my firm soul reward ;
 12 Firm that she stands, I owe, my God, to thee : 25
 Thy name be prais'd thro' all eternity.

P S A L M XXVII.

- 1 **M**Y light, my great salvation is the Lord ;
 While he his strong assistance will afford ;
 While he, to aid, to comfort me, is near,
 No open force, no hidden fraud, I fear.
 2 Me, with big hopes, my wicked foes assail'd ; 5
 In vain ; their haughty expectations fail'd :
 'Gainst me their various treach'ries they prepar'd ;
 And fell themselves, in their own toils ensnar'd.
 3 Tho' wars shou'd threaten, and tho' camps surround,
 Tho' hostile bands shou'd meditate the wound ; 10
 Amid the danger, free from fear, my heart
 Wou'd brave the battle, and defy the dart.
 4 One boon alone I've ask'd, and still desire,
 That, while my breath this vital clay inspire,
 I in the temple of my God may dwell, 15
 The wonders of his mighty hand may tell ;
 The beauty of his holiness survey,
 And humble, ardent adoration pay.
 5 For in distress his servant he'll secure,
 My soul in safety from the foe ensure, 20
 Will his pavilion make my strong retreat ;
 And on a rock will firmly fix my feet :

E

And

- 6 And now, above my foes exalted, I
My hours in grateful praises will employ,
My victims to his sacred altar bring, 25
And *allelujahs* to my favour sing.
- 7 Hear me, my God ; to thee I suppliant cry ;
All-clement Lord, thy mercy not deny ;
- 8 'Tis thy command, that we shou'd seek thy face ;
With eager soul I that command embrace ; 30
- 9 Thy face not hide in anger from my eyes ;
In danger, in distress, on thee relies
Thy troubled servant ; chase his griefs away,
Dispel his darkness, and restore the day.
- 10 When father, mother, friends forsake, then thou 35
Will to my soul thy tender mercies shew.
- 11 Do thou benignly lead me in the way,
Lest, by my foes deluded, I shou'd stray ;
- 12 By them around beset, I've none but thee,
My heart from error, from distress, to free. 40
'Gainst me with forged calumnies they rise,
And persecute my soul with cruel lies.
- 13 And surely I shou'd to my miseries yield,
If not by hope, by faith in thee, upheld.
No longer dubious, in that hope I live, 45
Assur'd, at length thou'lt kind assistance give.
- 14 Therefore, my soul, in confidence of pray'r,
Bravely bear up, and cast on God thy care ;
Thee will he strengthen to support thy grief :
----Wait on the Lord, and thou wilt have relief. 50

P S A L M XXVIII.

- 1 **O** THOU supreme, that rulest over all ;
My rock of safety, hear me, when I call ;
Lest I be number'd with the silent dead,
" Who wake no more, the vital spirit fled." 5
- 2 Hear, when with earnest voice to thee I plain ;
Be not my faithful pray'r address in vain ;
With hands uplifted I my suit prefer ;
Out of thy high *etherial* temple hear ;
- 3 Join not thy servant with that wicked croud,
In sin who wallow, and who hate the good ; 10
Whose soothing tongues soft sounds of concord yield,
But whose vile hearts with villain-thoughts are fill'd.
- 4 Reward them, Lord, just as their deeds require ;
Give them, t' enjoy of wickedness the hire ;

Give

- Give them, to reap the miseries they sow,
 And, since for woe they labour, give them woe. 15
- 5 Thy counsels they, thy wond'rous works neglect,
 And me, the building of thy hands, reject;
 Therefore their impious race shalt thou destroy,
 Nor bless them ever with a father's joy. 20
- 6 Praise to thy name; thy name by all be fear'd!
 My earnest pray'r hast thou in mercy heard.
- 7 My strength, my shield art thou; my faithful heart
 On thee relied, and thou didst aid impart:
 Therefore with ardent gratitude she glows, 25
 And my enraptur'd tongue with praises flows.
- 8 For, as the swain his fleecy flock does tend,
 Dost thou the people, thou hast chose, defend;
 And thy anointed king in his distress
 Benign assist, and with deliv'rance bless. 30
- 9 O still preserve them; be they still thy care;
 And let their progeny thy goodness share;
 Feed them in peace; protect them with thy pow'r,
 Be thou their God, till time shall be no more.

P S A L M XXIX.

- 1 **Y**E mighty potentates, enthron'd on high,
 Ye warrior-chieftains, crown'd with victory;
 Not to yourselves attribute the success;
 Give God the glory, and his goodness bless.
- 2 His strong right-hand in grateful songs proclaim, 5
 Shout forth his praises, and extol his name.
- 3 His voice majestic, never heard in vain,
 Sends down, to glad the earth, the fleecy rain;
 His voice is in the rumbling thunder heard;
 And in the red impetuous lightning fear'd; 10
 Revere his voice, the stormy winds, that sweep,
 The mad'ning waves that bellow in, the deep.
 Lo! lofty *Lebanon* exults no more;
 Their scatter'd boughs her cedars now deplore;
 Th' almighty speaks, their tow'ring honours fall, 15
 To his tremendous voice submissive all:
 At his command e'en firmest mountains move,
 And, like the younglings of the pasture, rove.
- 8 His voice *Arabia's* dreary desarts hear;
 The howling wilderness is struck with fear; 20
- 9 With terror struck, the bestials of the wood
 Lose all their strength, and drop their embryo-brood:

- All earth, all heav'n, his wondrous glory own,
 And fall with rev'rence 'fore his awful throne :
 10 Revere him all the waters of the main, 25
 And the whole universe avows his reign.
 11 Nor causelefs they avow-----to all that pay
 Due rev'rence to his will, his laws obey,
 Will he th' assistance of his mercy give,
 And in eternal affluence bid them live. 30

P S A L M XXX.

- 1 **I**N hymns of praise will I employ my tongue ;
 My tuneful harp shall answer to the song.
 To thee, O Lord ; for, when with pain distrest,
 And foes around their cruel joy exprest,
 Me in the evil day didst thou sustain, 5
 My foes indulg'd their impious hopes in vain.
 2 Struck with the dire disease, to thee I cried ;
 Nor was, O God, thy healing hand denied ;
 3 For from the dreary horrors of the grave,
 When he implor'd, didst thou thy servant save, 10
 His soul, just hov'ring o'er the pit retrieve,
 And gav'st again, in joyous health to live.
 4 O all ye faints, his gracious goodness sing ;
 Display his praises on the trembling string ;
 5 For but a moment his dread anger lives, 15
 While life, his quick-returning favour gives ;
 And, tho' the night in sighs, in tears, you spend,
 The dawning morn will all your sorrows end.
 6 Surpriz'd with my success, elate with pride,
 Big with my empty self, I fondly cried ; 20
 " Strong in my happiness, my foes I dare,
 " Nor open force, nor secret fraud, I fear."
 7 By heav'n supported, like a mountain firm,
 That braves the thunder, and disdains the storm,
 Did I the angry bolts of fate deride, 25
 And wrapt my heart in arrogance and pride ;
 But soon the folly of my ways I found,
 Lost thy support, and felt a killing wound.
 8 'Twas then my reason to my soul return'd ;
 In deep repentance I my madness mourn'd ; 30
 For thy forgiveness humbly sued, O Lord,
 My guilt acknowledg'd, and thy aid implor'd.
 9 " What profit is there (said I) in my blood ?
 " Justly thy vengeance has my crimes pursued.

" But

- “ But can the *dead* thy wondrous works proclaim ?
 “ Can dust, can *ashes*, celebrate thy name ?
 10 “ O hear me, hear me, and thy mercy shew ;
 “ Redeem my soul from death, my life from woe.”
 11 Nor vainly did I pray ; thy mercy heard ;
 My fainting soul in all her sorrows chear’d,
 My grief to joy, my tears to laughter turn’d ;
 No more I languish’d, and no more I mourn’d.
 12 Therefore thy goodness will I constant sing,
 And to thy glorious name attune the string ;
 Therefore in hymns harmonious I’ll display
 Thy clemency ; thy love, from day to day.

35.

40

45

P S A L M XXXI.

- 1 **I**N thee, O God, my constant trust I place ;
 Let not thy faithful servant meet disgrace ;
 2 Exert thy justice, and benignly hear ;
 Guide me in safety, and dispel my fear ;
 Thou art my tow’r of strength ; my rock art thou ;
 Be still my rock ; my tow’r of strength be now.
 4 On thee relying, shall I be dismay’d ?
 O save me from the secret net they’ve laid.
 5 My great redeemer thou, secure I’ll stand
 Beneath the shelter of thy mighty hand :
 6 My trust the dread *Jehovah* ; I despise
 The fools that deal in vanity and lies ;
 7 Yes ; in thy mercy shall my soul rejoice ;
 Oft in her troubles hast thou heard her voice ;
 8 Oft, when her foes assail’d, hast set her free,
 And giv’n my fetter’d feet full liberty.
 9 But now in bitterness of heart I mourn ;
 And humbly to the God of mercy turn ;
 Mine eyes with constant, scalding tears decay ;
 Pines my sad soul ; my body wears away ;
 10 My life is spent with griefs, my years in sighs ;
 Wither my bones ; my strength within me dies.
 11 My foes insult me, and deride my woe ;
 My neighbours round a mean abhorrence shew ;
 Nay ; e’en my friends for fear come not anigh,
 And, when they see me at a distance, fly.
 12 As one among the dead, I’m quite forgot,
 Sink beneath notice ; and am really nought ;
 13 Their slanders, their foul calumnies I hear ;
 On ev’ry side surrounds me ev’ry fear ;

5

10

15

20

25

30

Their

- Their base devices 'gainst my life I know,
 And what their secret malice dooms me to.
 14 Yet still, O Lord, on thee I've fix'd my trust;
 My God I'll call thee, for thou still art just:
 15 Thou rul'st my life; it's term depends on thee;
 O free me from the cruel enemy: 35
 16 Bright on thy servant, let thy goodness shine,
 And shield me with thy clemency divine:
 17 Thy help implor'd, let me not sink in shame;
 Be that their destin'd lot, that hate thy name: 40
 That love a lie, are cruel, vain and proud,
 And vent their horrid slanders 'gainst the good:
 Let them, just God, of shame their portion have;
 And sleep in dreadful silence in the grave.
 19 How great thy goodness? how thy bounties flow
 On all that to thy laws obedience shew 45
 'Fore all the earth, what wonders hast thou wrought
 For them that rev'rence thee in act, in thought?
 20 In vain the pow'rful wicked vaunt their pride;
 Them from their malice thou'lt securely hide;
 In vain the pois'nous tongue assaults their fame;
 A safe protection in thy house they claim. 50
 21 Eternal praise, eternal thanks, O Lord;
 For wondrous was the aid thou didst afford;
 Not armed hosts, not strongest tow'rs can prove
 Such sure defence, as yields thy pow'rful love. 55
 22 Void of support, quite comfortless and poor,
 I said, despairing; "All my hopes are o'er;"
 When thou the voice of my complaint didst hear,
 And in my worst distress dispell'dst my fear. 60
 24 Therefore, ye pious souls, ye truly just,
 Love well the Lord, and in his goodness trust;
 For he'll the *proud* ones of the earth destroy,
 And bless the humble with immortal joy.
 25 Be brave, be dauntless then; pursue the road,
 The path that leads you to the throne of God;
 With steady feet go on; on him depend;
 Crown'd are our labours, when our God's our friend. 65

P S A L M XXXII.

- 1 **T**H RICE happy he, whose sins his God forgives;
 His crimes in deep oblivion lost, who lives;
 2 Whose slips, whose failings are not counted *his*;
 Whose soul perversely does not act amiss!

- 3 For me, while I my secret faults conceal'd, 5
 While not the errors of my life reveal'd,
 A tabid weakness seiz'd my languid bones,
 The tedious hours I spent in piteous moans ;
 4 Thy heavy hand I felt by night, by day, 10
 And all my juices melted quick away.
 5 Soon then to thee, O gracious God, I turn'd,
 My many crimes, my various errors mourn'd ;
 Soon then to thee I all my sins confess,
 And strait with pardon from thy love was blest.
 6 For this the pious heart, the soul sincere, 15
 In fitting time shall fly to thee in pray'r ;
 Nor, tho' the rising floods this earth o'erspread,
 Shall they the threat'nings of the billows dread.
 7 My sure defence, my certain refuge thou, 20
 No griefs, no perils, can o'er-whelm me now ;
 My soul dost thou replenish with thy joy,
 And all my woes, and all my terrors fly.
 8 Nay more ; thou kindly promisest thy aid ;
 " Mine hand (thou criest) shall point thee where to tread ;
 " Mine eye shall guide thee in the perfect way ; 25
 " And round thy feet I'll beam continued day.
 9 " But thou the restiff mule resemble not,
 " The fierce impetuous steed, devoid of thought,
 " Which, if not govern'd by the bitted rein,
 " Wou'd rove in savage liberty the plain." 30
 10 His gracious goodness this ; such mercy they
 Have from their God, who his high will obey.
 While dread tremendous punishments await
 The wretch that in his crimes is obstinate.
 11 Come then, ye righteous souls, indulge your joy, 35
 In tuneful hymns your happy hours employ ;
 Be God the object of your love, your trust ;
 And in his saving pow'r rejoice, ye just.

P S A L M XXXIII.

- 1 **O** ALL ye good, who heav'n-born justice love,
 The Lord *Jehovah* sing, that rules above ;
 Your great creator joyfully extol ;
 The blest employ befits the pious soul.
 2 Strike, strike the lute, in honour of his name ; 5
 His praise the ten-string'd psaltery proclaim ;
 3 In sweet harmonious song the voice employ,
 And let the clarion join the general joy.

For

- 4 For his all-pow'rful word the right commands,
 And righteous are the wonders of his hands ; 10
 5 His love to justice and to truth he shews,
 And o'er the spacious globe his goodness flows.
 6 He spoke, and straitway into being sprung,
 High heav'n, with all it's radiant glories hung ;
 7 He spoke ; the waters of the main obey'd, 15
 Shrunk within bounds, and in the depths were laid.
 8 Thou too, O earth, thy great creator fear,
 And bid thy scatter'd sons his name revere ;
 9 For at his word firm thy foundation stood ;
 From his behest thy ev'ry blessing flow'd. 20
 10 'Tis he confounds of impious men the schemes ;
 He bids ; they fleet away like morning-dreams :
 11 While firm and fix'd his counsels still remain,
 And all th' assaults of time 'gainst them are vain.
 12 That nation's doubly blest, whose God's the Lord ; 25
 What nobler grace can heav'n's high king afford,
 Than such peculiar favour to us shown,
 To chuse us thus, and seal us for his own ?
 13 From his celestial throne th' all-seeing God
 Looks down, and casts his awful eye abroad ; 30
 The sons of men in all their secrets views ;
 Their schemes thro' all their *labyrinths* pursues ;
 15 He forms the close recesses of the mind,
 And he each lurking thought therein can find.
 16 Earth's haughty potentates confide in vain 35
 In armed turrets and in hosts of men ;
 The valiant chieftain, in his prowess proud,
 In vain his strength, his courage boasts aloud :
 17 And oft, tho' fleetier than the wind his speed,
 Deceives in battle, the impetuous steed. 40
 18 While God, all-pow'rful, with a watchful eye,
 Looks down on those, who on his aid rely ;
 19 Their souls, when famine threatens, to relieve ;
 From death's dark dreary horrors to reprieve.
 20 Therefore on his beneficence we'll wait, 45
 Our shield, our sure defence, in ev'ry strait :
 21 To him, 'cause never he'll our hopes deceive,
 Our hearts the tribute of their praise shall give.
 22 Thy mercy, Lord, shall on thy servants shine ;
 On thee our hopes are fix'd, and we are thine. 50

- 1 **W**HILST life, great God, thou giv'st me to enjoy,
 Thy praises shall my grateful tongue employ ;
 2 Thy pow'r my boast ; thy pow'r I'll long display ;
 With me, ye meek, indulge the pleasing lay,
 With me to him your voice alternate raise ; 5
 Gladly you'll join my fervent heart in praise.
 4 Oft when I've pray'd, he lent a gracious ear,
 And freed my troubled soul from ev'ry fear ;
 5 Whoe'er invoc'd his name, but he reliev'd ?
 Who met repulse, when to their God they griev'd ? 10
 6 Did e'er the poor a fruitless aid implore ?
 No ; when they call'd on him, they griev'd no more.
 7 Who fear his word, who reverence his laws,
 He sends his angel to support their cause.
 8 O taste and see-----you'll find, our God is just ; 15
 Thrice happy they, that in his mercy trust !
 9 Ye pious souls, put up a faithful pray'r,
 And you his kind beneficence shall share :
 10 While, roar the lion's savage young for food, .
 Our God is to the righteous ever good. 20
 11 Come then, ye thoughtless, listen to my lore,
 And you to virtue's high rewards shall soar ;
 12 Say, wou'dst thou live a happy length of days,
 Void of all ill, in opulence and ease ?
 13 Thy tongue from lies, from perjuries, restrain, 25
 And ev'ry vile insidious fraud disdain ;
 14 From ev'ry sin of ev'ry sort depart ;
 With ev'ry virtue sanctify thy heart.
 15 For on the righteous casts our God his eye ;
 His pitying ears he opens to their cry ; 30
 16 But from obdurate sinners turns his face,
 Their name and their memorial to erase.
 17 When prays the just, the good, he always hears ;
 Is always ready to dispel their fears ;
 18 Their hearts, just broken with their griefs, to aid, 35
 Their souls to free, when cruel foes invade.
 19 Many the mis'ries that assault their peace,
 Yet still their guardian God will give them ease ;
 20 Amid the various perils that surround,
 Vig'rous and brave and resolute they're found : 40
 21 By their own crimes while wicked men shall fall,
 And, foes to innocence, shall perish all ;

22 Our God will them, that worship him, defend,
And ne'er desert them, till their lives shall end.

P S A L M XXXV.

- 1 **M**Y injur'd cause, my great protector, plead;
And 'gainst invet'rate foes thy servant aid:
2 Arm, arm, put on the buckler and the shield;
3 Arm, arm, and meet them in th' embattl'd field;
O bid my soul to rid her of her fear;
Tell her, her great deliverer is near. 5
- 4 With bitter shame, with foul disgrace meet they,
Who with insidious snares beset my way;
In sure confusion all their schemes involve,
Whose vile invenom'd hearts my death resolve. 10
- 5 Let thy avenging angel press them close,
While they (like chaff, that, when the tempest blows,
Is driv'n far and wide) with terror fly;
Yet be no aid, no kind protector, nigh:
Their path be slipp'ry, and let night surround; 15
To death let thy avenging angel wound.
- 7 For, causeless, they their secret snares have laid;
Me to destroy, they lurk in ambuscade.
8 But let their hidden toils themselves ensnare,
Be theirs the ruin, they for me prepare. 20
- 9 Then shall my soul sincerely taste her joy;
Shall feel her happiness without alloy:
10 My bones shall cry; " my God, who's like to thee,
" That dost the humble from oppression free,
" That curb'st of lawless tyranny the pow'r, 25
" And bidst the broken heart to grieve no more?"
- 11 'Gainst me their cruel enmity not dies;
'Gainst me with cursed virulence they rise,
Lay to my charge unheard-of villainy,
And load my guiltless soul with infamy: 30
- 12 With bitter hatred all my friendship pay,
And my perdition work by night, by day.
13 Not so did I-----when sickness sore oppress'd,
And hov'ring death their anguish'd hearts distress'd,
In sackcloth I, in ashes for them moan'd;
For them I fasted, and for them I groan'd; 35
Quick flow'd my tears; to thee I prostrate pray'd,
That thou'dst not number them among the dead.
- 14 So, when a dear-lov'd friend or brother dies,
The soul sincere with killing anguish sighs;

- With sorrow thus is pain'd the pious son,
 The tender object of his duty gone.
- 15 Soon they repay'd me with ingratitude ;
 When swift calamity my steps pursued,
 They all rejoic'd, and, at my mis'ries gay, 45
 They danc'd, they revell'd, they kept holiday ;
 Their villain-feasts the very *abjects* join'd,
 And there with them my ruin they design'd ;
- 16 Yes ; mere buffoons their vile associates were,
 Who grinn'd their malice with an envious sneer. 50
- 17 But, Lord, how long wilt thou thy patience shew,
 And view with seeming unconcern my woe ?
 From their destructive wiles relieve my soul :
 Their cruel schemes, their vile attempts controul :
- 18 Then in the great assembly I will sing 55
 Thy praise, and to thy glory tune the string.
- 19 O let not my inhuman foes rejoice,
 Nor mock my mis'ries with insulting voice ;
 Nor seem by their deriding leers to boast, 60
 That I thy favour and thy love have lost.
- 20 For peace they hate, with impious malice fraught,
 Dire strife employs their tongue, and fills their thought ;
 And with their curst devices they conspire
 'Gainst men of gentle mind, that peace desire ;
- 21 At me loll out their tongues, and, flouting, say : 65
 " Our eyes at length behold th' expected day."
- 22 This hast thou seen, O Lord ; be still no more,
 But shield me, guard me, by thy gracious pow'r ;
- 23 To judgment now, O mighty God, awake ;
 Stir up thy vengeance, nor my cause forsake : 70
- 24 I to thy righteous justice make appeal ;
 Stop their proud boasts ; their ill-tim'd triumphs quell :
- 25 No more let their big hearts insulting cry ;
 " He falls at length, and ours the victory :"
- 26 But since they made my miseries their boast, 75
 In dire oblivion let their names be lost ;
 Since they, invet'rate, my perdition fought,
 Bring all their hopes, their flatt'ring views to nought.
- 27 While those dear souls, that wish'd my cause success,
 Sincere delight, sublimest joy possess ; 80
 Thy great beneficence, thy justice praise,
 And sing thy glory in harmonious lays ;
- 28 Then shall my tongue thy righteous pow'r display,
 And hymn thy honour'd name the live-long day.

P S A L M XXXVI.

- 1 **C**URST with deceitful joy his fottish heart,
 His soul with fancied happiness alert,
 His flagrant guilt against the wicked cries ;
There is no fear of God before his eyes.
- 2 With soothing plea and artful argument 5
 He lulls his conscience to a false content ;
 In vain-----his crimes are of the blackest die,
 And call for dreadful vengeance from on high.
- 3 For lo ! his tongue is tipt with frauds and lies,
 Him to deceive, who on his faith relies ; 10
 In wordly craft he chuses to excel,
 And with celestial wisdom shuns to dwell.
- 4 Averse to goodness is his headstrong will,
 E'en on his downy bed he studies ill ;
 With eyes askance the paths of virtue views, 15
 " And 'gainst his *better* mind the *worse* pursues.
- 5 While thy great mercy, Lord, the heav'ns above,
 And all thy works, and all thy creatures prove.
- 6 For higher than the highest hills, does show
 Thy goodness-----deeper, than the depths below. 20
 Thy goodness, which the sons of men sustains,
 And all the beasts that range the wilds and plains.
- 7 Who can thy great beneficence express,
 The various gifts with which thy mercies bless ?
 E'en while with gratitude thy love he sings, 25
 Man rests beneath the shadow of thy wings.
- 8 On him thou nameless bounties dost bestow ;
 To him the rivers of thy pleasures flow ;
- 9 From thee life's fountain springs ; from thee a ray
 The mind illumines, and spreads eternal day. 30
- 10 O still the blessings of thy love impart
 To all that serve thee with a perfect heart ;
- 11 Me from th' insulting heel of pride defend ;
 'Gainst the destroying hand assistance lend ;
- 12 Soon let them feel the vengeance of thy pow'r, 35
 And fall so low, that they may rise no more.

P S A L M XXXVII.

- 1 **W**HEN impious men in wordly splendor live,
 And all the good possess that earth can give,
 Scorn thou to murmur at their empty joy,
 Nor envy what a moment may destroy.

- 2 For soon their boasted riches melt away,
False are their pleasures, and their hopes decay ;
Like the green grass, whose bloom attracts our eyes ;
Cut by the cruel scythe, it's verdure dies.
- 3 No ; rather thou upon thy God depend ;
Him by a course of virtue make thy friend ;
So thou the bounties of his earth shalt share,
And feel the blessings of a father's care.
- 4 With love of him thy fervent soul inspire,
And he shall fill thee with thy heart's desire.
- 5 To him thy fortunes and thy life commit ;
Soon shalt thou find the glorious benefit ;
- 6 Bright as the sun he'll make thy merit shine,
And on thy virtues beam a light divine.
- 7 Rest then on him, and with due patience wait,
Nor at the joyous hours of sinners fret ;
- 8 Thine anger bridle, and thy wrath restrain ;
O'er all thy passions hold a steady rein :
- 9 Soon droop the wicked ; suddenly they die,
While righteous souls substantial good enjoy.
- 10 Stay but awhile ; the wicked is no more ;
In vain his habitation thou'lt explore ;
A desert now, his palace, late so fair ;
Without a name he dies, without an heir.
- 11 Not so the meek-----the earth shall long be theirs,
And when they die, they leave it to their heirs.
- 12 T' ensnare the good, is all the villain's joy,
Pleas'd, if he guiltless merit can destroy :
- 13 But heav'n, who knows, how short-liv'd is his pride,
Does all his wily cruelty deride.
- 14 T' assail the poor, the wicked draws his sword ;
The poor, the happy fav'rites of the Lord ;
He bends his bow, the innocent to slay,
T' extirpate those, who heav'n's high will obey.
- 15 In vain-----in his own bowels sheath'd his sword,
Defends his favour'd poor th' almighty Lord ;
Broke is his bow ; his arrows fruitless fly,
While on their God, insur'd, the good rely.
- 18 Yes ; long they flourish, and, tho' *little's* theirs,
That *little* they enjoy, devoid of fears ;
That *little* furnishes sincerer blis,
Than all that prosp'rous sinners can possess.
- 17 For, while the pow'r of impious sinners fail,
Supported by their God, the good prevail ;

Their

- 18 Their God, that promises a length of days,
 To spend in health, in happiness, in peace ; 50
 That promises a num'rous progeny,
 To leave their substance to, whene'er they die :
 19 Their God, that, when diseases rage around,
 Their great protector from th' infection's found ;
 That, when the trumpet sounds the dread alarm ; 55
 Preserves them by his providence from harm.
 20 But not the wicked thus receive his aid ;
 In times like these, his vengeance strikes them dead ;
 Like fat of victims that expires in fume,
 Shall they in his tremendous wrath consume. 60
 21 The wicked borrows, tho' he never pays,
 Not so the just ; the fainting soul he'll ease ;
 To painful poverty assistance gives,
 And all the anguish of their hearts relieves.
 22 Therefore his friends, 'cause he so freely gave, 65
 Their substance to his progeny shall leave ;
 While rot the wicked with the curse of all,
 And his whole crimes upon his off-spring fall.
 23 For God the good man loves, and guides his steps,
 24 And with his hand supports him, if he slips. 70
 25 Young have I been, and now, tho' grown in years,
 Still my hoar age my mem'ry not impairs ;
 And ne'er knew I the good man wanting aid
 And ne'er heard I his children beg their bread.
 26 For, as he ever gave, and ever lent, 75
 Heav'n on his race continual blessings sent.
 27 Be virtue then thy aim, base folly shun,
 And thou a constant course of bliss shalt run :
 28 For love and equity the Godhead loves, 80
 And ne'er forsakes the virtues he approves :
 The good are still preserv'd in happy peace,
 While fail the wicked, and extinct their race.
 29 Yes ; large possessions to the righteous fall,
 And to his children he preserves them all ;
 30 For why ; his mouth with heav'nly wisdom glows, 85
 With truth, with justice, ev'ry period flows ;
 31 The law of God is written on his heart ;
 He from it's sacred dictates scorns to part ;
 32 And tho' the wicked waits in ambushade,
 His life t' ensnare, his property t' invade, 90
 33 Yet still th' almighty Lord will be his friend,
 Will 'fore the judge his guiltless soul defend.

- 34 Wait then upon thy God ; obey his laws,
And he for ever will support thy cause ;
The Land he'll give thee ever to possess,
While soon the foes to truth, to virtue, cease. 95
- 35 As lifts the laurel high it's lofty head ;
As with gay pride it's verdant branches spread ;
The wicked thus I've seen exalted high ;
Have heard him boast his pow'r, his God defy. 100
- 36 But soon his empty glories past away,
The vain, the idle *pageant* of a day ;
Again to view him, oft I look'd around,
And not a trace of all his pride I found.
- 37 But mark the righteous in his constant race, 105
You'll find him live a good old age in peace.
- 38 While vile transgressors shall be soon destroy'd,
And all their base and impious schemes are void ;
- 39 The righteous fix their safety in the Lord,
And he'll to them his certain aid afford : 110
- 40 To him when they apply, 'twill not be vain ;
Them in their varied cares he'll long sustain ;
From toils of artful men he'll keep them free,
And, 'cause they trust in him, their strength he'll be.

P S A L M XXXVIII.

- 1 **M**E, Lord, not in thy dreadful wrath, correct,
Nor let thy sore displeasure take effect.
- 2 Deep in my bones thy fatal arrows stand,
And much I'm wounded by thy heavy hand :
- 3 My anguish'd body feels thy deadly wrath, 5
And my whole system threatens me with death.
- 4 In all my guilt o'er-whelm'd, I quite despair ;
Ah ! load too heavy for my soul to bear !
- 5 O fatal folly ! rankle now again
My wounds, their stench more grievous than their pain. 10
- 6 I droop, I totter, with my misery,
And all the day with killing anguish sigh.
- 7 With foul, with loathsome ulcers blister'd o'er,
No part have I but festers with a sore.
- 8 Quite weak, quite feeble with my pains I'm grown, 15
And my afflicted heart makes piteous moan.
- 9 Thou know'st the secret wishes of my heart ;
A witness to her bitter groans thou art :
- 10 Deeply she groans-----my strength all from me flies,
And, lost in dreary darkness, stream my eyes. 20
My

- 11 My wonted friends, my kinsmen, stand aloof;
 My filthy, fetid ulcers keep them off;
 12 While to entrap my tortur'd soul, prepare
 My cruel foes, and lay for me the snare.
 13 But I, as dumb my tongue, as deaf my ear, 25
 For grief was silent, nor wou'd seem to hear:
 14 Thus like a wretch quite stupid, I became,
 That cou'd not clear, when they aspers'd, my fame.
 15 In thee, O Lord, my only hope I place;
 My helpless soul do thou, benignant, raise; 30
 16 Let not my foes with insolence be gay,
 Nor proudly triumph, if I heedless stray.
 17 Still am I ready all thy stripes to bear;
 To me well-known thy chast'ning mercies are;
 18 And well have I deserv'd-----I own my sin, 35
 And mourn the vile offender I have been.
 19 But still my foes are in their numbers strong,
 Daily encrease, and still add wrong to wrong;
 20 Full hard they press me, and my life pursue,
 And are my foes, 'cause to my God I'm true. 40
 21 Forsake me not, O Lord; thy servant free;
 22 Make haste to help me; I've no help but thee.

P S A L M XXXIX.

- 1 **W**HILE foes assail'd me round, I bravely said,
 Not by the tongue I'd be to crime betray'd;
 My tongue to bridle, firmly I decreed,
 As by the bitted rein is rul'd the steed.
 2 Strict silence then I kept, tho' great the pain, 5
 And e'en from just complaints did long refrain.
 3 But as more fiercely burns the flame confin'd,
 With stronger rage was fir'd my troubled mind;
 Thro' all restraint at length my anguish broke,
 And in these 'plaining terms to heav'n I spoke: 10
 4 "How long, O God, must I endure the strife?
 "What bounds are set to this my wearied life?
 "O tell the stated number of my days;
 "When end my sorrows; when begins my peace?
 "When wings my soul to heav'n? when leaves behind 15
 "This house of clay, ah! too, too long confin'd?
 5 "A very span is life, compar'd with thee;
 "Our years weigh nothing with eternity;
 "Swift as an empty shade, they fleet away,
 "And our best state's the *phantom* of a day. 20

Our

- 6 " Our blooming hopes one sudden blast destroys,
 " Pall'd are our pleasures, transient are our joys ;
 " Vain all our cares, and all our labours vain,
 " With tedious toil our shining stores we gain,
 " Heap up our wealth, to leave it, when we're gone, 25
 " To whom?-----to heirs alas ! to us unknown.
- 7 " Where then, O gracious God, shall I apply ?
 " To thee, O Lord ; I on thy pow'r rely.
- 8 " O free me from th' occasion of my woes,
 " My wicked crimes, from whence my evils rose ; 30
 " Nor leave me in my miseries forlorn,
 " To fools, to sinners, a reproach, a scorn.
- 9 " When griefs surrounded me, I silence kept,
 " Spoke not my 'plainings, but in secret wept ;
 " For them the punishments of sin I knew, 35
 " The woes that to my countless crimes were due.
- 10 " But now, O Lord, the bitter stroke remove ;
 " Too weak to bear the killing pang I prove.
- 11 " Dost thou the wicked for their sins chastise ?
 " Fails all their strength, and all their beauty dies ; 40
 " Like garments fretted by the moth away,
 " They fade, they pine, they wither, they decay.
- 12 " Then pitying hear, all-clement God, my cry,
 " Nor from my pleading tears avert thy eye :
 " A stranger here, a sojourner I am ; 45
 " As strangers, hither all my fathers came ;
 " Had here no certain, no abiding place ;
 " But ran a short, a momentary race.
- 13 " Yet spare me still awhile ; thy hand restrain ;
 " Let my tir'd soul some little respite gain, 50
 " Her strength retrieve, recruit her languid pow'r,
 " 'Fore I go hence, and shall be seen no more."

P S A L M XL.

- 1 **W**HEN swelling foes, elated with their pride,
 My ruin threat'ned, and my God defied,
 Yet were my spirits gay ; I fear'd no ill,
 For well I knew, his eye wak'd o'er me still.
 And soon was I with his deliv'rance blest ;
 Me on a rock of safety soon he plac'd ;
 Soon from the dreary pit, the miry clay,
 My feet he rescued, and prepar'd my way.
 3 Nay more ; he taught me a new song of praise,
 In strains before unsung my voice to raise ;

G

10
In

- In strains so strong, so sweet, that all who hear,
 In him shall place their trust, and him shall fear.
- 4 And happy he, who in the Lord shall trust,
 Who braves the threat'nings of imperious dust;
 Who on no false insidious scheme relies,
 And scorns to turn aside to fraudulent lies ! 15
- 5 Great is the love our God to man has shewn ;
 Many the gracious wonders he has done ;
 The tongue the countless number can't declare ;
 The mind their vast *idea* ne'er can bear. 20
- 6 Such condescension, say, what tongue can tell,
 When thou the awful secret didst reveal ;
 That not in sacrifice was thy delight,
 That thou the victims for our sins didst slight.
- 7 Then said I ; " Lo ! I come, I come, prepar'd 25
 " To do what thou thy high will hast declar'd ;
 " I come, the solemn mystery to unfold,
 " Which in thy sacred volumes is foretold."
- 8 Yes, Lord, thy will I'll joyfully obey,
 Thy will, my great delight, by night, by day ; 30
 Writ on the faithful tablet of my heart,
 Thy law I will perform in ev'ry part.
- 9 Constant my lips thy wond'rous justice tell,
 And 'mong the pious tribes thy truth reveal :
- 10 Thy wond'rous justice to myself alone 35
 I've not confin'd-----to all, to all 'tis known ;
 Thy wond'rous justice all enraptur'd heard,
 Of guilt, of virtue, thy distinct reward.
- 11 Then let me, Lord, thy kind compassion share ;
 Thy goodness guard me with paternal care ; 40
- 12 For many are the ills my soul surround ;
 My soul e'en her own frequent failings wound ;
 My countless hair in number they exceed,
 And make me with severe repentance bleed.
- 13 But thou, good God, thy strong assistance give ; 45
 O haste to aid me, and to bid me live.
- 14 Let shame, let sure confusion them annoy,
 Who seek my life by treach'ry to destroy ;
 Let dire dismay and base dishonour dwell
 With those, who joy at my misfortunes feel : 50
- 15 Surrounded be they with distress, with fear,
 Who mock thy servant, and his sufferings sneer.
- 16 But let all they, that love thy name, rejoice,
 And to thy glory tune the grateful voice.

- 17 Poor tho' I am, tho' misery is mine, 55
 Yet have I comfort in thy aid divine,
 Thou art my trust, my great support and stay;
 Haste, O my God, nor make too long delay.

P S A L M XLI.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man, who'll not the poor despise,
 But to his aid with swift compassion flies;
 Him with abundant mercy will repay
 Th' all-high, and chase his sorrows far away.
 2 From foes, from perils he'll his soul defend, 5
 And grant him joys, that but with life will end,
 In peace, in opulence, he'll bid him live,
 And all the blessings of his earth he'll give.
 3 And when some dire disease surrounds his head, 10
 When racking pains confine him to his bed,
 His bed he'll ease, his fainting soul sustain,
 To health restore him, and drive off his pain.
 4 For, when with violence of pain oppress'd,
 I to my God this faithful pray'r address:
 " All-clement Lord, let me thy mercy feel, 15
 " My soul, with dire offences wounded, heal;
 5 " Of unrepented sin I feel the force;
 " My foes with bitter imprecations curse;
 " When shall oblivion veil his name (they cry)
 " When will he breathe no more? when will he die? 20
 6 " And if they visit me, and view my pain,
 " Grief in their clouded countenance they feign;
 " While inward joy dilates their villain-heart;
 " Which strait breaks out, when from my side they part.
 7 " In secret, see, th' invet'rate factions herd; 25
 " 'Gainst me they whisper slanders most absurd;
 " 'Gainst me with unrelenting hate conspire;
 " Big with proud hopes to compass their desire.
 8 " Now, when they see me with my suff'rings spent,
 " Surely (they say) from heav'n his pains are sent, 30
 " Struck by the arrows of his God, he lies;
 " Shades him eternal night; he dies-----he dies.
 9 " Nay; e'en my friend, who long my heart had known,
 " And made my table and my home his own,
 " 'Gainst me has with invet'rate malice rose, 35
 " Ingrateful leaves me, and assists my foes.
 10 " But thou, O God, whom long I've made my hope,
 " From my 'lorn bed, benignant, raise me up;

- “ Thy love in my recovery display,
 “ That I their villain-hatred may repay.” 40
 11 Thus I implor’d, nor I implor’d in vain ;
 Thou didst, O God, my sinking soul sustain ;
 Me to my wonted health didst thou restore,
 And mad’st my foes to give their triumphs o’er.
 12 Fresh vigour to my frame didst thou impart, 45
 Preserv’dst in innocence my drooping heart ;
 My steps supported’st by thy hand divine,
 And on thy *David* bad’st thy presence shine.
 13 For this great boon let *Israel’s* God be prais’d,
 Eternal altars to his name be rais’d ; 50
 O’er all the scatter’d nations let him reign ;
 From age to age be blest our God. *Amen.*

P S A L M XLII.

- 1 **A**S pants the hart to taste the limpid flood,
 So longs my thirsty soul for thee, O God.
 2 O shall I ne’er behold the happy day,
 When in thy house I shall again be gay ?
 3 No food but tears my weaken’d system knows, 5
 While still I bear the insults of my foes.
 4 And yet this glad reflection sooths my mind,
 In this blest thought I consolation find ;
 The time will come, when with the pious throng
 Thy house I’ll visit, and make thee my song ; 10
 When there I shall thy glorious works display,
 And keep in solemn pomp the festal day.
 5 Why then, my soul, so dreadfully dismay’d ?
 Why thee such sad distracting griefs invade ?
 Dismiss thy fears, and on thy God rely ; 15
 E’en yet shalt thou return with victory ;
 Yet with his pow’r thy cause will he support,
 And thou shalt praise him in his awful court.
 6 My joy, my only solace this, when I,
 O *Jordan*, in thy forests skulking lie ; 20
 When, *Hermon*, I thy rocky desarts trace,
 And roam, an exile, with the bestial race.
 7 What tho’ misfortunes on misfortunes tread,
 Tho’ heav’n’s dread terrors thunder o’er my head,
 Tho’ pours the rattling hail, the billows roar, 25
 And the big sounding waters dash the shore ;
 8 If still, O God, thy mercies thou’lt display,
 Soon will each low’ring cloud disperse away.

- Mean while, I'll in thy praise employ my tongue,
 And now put up a pray'r, now chant a song ; 30
 By day, by night, me shall thy truth sustain ;
 9 My God I'll call thee, gently I'll complain ;
 With these expostulations sooth my woes ;
 " Why am I made a *may-game* to my foes ?
 " Why has my God forgot me ? Will no more 35
 " Thy mercy aid, when prostrate I implore ?
 10 " Hear how with flouts my ears the impious wound ;
 " How they their vile reproaches scatter round ;
 " O hear them vent their blasphemies abroad,
 " And cry, insulting, Where is now thy God ?" 40
 11 But why, my soul, so dreadfully dismay'd ?
 Why thee such sad distracting griefs invade ?
 Dismiss thy fears, and on thy God rely ;
 E'en yet shalt thou return with victory ;
 Yet with his pow'r thy cause will he support, 45
 And still thou'lt praise him in his sacred court.

P S A L M XLIII.

- 1 **M**Y great avenger thou, O Lord, to thee
 Make I appeal against my enemy ;
 Against the fraudulent, the deceitful man
 Do thou, just God, my righteous cause maintain.
 2 Thou art my surest hope, my strong defence ; 5
 Why have I not my wonted confidence ?
 Why do I fruitless mourn my sad distress ?
 Why with such fury do my foes oppress ?
 3 Beam forth thy light, thy kind assistance lend,
 And 'gainst their fierce assaults my soul defend. 10
 O lead me, lead me to thy holy hill,
 Where downy peace, where heav'nly comforts dwell.
 4 Then to thy altar I'll with transport go,
 My heart with strongest gratitude shall glow ;
 My voice in hymns of harmony I'll raise, 15
 And strike my lyre, to celebrate thy praise.
 5 Why then, my soul, so dreadfully dismay'd ?
 Why thee such sad distracting griefs invade ?
 Dismiss thy fears, and on thy God rely ;
 E'en yet he'll crown thy brows with victory ; 20
 Yet with his pow'r thy cause will he support ;
 Thou still shalt praise him in his sacred court.

P S A L M XLIV.

- 1 **T**H Y glorious deeds, thy mercies, Lord, of old,
 Our fathers oft their progeny have told ;
 Their sons with pious gratitude they've taught,
 What mighty wonders thou for them hast wrought.
 2 How thou didst thy beneficence display,
 And drov'st the nations from their seats away ;
 Didst the profaners of thy name destroy,
 And badst thy people their domains enjoy.
 3 For not their strength the mighty work perform'd ;
 Vainly without thy goodness they had arm'd ;
 They owe the conquest, the success, to thee ;
 Thy dread right-hand bestow'd the victory.
 4 Justly thy tribes thy hallow'd courts attend ;
 Propitious hear them, and assistance send.
 5 By thee alone supported, we dismay
 The vaunting foe, and gain a glorious day ;
 By thee supported, on their necks we'll tread,
 And spurn them to the regions of the dead.
 6 In our own bows no confidence we have,
 Nor fondly hope, that our own swords can save ;
 7 But to thy conqu'ring arm our cause commit,
 And in thy might our deadly foes defeat.
 8 Therefore, while lasts this earth, thy praise we'll sing,
 And make our boast of thee, all-pow'rful king.
 9 But now thou'lt cast us off ; thou leav'st us now ;
 No more the leader of our armies thou :
 10 Now from the hostile bands we fly away,
 Basely we fly, and prove an easy prey ;
 11 Expos'd, like sheep devoted to be slain,
 We 'mid the nations rove for peace in vain.
 12 Thou'lt of thy people made a public sale,
 Nor the low price does to thy wealth avail.
 13 A scorn unto our neighbours we are grown,
 Our griefs they laugh at, and they mock our moan.
 14 A *bye-word* we're become-----they shake the head-----
 15 For this, confusion has my face o'er-spread ;
 With shame I glow, to hear their blasphemies,
 To see, with what derision they despise.
 17 All this is now our despicable lot ;
 Yet we thy sacred cov'nant ne'er forgot ;
 18 Nay ; in our paths whatever dangers lay,
 Our steady Feet have ne'er declin'd thy way ;

- 19 Tho' sunk in deepest woe, disgrac'd, forlorn,
By vilest foes insulted, tho' we mourn;
Tho' we a life of abject slav'ry breathe,
And tremble on the dreadful verge of death. 45
- 20 Had we, O Lord, thy sov'reign pow'r denied,
And on the aid of other Gods relied;
- 21 Sure thou hadst known it, since to thee confess
Stand forth the inmost secrets of the breast: 50
- 22 And yet for thee we all these griefs sustain,
And like the fatlings of the fold are slain.
- 23 Why slumb'rest thou, O Lord? Awake, awake,
And not for ever thy poor tribes forsake;
- 24 Why hid thy face? Why this severe neglect? 55
Why our affliction wilt thou still forget?
- 25 With grief o'erburden'd, in the dust we lie,
Our weaken'd limbs their wonted aid deny;
- 26 Awake, awake; redeem us from our foes,
And let thy mercy dissipate our woes. 60

P S A L M XLV.

- 1 **A** GLORIOUS theme my raptur'd heart inspires,
A theme the most sublime my genius fires;
The king-----the king-----to him pertains the song-----
The king inspires the lay, and fills my tongue.
- 2 The king, excelling all of mortal birth; 5
Far fairer than the fairest sons of earth;
What nameless beauty! what majestic grace!
What heav'nly radiance beams upon his face!
The king, to whom the pow'r, that all obey,
Eternal honours gives, eternal sway. 10
- 3 Approach, unconquer'd chief, and on thy thigh
Gird thy victorious sword, with majesty,
- 4 With glory bright-array'd; around thee shine
Fair truth, stern justice, clemency divine;
Crown'd with bright conquest thy resistless hand, 15
Obey the nations round thy great command;
- 5 Pour dreadful vengeance on the stubborn foe,
And let thy fatal arrows bring them low.
- 6 Thy sov'reign pow'r no time shall bound, no space;
Not chang'd by years, not circumscrib'd by place; 20
- 7 On justice founded, 'twill for ever last;
No force shall harm it, no attempts shall blast.
The glorious ruler of the realms above
(O blest indulgence of almighty love)!

Above

- Above thy fellows high exalts thy name ; 25
 The sacred oils adown thy vestments stream ;
 8 Thy vestments, o'er thy graceful shoulders spread,
 Their odorif'rous scents around thee shed ;
 Of *eastern Cassia* the admir'd perfume,
 Of *myrrhe* the tears, of *Alôés* the gum. 30
 9 But what bright blooming maids around attend,
 That from a long imperial race descend ?
 Around thy queen submissively they wait,
 Thy queen, at thy right-hand who sits in state ;
 Thy queen, with *Ophir's* spark'ling gold array'd, 35
 With glittering gems adorn'd her glorious head.
 10 And thou, fair consort, listen to the lay ;
 Thy gentle soul let my sweet numbers sway ;
 Thy royal father and thy natal seat,
 Thy dear, thy weeping relatives forget ; 40
 11 Look on thy prince, thy prince revere, who lives
 But on the joys thy heav'nly beauty gives :
 12 To thee proud *Tyre* shall her gay presents send ;
 Thee shall the noble and the great attend ;
 Wait on thy nod, and bow with suppliant knee ; 45
 Pleas'd to receive a gracious smile from thee.
 13 Rich arē the royal charmer's robes-----behold,
 How bright she glistens in her braided gold ;
 With all their efforts art and nature strove,
 To make her worthy of a monarch's love. 50
 14 She comes ; the king receives the lovely prize,
 And speechless transport lightens in his eyes.
 Her maids attend her, maids divinely fair,
 Whose lovely forms their high descent declare :
 With shouts of joy the people round them wait, 55
 To hail their entrance in the palace-gate.
 16 O high-born maid ! regret thy fire no more,
 But view the pleasures of my regal pow'r ;
 Let all thy beauties, let thy love be mine ;
 I'll make thee mother of a royal line ; 60
 Thy sons shall boast a wide extended sway,
 And distant nations shall their rule obey.
 17 Thy beauties too, the subject of my song,
 Shall still employ my lyre, and tune my tongue ;
 Thy beauties late posterity shall sing, 65
 And bless the lovely fair, that charm'd the king.

P S A L M XLVI.

- 1 **O** UR refuge and our strength is heav'n's high God ;
 Our certain aid, when troubles rage abroad ;
 2 Therefore why shou'd we fear, tho' dangers threat ;
 Tho' moves this solid earth from off her seat ;
 Tho' from it's basis starts each lofty hill ;
 Tho' the stunn'd sea their tumbling ruins fill ;
 3 Tho' rise the waters, and the billows roar,
 And the big waves insult the rocky shore ?
 4 For round the city, which th' all-high approves,
 The sacred, solemn temple, that he loves,
 Streams a fair river, glad'ning, as it flows,
 The blest inhabitants with sweet repose.
 5 There, that no terrors may disturb their peace,
 That she from hostile bands may rest at ease,
 Dwells God himself, supports her with his aid ;
 In vain the hostile bands her peace invade.
 6 When rag'd the *heathen*, and prepar'd the war,
 And struck the nations round with horrid fear,
 From out his thunder spoke th' almighty Lord,
 Trembled low earth, and melted at his word.
 7 For us the Lord of hosts displays his pow'r ;
 Our refuge he, whom *Jacob's* sons adore.
 8 Come then, and see the wonders of his hand,
 The workings of his pow'r in ev'ry land ;
 9 He bids the harraught world to be at peace ;
 He bids the fury of the war to cease ;
 The bow he breaks, he snaps the deadly spear,
 And stops the chariot in it's full career.
 10 " Compose your troubled hearts to rest (he cries)
 " And know the pow'r that in the Godhead lies ;
 " I'm earth's sole Lord, and I'll support my claim,
 " And all the nations shall adore my name."
 11 For us the Lord of hosts displays his pow'r,
 Our refuge he, whom *Jacob's* sons adore.

P S A L M XLVII.

- 1 **C** L A P your glad hands, ye people all, rejoice ;
 Shout to your God with loud triumphant voice ;
 2 The mighty God, tremendous in his wrath,
 Whose boundless rule extends o'er all the earth :
 3 Who 'as made the nations truckle to our sway,
 And e'en the pow'rful of the world obey :

H

Who

- 4 Who 'as giv'n his chosen race a wide domain,
 And blest them with a glorious, endless reign.
 5 Hark! he comes forth; the chearful trumpets found;
 With shouts the pious tribes attend around; 10
 6 He comes, he comes; approach your God with praise,
 In hymns of joy your tuneful voices raise;
 7 He comes, o'er all the universal king;
 Let heav'n's wide arch with acclamations ring;
 Ye sons of melody, set forth his pow'r; 15
 8 That e'en the *heathen* may their God adore;
 O'er all he rules, and from his lofty throne,
 Awful, he makes his righteous judgments known:
 9 To him the princes of the people fly,
 Own him their God, and on his aid rely; 20
 Own, that the heav'ns and earth and seas belong
 To him, and make omnipotence their song.

P S A L M XLVIII.

- 1 **G**REAT is the Lord; most worthy he of praise;
 Sing, sing his glory in melodious lays,
 Ye sons of *Sion*, where's the blest abode,
 The radiant habitation of our God.
 2 Of *Sion's* hill most beauteous is the site, 5
Sion, the nation's joy, the earth's delight:
 Full to the north the king's bright mansions lie,
 And with resplendent beauty strike the eye.
 3 There *Israel's* race have oft beheld the Lord
 Maintain their cause, and pow'rful help afford. 10
 4 With mad'ning rage the furious monarchs came,
 With fierce intent t' enwrap our walls in flame;
 5 They view'd with wonder, trembled with dismay,
 And, struck with terror, hast'ned quick away;
 6 Not greater terror strikes the matron's heart, 15
 When of approaching throes she dreads the smart;
 7 Not greater fears the heartless crew assail,
 When o'er the stout-ribb'd ship the waves prevail.
 8 As to their sons our fathers oft have told
 Thy glorious deeds, thy miracles of old; 20
 So in the city of our God we've view'd,
 The same bright scheme of wonders still pursued;
 Still shall our progeny on thee rely,
 Thou'lt still relieve, when in distress they cry.
 9 Thy gracious mercies, Lord, we'll ne'er forget, 25
 But 'fore thy altar gratefully repeat;
 Thy

- 10 Thy praise, thy justice, glorious as thy name,
To earth's extremest bounds will we proclaim ;
- 11 Yes ; *Sion's* hill to all the realms around,
Thy great, thy righteous judgments, shall resound ; 30
The sons of *Salem*, and her virgin train,
To endless time renew the grateful strain.
- 12 Walk round, ye faithful tribes ; her walls explore ;
Her strong, her lofty turrets, number o'er ;
- 13 Observe her forts, her palaces, with care, 35
And to your sons her wond'rous strength declare ;
- 14 That they may know, how mighty is the Lord,
What aids he'll to his chosen race afford ;
How he'll support them ever with his pow'r :
And, knowing, praise his name, till time's no more. 40

P S A L M XLIX.

- 1 **H**OWE'ER dispers'd, ye various nations, hear,
Ye sons of frailty, lend a list'ning ear ;
- 2 Whether in honours and in wealth ye flow,
Whether immers'd in penury and woe :
- 3 Wisdom's the sacred subject of my song, 5
Wisdom employs my lyre and tunes my tongue ;
Wisdom, to all that hear her, steady friend :
Plain is my parable, if you'll attend.
- 5 Why shou'd the dread of distant want controul
The active vigour of my heav'n-born soul ? 10
Why forfeit I my claim to future bliss
By anxious cares for earthly happiness ?
- 6 They, who in purple and in gold are drest,
Of honours and of opulence possess,
With wealth, with pow'r elate, when dies the friend, 15
Whom they with joy wou'd to the shades attend ;
Him by their gold, their honours, can they save,
Can they redeem him from the greedy grave ?
- 8 Ah no ; no wealth the parting soul can stay,
That from the sinking body fleets away. 20
- 9 Inexorable death the bribe rejects ;
Nor pray'rs, nor tears, nor ransom, he respects ;
He views their proffer'd, gilded bait, with scorn,
And bluntly tells them, there is no return.
- 10 The wise, the foolish, feel alike his pow'r, 25
While thankless heirs possess their shining store :
- 11 Vainly they think, the lofty domes they raise,
Will spread their honours e'en to after-days,

- Their large possessions will retain their name,
 And fair-enrol them in the lists of fame. 30
 12 Alas ! when once they die, when once no more,
 Soon are forgot their name, their wealth, their pow'r.
 13 Yet still like folly to their race extends ;
 From family to family descends.
 14 As the fierce wolf devours his fleecy prey, 35
 Feeds on them death, and finishes their day ;
 And while bright hours, that never have an end,
 And shining prospects righteous souls attend ;
 Weak feeble age their beauty shall consume,
 And sink their honours in the mould'ring tomb. 40
 15 But me redeems my Saviour from the grave ;
 Me to himself, to glory, he'll receive :
 16 Nor thou repine, when one of low estate,
 By fortune favour'd, suddenly grows great.
 17 What shall attend him, when he comes to die ? 45
 See, his unfaithful honours from him fly :
 18 Tho', while he liv'd, he ev'ry good enjoy'd,
 And flow'd in pleasures, till his soul was cloy'd ;
 Tho' he to others shew'd the tempting way,
 And bad them, like himself, be ever gay ; 50
 19 When to his fathers he descends below,
 To those black scenes of wretchedness and woe,
 Where not one glad'ning ray his soul revives,
 He then his mad prepost'rous folly grieves.
 20 For man, of honours and of wealth possest, 55
 If not with wisdom's sacred influence blest ;
 Not nobler than a bestial can be thought,
 And, like a bestial, will at length be nought.

P S A L M L.

- 1 **T**HE mighty God, whom heav'ns and earth obey,
 Who bends the scept'red tyrants to his sway,
 Speaks his dread judgments to the nations round,
 And hears the sentence earth's extremest bound.
 2 From *Sion's* hill, in shining glory clad, 5
 He speaks, and fills the list'ning world with dread.
 3 He comes ; man's impious crimes he'll bear no more ;
 Before his presence flames of fire devour ;
 No more a Saviour, he the judge assumes ;
 Tremendous winds surround him ; lo ! he comes. 10
 4 Impartial in his process, heav'n he'll call
 With all her orbs, and this terrestrial ball ;

- To witness to his justice-----heav'n obeys ;
 Earth owns, eternal truth his process sways.
- 5 " Ye pious tribes (he says) with whom I've made 15
 " A sacred covenant, be not dismay'd ;
 " With confidence approach ; dismiss your fears ;
 " Yon bright etherial arch your judgment hears ;
 " Your God himself is judge ; his justice prove
 " Yon bright etherial orbs, that roll above. 20
- 7 " You first I call, blest *Abr'ham's* favour'd race,
 " Whom long I've honour'd with peculiar grace ;
 " Yourselves attest beneficence divine,
 " And own that justice, and that mercy's mine ;
- 8 " That few the victims, whose atoning blood 25
 " In sacred streams have on my altars flow'd ;
 9 " I not reprove ; the fatlings of the fold,
 " The stalled ox, indiff'rent, I behold ;
- 10 " Mine are the beasts that in the forest rove ;
 " Mine are the beasts that range the hill and grove ; 30
- 11 " Where'er the savage bestials of the field
 " Retreat, their haunts are not from me conceal'd.
 " In the steep rock, or on the lofty tree,
 " Tho' nest the feather'd tribes, they're known to me.
- 12 " If I, like man, the pangs of hunger feel, 35
 " Say, is it requisite, I thee shou'd tell ?
 " Thy kind assistance, say, shall I implore ;
 " I, who o'er all have universal pow'r ?
- 13 " Me will the flesh of bullocks satisfy ?
 " The offer'd blood of fatted goats, drink I ? 40
- 14 " No, no ; the breast with gratitude that glows,
 " The fervent heart that breathes it's honest vows,
- 15 " My banquet these-----be these thy sacrifice,
 " And when severe distress upon thee lies,
 " My name invoke ; thy drooping soul I'll raise, 45
 " And thou shalt pay thy God with grateful praise."
- 16 But to the wicked says th' almighty Lord ;
 (The wicked hear, and tremble at his word)
 " Wretch ! wilt thou dare to plead my righteous laws,
 " My sacred covenant, to support thy cause ? 50
- 17 " Thou, who to hear instruction didst refuse,
 " And with thy impious scoffs my word abuse ?
- 18 " Thou with the thief, thyself a thief, didst join,
 " And mad'st th' adult'ers filthy purpose thine :
- 19 " To mischief prone, didst mischief meditate, 55
 " And arm'dst thy villain-tongue with curst deceit :

" Didst

- 20 " Didst violate of blood the sacred ties,
 " And 'gainst thy brother fram'dst malicious lies :
 21 " And, more t' enhance thy impious villainy,
 " 'Cause silent I, think'st I resemble thee : 60
 " Vain is the thought-----thy crimes I'll now display,
 " And set thy monstrous deeds in open day.
 22 " Ye listless crouds, that now your God forget,
 " Consider this, and make a safe retreat ;
 " Left, when to judgment cited by my wrath, 65
 " Not one can save you from eternal death :
 23 " And you, ye righteous, you your voices raise,
 " In songs of gratitude, in hymns of praise ;
 " This to eternal happiness the road ;
 " This, this will place you nigh the throne of God. 70

P S A L M LI.

- 1 **O** GOD of mercy, view my pleading tears,
 And hear a contrite sinner's earnest pray'rs ;
 2 My spotted soul from her defilements, clean ;
 O wash me, cleanse me, from my crying sin ;
 3 With shame, with anguish, I my crime confess ; 5
 Abash'd, I own my horrid wickedness :
 4 'Gainst thee I've sinn'd ; my monstrous guilt thou view'st,
 And with immediate vengeance strict pursuest ;
 That man may own impartial justice thine,
 And curb their impious tongues 'gainst pow'r divine. 10
 5 But ah ! remember, Lord, tho' great my blame,
 E'en from the womb my first infection came ;
 In sin was I conceiv'd, in sin brought forth,
 And came a vile offender from the birth.
 6 While thou, a soul from all contagion free, 15
 Dost still demand, rich in simplicity,
 A soul, with wisdom arm'd, with innocence,
 A soul, unspotted by the crimes of sense.
 7 Be thine the glorious work-----O let me shew
 Far purer in thy sight than whitest snow. 20
 8 With peace, with joy, with gladness fill my mind,
 'Till my faint limbs their wonted vigour find ;
 9 Let not thine eye my shocking guilt survey,
 But wash the filth of all my sins away :
 10 Cleanse thou my heart, O God, from ev'ry stain, 25
 Renew my soul that she her health regain ;
 11 And not in anger turn away thy face,
 But still with thy enliv'ning spirit blest :

- 12 O still my hopes of happiness restore ;
 Uphold me still, that I may fall no more. 30
 13 So shall transgressors, who thy mercy see,
 Forsake their errors, and give praise to thee :
 14 O free me from the blood I basely spilt,
 O cleanse my soul from her enormous guilt.
 Then shall my tongue thy tender mercies sing,
 Thy righteous justice hymn, all-gracious king. 35
 15 Ope then my lips, O Lord, and I will raise
 My grateful voice, to celebrate thy praise ;
 16 The offer'd victim thou dost not demand ;
 The victim else shou'd 'fore thy altar stand : 40
 17 Pleas'd with a nobler sacrifice thou art ;
 A broken spirit and a contrite heart.
 18 Still *Sion's* hill, still *Salem's* walls defend ;
 Be still, O God, thy people's pow'rful friend ;
 19 Then pure their off'rings, pure their hearts shall be, 45
 The chastest vows shall they put up to thee ;
 The fatted goat thy sacred fires shall feed,
 And the young bullock at thy altar bleed.

P S A L M LII.

- 1 **W**HY boast'st thou, tyrant, thy high crimes aloud ?
 Our God is ever to the righteous good :
 2 Thy guileful tongue (a falshood ev'ry word)
 More fatal pierces, than the keenest sword ;
 3 Mischief thou lov'st, and goodness dost despise, 5
 Truth hath thy hate ; thy dear amusement lies ;
 4 A Slander, big with ruin, gives thee joy ;
 5 Therefore th' avenging God shall thee destroy,
 Shall root thee out, that thou be seen no more,
 While man in vain thy dwelling shall explore. 10
 6 This shall the righteous view with joyful fear ;
 Smile at thy punishment, and heav'n revere.
 7 " Lo ! this the man (they'll cry) with impious pride
 " Who brav'd his maker, and his pow'r defied ;
 " Who his frail riches made his strength, and strove 15
 " By villain-arts to mate our Lord above !"
 8 For me, I'll, like an olive, flourish long ;
 I'll in the mercies of my God be strong ;
 I in his house will dwell ; and night and day,
 The wonders of his mighty arm display ; 20
 9 His glorious works, his clemency, proclaim,
 And hail for ever his tremendous name.

P S A L M LIII.

- 1 **T**HE impious atheist, in his folly proud,
 At one almighty being laughs aloud :
 Corrupt they're all ; from virtue's paths they turn,
 And in the quenchless fires of lust they burn ;
 Their shocking crimes, their curst impieties,
 Demand tremendous vengeance from the skies. 5
- 2 Th' all-high looks down from his ethereal throne,
 To see, if man his sov'reign pow'r will own ;
 If yet the sons of earth accept his sway,
 His name revere, and his dread will obey : 10
- 3 Ah no ! not one ; they 'gainst their God conspire,
 Pursue the dictates of each wild desire,
 In filthy scenes of vice their hours employ,
 And make their shocking crimes their horrid joy.
- 4 Does then rank frenzy o'er the wicked reign,
 That they such hideous blasphemy maintain ;
 That they my people as their prey devour,
 And, obstinate, reject almighty pow'r ? 15
- 5 Yet sure distracting fears their hearts shall wound,
 And dread alarms their dastard souls confound ;
 For God shall strike them with a sore dismay,
 Shall break their bones, and scatter them away,
 With shame his vengeance has their steps beset,
 And death and ruin all around them wait. 20
- 6 From *Sion's* hill, O that the Lord wou'd send
 His speedy aid, and *Jacob's* sons defend ;
 Wou'd his own people from their bondage free,
 And give them back their native liberty !
 Then shou'd the race of *Israel* shout for joy,
 And their glad tongues in grateful hymns employ. 25 30

P S A L M LIV.

- 1 **S**AVE me, my God ; protect me from the foe,
 That all may fear, thy name, thy pow'r may know ;
- 2 Lift to my pray'r ; O turn a gracious ear,
- 3 For strangers strike my heart with sudden fear ;
 Against my peace the fierce oppressors rise ;
 And have not set thy vengeance 'fore their eyes. 5
- 4 But lo ! the Lord's my help ; he'll free my soul ;
 He'll the vile schemes of cruel men controul ;
- 5 By their own impious arts themselves shall fall,
 And in the toils they've laid shall perish all. 10

Therefore

- 6 Therefore to him the solemn vow I'll pay,
His praise I'll sing, his goodness I'll display;
7 For he from my distress will set me free,
And give success against my enemy.

P S A L M LV.

- 1 **M**Y earnest pray'r, O heav'nly father, hear,
Nor on thy suppliant servant look severe:
2 View with what sorrows swells my anguish'd breast;
What fatal griefs deny my soul her rest;
3 'Cause of the malice of oppressive foes, 5
The bitter hate, with which they've 'gainst me rose;
The killing slanders on my fame they cast,
Their causeless fury that will ever last.
4 Pain'd is my heart, and sorely weeps within;
My heart the horrors of the grave hath seen. 10
5 A sudden tremor on my system falls;
A sudden terror my sad soul appalls;
6 'Twas then I said; " Oh! cou'd I fly away,
" Cou'd to some lone retreat myself convey;
" O cou'd I wing it like the plaintive dove? 15
" Soon to the desarts, to the woods I'd rove;
8 " Swifter than winds I'd skim the liquid air,
" Reach the wild waste, and seek my solace there."
9 Destroy them, Lord; confound each villain-tongue,
For range the city violence and wrong; 20
10 Or night or day their mischiefs never fail;
Their monstrous crimes in ev'ry street prevail;
11 Within her walls each horrid guilt is found;
Rage, av'rice, fraud, deceit, and lust, abound.
12 Had sprung my mis'ries from an open foe, 25
I shou'd expect, and ward against the blow;
Or if some mighty tyrant had assail'd,
Myself I 'ad 'gainst his violence conceal'd:
13 But say, cou'd I my guardless soul defend,
When thus assaulted by my bosom friend? 30
14 One so belov'd, I ne'er cou'd from him part,
But shar'd with him the secrets of my heart;
With him in social converse spent the day,
With him thy temple sought, my vows to pay.
15 Let them no more their horrid mischiefs breathe; 35
O sink them, sink them, in eternal death;
Monsters of iniquity from their birth!
Pour, heav'n, thy terrors; overwhelm them, earth!

- 16 While I my God invoke, to end my grief;
 While from his mercy I receive relief; 40
 17 At morn, at even, while his name I praise,
 And sing protecting pow'r in grateful lays.
 18 Yes; thou shalt give me safety in the war;
 In vain their num'rous bands shall they prepare;
 In vain shall threaten; I'll in thee be bold, 45
 The wonderful, th' almighty God of old:
 No longer shall they boast their cruel pow'r;
 Their proud relentless hearts shall rage no more.
 20 Peace they'll pretend, yet suddenly invade,
 Nor heed the solemn treaties they have made; 50
 21 Smoother than milk, than oil, flows ev'ry word,
 Yet wounds more deeply than the keenest sword.
 22 But God my hope, my soul will he sustain;
 On him the righteous ne'er rely in vain;
 23 He'll on the wicked dire destruction pour, 55
 Them in their youth shall sudden death devour;
 Their souls of half their days shall he deprive;
 While a long round of years the righteous live.

P S A L M LVI.

- 1 **L**O! how my restless foes my life pursue!
 With pity, Lord, th' impending peril view;
 2 Many are they, my ruin that desire,
 And, insolently proud, my death conspire.
 3 But, whate'er terrors compass round my heart, 5
 Thou, thou alone my great protector art.
 4 Thee will I praise, O God, on thee rely,
 And all attempts of mortal rage defy;
 5 Yet constant they detract from what I speak,
 And, to distress me, villainously seek; 10
 6 To secret places they in crouds retreat,
 And there t' ensnare my guileless soul they wait.
 7 Shall they escape, and in their crimes go on?
 Rise in thy fearful wrath, and cast them down.
 8 My toils thou numb'rest, and thou view'st my flight; 15
 In thy fair tablet all my tears are writ:
 9 Assur'd I am, that when to thee I cry,
 Thou wilt assist me, and my foes will fly;
 10 Thee will I praise, O God; in thee I'll trust,
 And brave the threat'nings of imperious dust; 20
 12 Sav'd by thy hand from my destructive foes,
 Thee will I praise, to thee I'll pay my vows;

- 13 For thou'lt preserve me from the dreary grave,
 My tott'ring feet, that they not slip, thou'lt save;
 Favour'd by thee, long life shall I enjoy;
 Long to thy glory I'll that life employ. 25

P S A L M LVII.

- 1 **T**O thee, good God, I ev'ry blessing owe;
 O hear me now; thy wonted mercy shew:
 Beneath the shelter of thy wings I'll rest,
 Till all these dreadful ills are overpast.
 2 Thee I'll invoke, thy gracious aid implore, 5
 For ne'er was yet with-held thy saving pow'r.
 3 From heav'n shalt thou thy kind assistance send;
 Me shall thy mercy and thy truth defend;
 Fruitless, my foes their impious slanders dart;
 Fruitless they aim their mischiefs at my heart: 10
 4 E'en tho' 'mong savage lions, fierce and fell,
 'Mongst rav'nous beasts, that vomit fire, I dwell,
 Whose tongues than keenest swords more fatal are,
 Whose teeth wound deeper than the pointed spear.
 5 Do thou, O God, exalt thy glory high; 15
 Shew to th' astonish'd earth thy majesty.
 6 For me their villain-toils they now prepare,
 My poor afflicted soul they seek t' ensnare;
 For me they've made a pit-----in vain they've made;
 To the same pit they are themselves betray'd. 20
 7 Fix'd is my heart; my heart's resolv'd, O God,
 To spread thy praises and thy name abroad;
 8 Awake, my lyre-----my psaltery-----my voice-----
 At early dawn I'll in my God rejoice;
 9 My song of thee the nations round shall hear; 25
 Struck with the theme, thy pow'r shall they revere;
 10 For to yon trackless clouds, yon heav'ns above,
 Extend thy truth, thy clemency, thy love.
 11 Do thou, O God, exalt thy glory high;
 Beam on the wond'ring world thy majesty. 30

P S A L M LVIII.

- 1 **Y**E sages, plac'd on judgment's awful seat,
 Say, is your process just, without deceit?
 2 Ah no! your hearts in villain-schemes are strong,
 And with the shew of equity you wrong.

- 3 E'en from your infant-years from truth you stray'd,
 And the vile dictates of your hearts obey'd. 5
 4 Beneath your tongues a deadly poison lies,
 Your ears you stop, when heav'nly wisdom cries,
 So the fly asp, when music gives th' alarm,
 Fears, 'tis the magic of some pow'rful charm. 10
 6 But thou their teeth, O sov'reign ruler, bruize;
 Thy justice sure the savage race pursues;
 7 They bend the bow, the guiltless to destroy;
 O break their shafts, or let them fruitless fly.
 As 'mid the pebbles flows the stream away, 15
 So with a swift destruction vanish they:
 8 Yes; let them melt, as melts the flow-pac'd snail;
 Let death's grim horrid pow'r their souls assail;
 Yes; vanish they like an abortive birth,
 And tread no more with haughty steps the earth. 20
 9 Nor let their off-spring long enjoy the day;
 But with thy whirlwinds sweep them quick away;
 Let them the fury of thine anger bear,
 Ere crackling thorns evaporate in air.
 10 The righteous shall thy awful vengeance see, 25
 And own with joy thy glorious equity;
 He in their impious blood shall wash his feet,
 And say, "The justice of our God is great;
 11 "That he our actions not indiff'rent views,
 "But with strict vengeance wicked man pursues; 30
 "That he a life of sanctity regards,
 "And with his choicest gifts that life rewards."

P S A L M LIX.

- 1 **O** SOV'REIGN father, view my stubborn foes;
 With what relentless hate they've 'gainst me rose;
 2 Around the men of blood my life beset;
 O hear, and shield me from the woes they threat;
 3 Lo! to entrap me, they their toils have laid, 5
 And e'en the mighty join their pow'rful aid;
 By me uninjur'd they their fury breathe,
 And with unbated malice work my death.
 5 O Lord *Jehovah*! sov'reign ruler, rise,
 On their malicious efforts cast thy eyes;
 These vile transgressors of thy statutes chace, 10
 Nor plead thy mercy for the impious race.
 6 From early dawn like rav'ning dogs they rage,
 Whose famish'd maws no rapine can assuage;

And

- And when the sun his daily task gives o'er,
 They fright the peaceful city with their roar. 15
 7 From their vile mouths they cast forth bitter words,
 Which wound more deeply than the keenest swords;
 For blood, for blood, they roam with open cry,
 And thy omniscience and thy pow'r defy. 20
 8 But thou, O God, not leave me thus forlorn;
 Thou view'st their mad impieties with scorn;
 9 My strong defence art thou, when foes invade,
 And, patient, will I wait thy mighty aid.
 10 Thou wilt prevent me with thy kind relief;
 Thy pow'ful hand will dissipate my grief;
 And, while thou shalt my ceaseless foes destroy,
 My grateful heart shall glow with honest joy. 25
 11 Yet, Lord, our shield, yet slay them not, lest we
 Forget the gratitude we owe to thee;
 But bring their proud, their cruel spirits, down,
 And let them wander in a land unknown. 30
 12 And 'cause their virulent, invenom'd tongues,
 Were fill'd with falsehoods and with killing wrongs,
 'Cause with their horrid oaths they thee defied,
 Ensnare them, Lord, in their enormous pride. 35
 13 Consume them, O consume them, in thy wrath,
 Root out their race, and strike them all with death;
 That the wide earth may know that *Jacob's* God
 The just avenger of the righteous stood. 40
 14 Or, like to rav'ning dogs, from early dawn
 Around the city let them roam, forlorn;
 And when the sun his daily task gives o'er,
 For want of food in horrid anguish roar.
 15 Yet let them roam, and let them roar in vain;
 Nor one poor morsel to relieve them gain: 45
 16 While I thy wond'rous pow'r will sing aloud,
 At morn will sing the mercies of my God;
 My God, that made my cruel foes to cease,
 My God, who gave me strength and gave me peace. 50

P S A L M LX.

- 1 **O**FFENDED with our crimes, O holy God,
 Thou'st cast us off, and scatter'd us abroad;
 Yet still thy just displeasure, Lord, restrain,
 And turn thee to thy chosen race again.
 2 Lo! thro' thine anger quakes our earth with fear---- 5
 Ope with dismay-----her secret stores appear-----

Close

- Close up her wounds, her dreadful *tremors* stay,
Confirm her base, and all our fears allay :
- 3 In sad, in wild astonishment we sink,
And of thy bitt'rest indignation drink. 10
- 4 But lo ! the Lord hath heard-----he'll give his aid ;
See his bright banners in the heav'ns display'd ;
- 5 The pious souls that worship him, to free ;
To give them from their terrors liberty.
- 6 Gracious he speaks, and holy are his words ; 15
(What heav'nly joy his awful voice affords ?)
“ Fair *Shechem*'s fertile fields thy lot shall be ;
“ I'll mete out *Succoth*'s lovely vales for thee.
- 7 “ The faithful tribes of *Israel*, ar'n't they mine,
“ To me confirm'd by sanctions most divine ? 20
- 8 “ Therefore their sure protector I'll be found ;
“ Therefore for them I'll curb the nations round ;
“ I'll lay them all beneath their conqu'ring feet ;
“ *Idume, Moab, Palestine*, submit !”
- 9 Who to yon lofty town the way will shew ? 25
To *Edom*'s tow'ring gates our leader who ?
- 10 Say, wilt not thou, O God, tho' in thy wrath
Thou'st cast us off, and menac'd us with death ?
Say, wilt not thou, tho' late thine anger rose,
And thou not lead'st us 'gainst our haughty foes ? 30
- 11 But now, dread father, thy assistance give,
For vain are human aids, and but deceive :
- 12 Our leader thou, intrepidly we'll fight,
We'll conquer and we'll triumph in thy might,
Our leader thou, our haughty foes shall bleed, 35
And on their prostrate necks we'll joyous tread.

P S A L M LXI.

- 1 **A**LL-CLEMENT God, attend my earnest cry :
2 In distant lands tho' roam, an exile, I,
Thee in my heart's distress will I invoke,
Thee will I make my strength, my shield, my rock.
- 3 A shelter most secure in thee I've found, 5
A firm support, when cruel foes surround.
- 4 Therefore beneath thy wings, assur'd, I'll rest,
And seek the temple with thy presence blest.
- 5 For thou my faithful vows hast constant heard ;
For me a noble heritage prepar'd ; 10
To rule the nations who thy laws obey ;
To make them happy by my gentle sway.

Thou

- 6 Thou to the king a length of days will give,
Thou to a good old age shalt bid him live.
- 7 Long in thy house that he may suppliant stand, 15
Reach forth thy blessings with a lib'ral hand.
- 8 Then free from danger, and devoid of fear,
My grateful tongue thy mercies shall declare;
To thee continual anthems I will sing,
And hail the glorious God that guards the king. 20

P S A L M LXII.

- 1 **M**Y soul rests only on her mighty God;
From him her safety and her strength has flow'd;
- 2 My rock of refuge he, my sure defence;
Hence, ye vain fears; ye idle terrors, hence!
- 3 Ye sons of mischief, with weak malice fraught, 5
How long will ye indulge each treach'rous thought!
Soon shall ye be destroy'd; ye soon shall fall,
And break to pieces, like a tumbling wall.
- 4 Vainly you all your empty efforts try,
To ruin him whom God exalts on high; 10
Vainly you false designing friendships feign;
Vain are your lies; your imprecations vain.
- 5 Mean while, my soul, rest on thy mighty God;
From him thy safety and thy strength hath flow'd;
- 6 Thy rock of refuge he, thy sure defence; 15
Hence ye vain fears; ye idle terrors hence!
- 8 On him, ye people, constantly rely;
Pour forth your hearts; he'll not the boon deny.
- 9 Surely the great, the proudest potentate,
And the poor wretch that mourns his abject state, 20
'Fore him are equal;-----weigh them in the scales
With vanity, and vanity prevails.
- 10 Trust not in wealth, by violence obtain'd;
'Twill go as fleetly, as 'twas basely gain'd;
Riches flow in, but make them not your boast; 25
Swiftly they wing away, and soon are lost.
- 11 Once God hath spoke, and twice I've heard him say,
To him alone belongs eternal sway;
- 12 And I'll avow, and speak it all abroad,
Justice and mercy both belong to God. 30

P S A L M LXIII.

- 1 **M**Y God, at early dawn to thee I'll cry ;
 My soul's athirst thy presence to enjoy ;
 My weak, my languid system thee demands,
 As ask refreshing showers the parched lands :
 2 Thy pow'r, thy radiant glory to behold, 5
 Which in thy house thou wontest to unfold.
 3 For sweeter far than length of days to me,
 Is thy ador'd, thy blest benignity.
 4 Thee will I praise, while lasts this vital frame ;
 My grateful tongue shall echo forth thy name. 10
 5 Great the relief I from thy praise receive ;
 Not choicest cates such sweet refreshment give.
 6 At night I make thy tender love my song ;
 At morn thy mercies tune my raptur'd tongue.
 7 For thou support'st me ever with thy pow'r ; 15
 Beneath thy shelt'ring wings I rest secure.
 8 Thou art my soul's desire, my heart's best love ;
 Thy strong right-hand upholds me, as I move :
 9 While they, who seek my ruin strait shall go
 Down to the dismal, dreary shades below ; 20
 10 Soon shall they perish by the fatal sword,
 Their lifeless limbs by rav'ning wolves devour'd.
 11 But the glad king, and who their God revere,
 Shall glory in the name by which they swear ;
 Shall boast the mighty Lord that they adore, 25
 While fools in silence shall their guilt deplore.

P S A L M LXIV.

- 1 **M**Y foes assault me with relentless hate ;
 Hear me, my God ; thy favour I intreat.
 2 O save me from the vile insidious snare,
 The secret toils they 'gainst my life prepare.
 3 Their tongues are whetted like their pointed swords ; 5
 More deep, than arrows, wound their bitter words :
 4 That at the just in secret they may aim,
 And strike, secure, the heart that's free from blame.
 5 They, firm in mischief, lay the private snare,
 And, self-encourag'd, laugh away their fear : 10
 6 Mischief their ev'ry thought, their sole employ,
 Mischief they make their solace and their joy.
 7 But not from thee can they their crimes conceal ;
 They soon the arrows of thy wrath shall feel ;

They

- 8 They by their own envenom'd tongues shall die----- 15
 With dread amaze shall they, that view it, fly,
 9 The justice of an angry God shall own,
 And make the terrors of thy vengeance known.
 10 While righteous men, well-grounded in their hope, 20
 Shall give their faithful souls their fullest scope,
 Still trust in thee, and glory in thy name,
 And hail their gracious God with loud acclaim.

P S A L M LXV.

- 1 **I**N *Sion's* sacred fane the joyous lay
 Thy name attends ; thy favour'd people pay
 The votive offering, Lord ; the hallow'd blood
 Flows round thy altar in a purple flood.
 2 Propitious, thou our faithful vows dost hear ; 5
 To thee shall fly the sons of men in pray'r.
 3 Thy punishments for sin afflict me sore ;
 Cleanse me, my God, and they shall wound no more.
 4 Blest is the man, whom thou shalt chuse a friend, 10
 And in thy sacred temple bid attend !
 O glorious lot ! O heavenly employ !
 Thy sacred temple fills his soul with joy.
 5 The nations tremble with a dread dismay,
 When thou thy righteous judgments dost display ;
 When fall thy terrors on the impious proud, 15
 When crown thy bright rewards the humbly good.
 6 Great is thy pow'r----when shatter'd by the storm,
 Thou bid'st the mountain on her base stand firm.
 7 By winds disturb'd, thou still'st the roaring sea, 20
 And dost the tumults of the world allay.
 8 Thy thunder rolls, thy rapid lightnings glare ;
 The hearts of all are sunk in awful fear :
 Thy sun breaks forth, and gives to nature birth ;
 Owns thy beneficence the quicken'd earth :
 9 Thou pour'st thy waters on the thirsty soil ; 25
 The fatten'd lands reward the ploughman's toil :
 With fruitful show'rs revivest thou the fields,
 And the rich glebe it's golden produce yields :
 10 Falls on the stubborn earth thy pearly dew ; 30
 The plains in all their verdant pride we view :
 11 Or on the ridgy hills, or in the vales,
 The glad'ning influence of thy pow'r prevails ;
 12 Gaily the herds along thy pastures rove ;
 Climb the steep cliff, or range the leafy grove ;

Where'er they range, fair herbs and flow'rs abound ; 35
 Rich affluence covers the enamel'd ground ;
 Their God, the hills, the plains, the vallies sing,
 And blest the bounties of their heav'nly king.

P S A L M LXVI.

- 1 **Y**E scatter'd nations, sing in tuneful lays,
 · In loftiest strains, your great creator's praise ;
- 2 Sing, sing the honours of his holy name,
 Extol his glory, and his pow'r proclaim.
- 3 With reverence say, " Thou sov'reign Lord of all, 5
 " Who mad'st yon heav'ns and this terrestrial ball,
 " How dread thy pow'r ! beneath thy conqu'ring feet
 " Crouch thy proud foes, and to thy rule submit :
- 4 " To thee the earth shall pious homage pay,
 " Sing to thy name, thy glorious name display." 10
- 5 Approach, and hear the wonders of our God ;
 With his stupendous works the world he aw'd ;
- 6 He drove the waters from their oozy bed,
 And on firm ground his favour'd people led ;
 With joy they view'd their God their feet sustain ; 15
 With joy they walk'd as on a flow'ry plain.
- 7 O'er all, o'er all, he holds eternal sway,
 His eyes the nations of the earth survey ;
 Hear this, ye wicked, and rebel no more,
 Lest you too late your wretched pride deplore. 20
- 8 Ye people, blest the great almighty Lord ;
 By ev'ry nation be his name ador'd ;
- 9 Our souls does he support ; in him we live,
 From him protection in our paths receive.
- 10 For thou hast prov'd us, Lord ; our hearts thou'st tried, 25
 As by the flame the silver's purified ;
 Our feet hast hamper'd in th' insidious net,
 Our way with sore distresses hast beset.
- 12 The threat'ning tyrants gall'd us in their wrath ;
 Thro' fires, thro' mad'ning floods, we' incounter'd death : 30
 Yet still thy mercy bad our sorrows cease ;
 Again thou'st given us life, thou'st giv'n us peace.
- 13 Therefore I'll to thy temple suppliant go,
 And pay with gratitude the promis'd vow ;
- 15 The bounding bullock, and the horned ram, 35
 The browsing goat, the young and guileless lamb.
- 16 Approach, attend, who your creator fear ;
 To me his wond'rous goodness I'll declare ;

Gracious

- 17 Gracious he heard, when prostrate I implor'd ;
 (And be the God that hears our pray'rs, ador'd) : 40
- 18 The impious souls, that not his name revere,
 Tho' loudly they invoke, he scorns to hear :
- 19 But me he heard, his mercy not denied,
 And gave immediate solace, when I cried :
- 20 Therefore, since he my sinking soul hath rais'd, 45
 His honour'd name eternally be prais'd.

P S A L M LXVII.

- 1 **L**ORD, on thy people let thy mercy shine,
 To us extend thy clemency divine ;
- 2 That to the world thy goodness may be known,
 That earth thy great beneficence may own ;
- 3 That thee the realms in joyous songs adore, 5
 And hymning congregations chant thy pow'r.
- 4 Let ev'ry age exult with pious joy ;
 Their tongues in praise let all mankind employ ;
 For thou, of all the sov'reign judge, display'st
 Thy righteous justice, and with wisdom sway'st. 10
- 5 Praise all thy glorious name, all-pow'rful king,
 And in sublimest lays thy mercies sing ;
- 6 For thou shalt glad our lands with rich increase ;
 With corn, with oil, with wine, the plains thou'lt bless ;
- 7 On the whole earth thy bounties thou shalt pour, 15
 And all her sons with rev'rence shall adore.

P S A L M LXVIII.

- 1 **R**ISE, sov'reign Lord, in all thy terrors rise ;
 Lo ! vile impiety thy presence flies ;
- 2 The wicked, lo ! thy presence fly thro' fear,
 Like smoke they vanish into empty air ;
 Thy vengeance strikes them ; they with dread expire, 5
 And melt like wax dissolving in the fire.
- 3 Not so the righteous ; fill'd with pious joy,
 In loud *hosannas* they their hours employ :
- 4 Sing, gracious God, thy great resistless sway,
 And all the wonders of thy pow'r display ; 10
 How on thy heav'ns, in thy triumphal car,
 Thou rid'st, supported by the ambient air ;
- 5 How o'er ungrateful man thy cares extend,
 The orphan's father, and the widow's friend ;

- 6 How thou, still to supply the human race,
 With a large issue crown'ft the chaste embrace ;
 How, when the fetter'd captives sue to thee,
 Benign thou hear'ft, and giv'ft them liberty ;
 Dost curse the stubborn, the rebellious bands,
 With barren fields, with desolated lands. 20
- 7 When *Israel's* favour'd tribes, from bondage freed,
 Thro' the dry desert, gracious, thou didst lead,
 8 Trembled low earth, astonish'd at thy pow'r ;
 The heav'ns above pour'd down their watery store ;
 E'en *Sinai's* top, at thy dread presence struck, 25
 E'en *Sinai's* tow'ring top, with terror shook.
- 9 Parch'd with the drought, when gape the thirsty plains,
 Thou pour'ft in plenteous show'rs thy fruitful rains ;
 By the glad show'rs refresh'd, the teeming earth
 Opens her womb, and gives her produce birth ; 30
 See the rich fields with ripening herbage gay ;
 The lofty trees their various fruits display ;
 These blessings to thy chosen dost thou give,
 To that just race, that in thy precepts live.
- 11 When threat'ning kings pour'd forth their num'rous bands, 35
 And struck with horrid fear the trembling lands,
 Spoke the high God ; his mandate strait obey'd
 The tott'ring matron, and the tim'rous maid.
- 12 The haughty tyrants vaunt their troops in vain ;
 They turn, they fly, they fall, they strew the plain ; 40
 The maids, the matrons, to the plunder hie,
 And bless the God that gives the victory ;
 They hymn his glory in harmonious lays,
 And tune their harps to celebrate his praise.
- 13 Tho' mid the pots, in smoke, in filth, ye lie, 45
 Ye still the dove in beauty shall outvie ;
 The dove, whose wings with pleasure you behold,
 With silver spread, her feathers ting'd in gold.
- 14 Yes ; *Salem*, that alate in darkness lay,
 (Vanquish'd her pow'rful foes with dread dismay) 50
 In splendor rises, far above her hope,
 And shews more fair, than *Salmon's* snowy top.
- 15 Let *Bashan* boast his head enwrapt in clouds,
 His spacious forests, and his spreading woods ;
 Vainly it emulates that sacred hill, 55
 Where heav'n's all-pow'rful Lord delights to dwell ;
- 17 E'en he, of human race the sire, the friend,
 Whom thousand thousand cherubims attend ;

Whom

- Whom thousand thousand glitt'ring cars await ;
 Whether to *Sinai*'s height he rides in state ; 60
 Whether his presence does the temple grace,
 To him up-rear'd by his peculiar race ;
 18 Whether, triumphant o'er rebellious foes,
 Aloft to yon bright realms above he goes :
 His stubborn foes in captive chains are led ; 65
 His conqu'ring arm, so late despis'd, they dread ;
 They own him now the universal king,
 And to his hallow'd fane their victims bring.
 19 Prais'd be the mercies of our sov'reign God,
 Who 'as daily blessings on our lives bestow'd ! 70
 20 Our great salvation thou ; in thee we breathe ;
 'Tis thou that giv'st, and savest us from, death ;
 21 Thou wound'st the rebel's head ; by thee he dies ;
 With his black blood his vital spirit flies.
 22 But to thy tribes blest mercy dost thou shew ; 75
 Safe thou protect'st them from the cruel foe ;
 Thou thro' the deep again wilt clear the way,
 As erst thou lead'st us thro' the wond'ring sea ;
 23 That they their feet may dip in royal gore,
 And e'en their dogs their carcases devour. 80
 24 They, who with rev'rence to thy temple go,
 The solemn triumphs of our God shall know ;
 25 Shall view the vocal choir, thy praise that sing,
 That tune the harp, and strike the trembling string ;
 With raptur'd hearts shall hear the virgin-throng, 85
 With their harmonious timbrels join the song.
 26 In joyous shouts the glad assemblies rise,
 And raise thy wond'rous glories to the skies :
 27 The sons of *Benjamin* the concert join,
 The noble youths of *Judah*'s royal line ; 90
 The valiant chiefs of *Zebulun* are there,
 The chiefs of *Naphtali*, renown'd in war :
 28 Chiefs, who, with fortitude inspir'd by thee,
 Fought bravely, and were crown'd with victory.
 29 By them subdued, the kings around attend 95
 Thy temple, and afore thy altar bend :
 30 The hostile bands, that on their prowess stood,
 The haughty chieftains, whose delight was blood,
 Rebellious when they prov'd, didst thou submit,
 And mad'st them lay their laurels at thy feet. 100
 31 To thee their tribute *Egypt*'s princes pay,
 And distant *Æthiopia* owes thy sway ;

Thy

- 32 Thy praise the kingdoms of the earth shall sing ;
 Yes ; hail, ye nations, your eternal king,
 33 In heav'n who rules, with glory bright array'd, 105
 Whose mighty voice all nature hears with dread ;
 34 Hail him, the God, who gives in war success ;
 Whose watchful cares o'er *Israel* never cease ;
 Who is his people's firm support and stay ;
 Whose pow'rful strength yon low'ring clouds display ; 110
 Whose presence in his temple strikes with fear ;
 -----Hail him, ye nations, and his name revere.

P S A L M LXIX.

- 1 **B**ENIGN O hear me ; save me, gracious God ;
 Sinks my sad soul in grief's o'erwhelming flood ;
 2 In the deep mire my feet unfirmly tread ;
 The threat'ning billows compass round my head ;
 3 My sapless jaws are shrunk with constant cries ; 5
 Deny their wonted aid my weaken'd eyes ;
 4 Far more in number than my countless hair,
 The foes that bear me ceaseless hatred, are ;
 Each day in number still these foes increase,
 And on my rights with ravenous hand they seize. 10
 5 Thou know'st, O Lord, my innocence of heart ;
 A witness to my guileless soul thou art ;
 6 Let not my woes affect the good with shame,
 Who know I'm wretched, 'cause I love thy name.
 7 For thee I've borne this mis'ry, this disgrace, 15
 For thee dishonour overspreads my face.
 8 My brothers shun me, and my presence fly
 My mother's sons, as if an alien I.
 9 With zeal I burn, to see thy hallow'd house
 Profan'd, to hear despis'd the solemn vows : 20
 From their vile mouths the blasphemies that fall,
 With bitt'rest anguish wring my tortur'd soul.
 10 I weep, I fast, or feed upon my tears,
 While they, insulting, mock my pious cares ;
 11 In humbling sackcloth when my limbs are clad, 25
 A tale, a proverb, and a jest, I'm made :
 12 The beggars at the gate my mis'ries flout,
 And I'm the *sing-song* of the drunken rout.
 13 But tho' thro' grief I feel a strong decay,
 Thee still, dread father, will I make my stay ; 30
 I'll on thy justice, on thy love depend,
 For thou art ever to the good a friend.

- 14 O free me, free me, from this miry clay ;
 O chace my causeless, cruel foes away ;
 15 My soul, from sinking in the waters, keep ; 35
 O save me from the horrors of the deep.
 16 Hear me, my God ; thy mercy's still the same,
 And in that mercy I protection claim.
 17 On thee relying, I to thee have pray'd,
 Turn not thy face, but grant a timely aid : 40
 18 Propitious come ; redeem my sinking soul ;
 The horrid counsels of my foes controul.
 19 Thou know'st, O God, the infamy, the shame,
 From them I've suffer'd, 'cause I love thy name :
 20 Griev'd my pain'd heart ; yet none wou'd share my grief, 45
 No friend consol'd me, or wou'd give relief.
 21 For food I ask'd ; they mix'd with gall my meat ;
 For drink, and *aconite* they 'fore me set ;
 22 O be their tables to themselves a snare ;
 O turn their plans for peace to fatal war, 50
 23 Darken their eyes, that they no longer see ;
 Weak be their loins ; their bodies languid be :
 24 On them the fury of thine anger pour ;
 Bear they thy vengeance, till they breathe no more ;
 25 Their homes with no inhabitant be blest, 55
 And in their tents let rav'ning bestials rest ;
 26 For they've insulted those who feel thy wrath ;
 And with their taunts have wounded, worse than death ;
 27 Crime let them add to crime, that they mayn't know
 The blest effects that from thy mercy flow : 60
 28 Their impious names let not life's volumes hold ;
 And with the righteous be they not enroll'd.
 29 But poor, afflicted, indigent am I ;
 Raise me, O God, and set me safe on high ;
 30 Then I in honour of thy name will sing, 65
 And to thy glory fit the trembling string.
 31 More grateful this, than if th' attoning blood
 Of horned victim on thy altar flow'd.
 32 This shall the humble see with pious joy,
 And in glad praise their faithful hearts employ. 70
 33 For hears the Lord the poor ; he'll not despise
 His pray'r, who for his name in bondage sighs.
 34 Praise him, O earth and seas and heav'ns above ;
 And all in earth, in sea, in air, that move :
 35 *Sion* he'll save, and *Judah's* cities build 75
 So strong, that not to force, to time, they'll yield :

Her

- 36 Her fertile lands his people shall enjoy,
 And leave them to their off-spring when they die ;
 Their off-spring, who, like them, shall long possess,
 While him they serve, their rich domains in peace.

80

P S A L M LXX.

- 1 **T**O thee, in my distress, I prostrate fall ;
 Blest father, aid me, for on thee I call ;
 2 Let shame, let dire dishonour, them confound,
 Who by insidious snares my soul wou'd wound ;
 When calls the trumpet's sprightly sound to arms, 5
 Strike thou their hearts, O God, with dread alarms ;
 3 That they may to their coward-terrors yield,
 Turn basely back, and trembling fly the field.
 4 While they, who trust in thee, thy laws who love,
 Their grateful souls in joyous anthems prove, 10
 Thy mercies to the righteous magnify,
 And raise their maker's praises to the sky.
 5 Poor tho' I am, tho' misery is mine ;
 Yet have I solace in thy aid divine ;
 My great deliverer thou ; my strength, my stay ; 15
 O dissipate my griefs ; nor make delay.

P S A L M LXXI.

- 1 **I**N thee, all-clement God, my hopes I place ;
 O never let thy servant know disgrace ;
 2 But hear ; thy kind indulgent mercy shew,
 And bid thy justice free me from the foe ;
 3 My rock, my fortress, my salvation, thou ; 5
 Hope of my youth, and object of my vow,
 To thee I fly, as to a sure defence,
 To thee, blest guardian of my innocence ;
 Cause thou the schemes of cruel men to fail ;
 Nor let their efforts 'gainst my peace prevail. 10
 6 To me thy mercies have been always great ;
 Those mercies oft I gratefully repeat ;
 How from my birth thy goodness thou hast shewn,
 How from my infant-years thou'lt led me on.
 7 Now of derision I an object prove ; 15
 Yet still my certain refuge is thy love ;
 8 Therefore, while glads the radiant sun the day,
 Thine honour I, thy goodness will display.

Of

- 9 Of impious foes protect me from the rage,
And not forsake me in my feeble age : 20
- 10 Constant their secret mischiefs they prepare,
And greatly hope, they shall my life ensnare :
- 11 " His God denies him aid ; he's ours (they cry)
" Now seize him, take him, and the wretch destroy." 25
- 12 But thou, O God, thy kind assistance lend,
Baffle their hopes, and my poor soul defend ;
- 13 With vile dishonour and with shame meet they,
To certain ruin who'd my steps betray ;
Infatuate thou their schemes, their hearts confound,
Who make it all their joy my soul to wound. 30
- 14 For in thy mercy I will ever hope,
I'll praise the bounteous God that rais'd me up ;
- 15 Thy love unmerited I'll daily sing,
And to thy glorious name attune the string ;
- 16 Extol the pow'r, that gives me strength in war,
And thy strict justice faithfully declare. 35
- 17 My youth thou'st guided in the perfect road,
Nor have I prov'd ungrateful to my God.
- 18 Now then, when age with all it's ills oppresses,
Now not desert me in my deep distress ; 40
That I to nations yet unborn may sing
The pow'r, the mercy, of my heav'nly king.
- 19 Thy justice, Lord, ascends yon heav'ns above ;
O dread creator, who like thee can prove ?
- 20 True ; thou didst plunge me in the depths of grief,
But soon thy mercy gave my soul relief. 45
- 21 Pow'r, wealth and honour, soon didst thou supply,
And gav'st me peace and happiness t' enjoy.
- 22 Therefore my psalt'ry and my harp display
Thy truth, O *Israel's* God, from day to day ; 50
- 23 Therefore my soul, by thee redeem'd from woe,
In ardent praise her gratitude shall shew ;
- 24 Therefore thy righteous acts shall fill my tongue ;
The justice of my God my constant song ;
Who on my foes did dire destruction pour, 55
My foes, who fought his servant to devour.

P S A L M LXXII.

- 1 **L**ET me, good God, my righteous suit obtain ;
Impartial o'er my people let me reign ;
And for my son (O hear a father's pray'r)
Some portion of thy justice let him share ;

- 2 By equal laws thy favour'd nations sway,
Nor turn from pleading poverty away. 5
- 3 Then shall the hills exalt their heads in peace ;
The woods and plains shall heav'n-born justice blefs.
- 4 With equity the injur'd let him hear,
While hard oppressors his resentment fear. 10
Safe let the poor to his protection fly,
Assur'd, that he'll immediate aid supply :
- 5 That, while the beamy sun shall gild the day,
And the pale moon shines forth with borrow'd ray,
The ages yet to come may dread thy pow'r, 15
Thy will revere, thy glorious name adore.
- 6 Down from above return the heav'n-born maid,
And o'er the nations all her influence shed ;
As from thy goodness falls the fleecy rain,
And spreads a glorious plenty o'er the plain. 20
- 7 His sceptre let the virtues all attend ;
Prove to the virtuous he a steady friend ;
Long let them flourish, while celestial peace
Their souls with all her balmy sweets shall blefs.
- 8 Extend his wide domains from sea to sea, 25
While only earth's own bounds confine his sway.
- 9 Be his vast *Æthiopia's* desert land ;
Own all his foes submissive his command ;
Bow at his awful feet, and grace implore,
Their heads with humbling ashes cover'd o'er. 30
- 10 To him their gifts the world's high masters bring,
Tarsus' proud prince, *Arabia's* haughty king ;
And all the monarchs of the isles, whose bounds
Old ocean with his stormy floods surrounds.
- 11 'Fore him fall all that have imperial sway ; 35
Him all the nations of the globe obey.
- 12 May he the wretched in their mis'ries aid,
13 And free the poor, when cruel foes invade ;
14 From fraud, from violence, their souls protect,
And to their urgent plea have due respect. 40
- 15 Crown'd with bright glory, long may he survive,
And *Sheba's* yellow tribute long receive ;
For him his people long put up their pray'rs,
And blefs the influence of his royal cares.
- 16 May e'en the desert hills their harvests yield, 45
(Their sterile tops with golden plenty fill'd)
The tow'ring corn it's waving ears shall shew,
As high on *Lebanon* the cedars bow ;

While

While o'er the city spreads a num'rous race,
As o'er the verdant plains the spiry grass.

50

17 Long may the glories of his name endure ;
His mem'ry last, till time itself's no more ;
His people, blest in him, as he in them,
Him equally their prince and father deem.

18 Praise, might and majesty, to *Israel's* God,
Who sheds his gracious bounties, all abroad ;

55

19 Eternal honours wait upon his name ;
Praise him, ye sons of men, with loud acclaim ;
O'er the wide world his glorious name be shewn,
And fall the nations prostrate 'fore his throne.

60

P S A L M LXXIII.

1 **H**IS mercies to the good will heav'n ensure,
To all whose hands are clean, whose hearts are pure :

2 And yet how nigh I 'ad from my duty stray'd,
When I the counsels of his wisdom weigh'd ?

3 Mad was my heart, when I the wicked saw,
Who made their impious wills their only law ;

5

When I beheld them of their pow'r possess'd,
With health, with peace, with prosp'rous fortunes blest.

4 Vig'rous and strong, the paths of life they tread,
Fear not mischance, nor death's grim horrors dread.

10

5 The anxious cares that other men depress,
The killing griefs that righteous souls distress,
Are never theirs ; in happy ease they live,
Flow in their joys, and have not learn'd to grieve.

6 Therefore with insolence, with pride they swell,
No pangs for injur'd innocence they feel,
But violence and rapine make their joy,
And call it wond'rous glory, to destroy.

15

7 Fill'd are their garners, countless is their store ;
Yet their insatiate souls still thirst for more :
More still they have-----how fair their lots are cast !
More than their wanton luxury can waste.

20

8 Corrupt their hearts, oppression's all their thought ;
With vast ideas of themselves they're fraught ;
Proud is their speech, and lofty are their eyes ;

25

9 Still higher in their monstrous guilt they rise ;
Not with their insults on the world content,
'Gainst heav'n's high Lord their blasphemies they vent.

10 With souls astonish'd this the righteous view ;
See, ever-streaming tears their cheeks bedew !

30

- 11 " Surely (they cry) our glorious God is just ;
 " Will he not punish such imperious dust ?
 12 " If such prosperity the wretch attends,
 " Whose daring blasphemy high heav'n offends ;
 " If wealth, if honours, to the impious flow, 35
 " Who such consummate insolence dare shew ;
 13 " Vainly our hearts we've cleans'd from ev'ry stain,
 " We've wash'd our hands in innocence in vain.
 14 " Why such continued anguish do we bear ?
 " Why guard our actions with such fruitless care ?" 40
 15 But soon these wild surmises I restrain'd ;
 Soon my complaining heart with awe I rein'd ;
 Lest 'gainst my God I shou'd have guilty been,
 And judg'd his conduct with the sons of men.
 16 Yet anxious still, the latent cause I sought ; 45
 Still the amazing scene employ'd my thought ;
 Fruitless my search-----I no relief cou'd find ;
 A gloomy darkness clouded still my mind.
 17 When to thy temple, Lord, I bent my way ;
 There on my soul thou beam'd'st a sudden day ; 50
 No more thy favours to the wicked wound ;
 Their sad, their fatal end I straitway found.
 18 I saw on what a slipp'ry height they stood,
 How vain the wealth that constant to them flow'd ;
 What poor support 'twou'd prove, when o'er their head 55
 Thou shou'd'st the terrors of thy vengeance spread.
 19 How in a moment are they all destroy'd !
 How are their honours and their riches void !
 20 Like a mere fleeting dream at night they are ;
 Awhile they strike our souls with doubt, with fear ; 60
 But when our God awakes, the terror's o'er,
 And they're despis'd, who struck with dread before.
 21 This 'fore I knew, what gloomy thoughts did roll
 Within my breast ? what anguish pain'd my soul ?
 22 Stupid and dull, I like a brute became, 65
 Clouded with ignorance, and sunk in shame.
 23 But now, supported by thy pow'rful hand,
 Now that thy secret will I understand ;
 24 Thro' thy propitious influence I revive,
 And in thy glory humbly hope to live. 70
 25 Whom have I, gracious God, in heav'n but thee ?
 On earth, who mates thy love, thy clemency ?
 26 Broke was my anguish'd heart ; my spirits fail'd,
 And a dead numbness o'er my frame prevail'd.

Thou

- Thou with new vigour didst my soul inspire,
 And gav'st my plaining heart her full desire. 75
- 27 While on the wicked thy dread judgments fall,
 And they, who thee despise, shall perish all;
- 28 Thy will I'll follow-----thou, my only stay,
 Oft to my soul thy goodness didst display; 80
 Blest with thy love; from doubt, from danger free,
 Continual anthems will I sing to thee.

P S A L M LXXIV.

- 1 **H**OW long, O Lord, will thy dread anger hold?
 How long shall rav'ning wolves devour thy fold?
- 2 Remember, Lord, the purchase thou hast made,
 The tribes, redeem'd from bondage by thy aid,
 The blest inheritance thou call'dst thy own, 5
 The hill of *Sion*, where thou'lt fix'd thy throne.
- 3 Arise, just God, restrain the mad'ning foe,
 That with such impious pride and fury glow;
 That, insolent and blasphemously vain,
 Thy hallow'd temple with their hands profane. 10
- 4 Sounds the shrill trumpet, and the nations roar,
 Not they who thee with humble hearts adore;
 But those thy foes, that vile rebellious race,
 Who on thy sacred tow'rs their standards place.
- 5 Wild with success, they range the city round, 15
 They raze thy hallow'd temple to the ground;
 The dread tremendous ruin, as it falls,
 Hark! the dire crush! our sinking hearts appalls.
 So fall, when conquer'd by redoubled strokes,
 Down the steep mountain's side the tumbling oaks. 20
- 6 They all it's glorious ornaments destroy;
 Beetles and bars their cruel hands employ;
- 7 View the whole fabrick, circled round with flame,
 The fabrick sacred to thy holy name.
- 8 Fully resolv'd, they to each other say, 25
 "Be this to *Salem's* pride the final day;
 " 'Bove other towns no longer let her soar;
 " Fate threatens her now, and she shall rule no more."
- 9 Mean while, no signs of thy assistance; we,
 No inspir'd prophet, to console us, see; 30
 Not one, who e'en a slender hope can give,
 That thou thy wretched people wilt relieve.
- 10 How long, good God, shall our insulting foes
 Sport with thy people, and illude their woes;

- How long wilt thou permit them to blaspheme,
 With their reproachful taunts, thy sacred name ? 35
- 11 Ah ! why from us thy mighty hand withdrawn ?
 Ah ! why thy once-lov'd tribes left so forlorn ?
- 12 Of old our leader thou, our guide hast been ;
 For us thy wond'rous works all earth hath seen : 40
- 13 At thy command retir'd the foamy sea,
 And with a double wall secur'd our way ;
 Then back at thy command obedient flows,
 And with her surges overwhelms our foes.
- 14 The haughty tyrant, insolent and vain, 45
 Fierce as the wildest monsters of the main,
 Sunk in her waves, and on the desert shore
 Was tost, for rav'nous vultures to devour :
- 15 Thou spak'st-----hard rocks a plenteous stream supply ;
 Thou spak'st-----the rivers leave their channels dry. 50
- 16 Thine is the day, O God, and thine the night ;
 The sun thou gildest with his beamy light ;
- 17 Thou keep'st the mad'ning sea within her bounds :
 The earth thou strength'nest with her rocky mounds !
 When rages winter with his horrid train, 55
 Thou still with suited warmth reviv'st the plain ;
 When scorches summer with it's sultry heat,
 Thou fann'st the air, and giv'st a cool retreat.
- 18 And wilt not thou remember the disgrace,
 Which cast the wicked on thy faithful race ? 60
 Wilt thou forget the shocking blasphemies,
 Wherewith thy name tremendous they despise ?
- 19 From their big insults free thy plaintive dove,
 The once-blest object of almighty love ;
 Hear thy afflicted people, once thy boast, 65
 Nor in oblivion let their cries be lost :
- 20 O call that holy covenant to mind,
 Which with most solemn sanctions thou didst bind :
 For dreadful, dreary darkness shades our head,
 And cruelty around, and rapine spread. 70
- 21 O let not they, that love thy sacred name,
 The indigent, th' oppressed, return with shame.
- 22 Arise, almighty Lord ; thy pow'r exert ;
 Thine is the injur'd's cause ; their cause assert :
 With rage befotted, lo ! the impious croud 75
 Speak 'gainst thy pow'r their blasphemies aloud.
- 23 Forget not, Lord, their vile opprobrious tongues,
 Their big impieties, their ceaseless wrongs ;

Still,

Still, still their monstrous villainies increase,
And with relentless hate they still oppress.

80

P S A L M LXXV.

- 1 **T**O thee, O God, in songs of joy we'll raise
The tuneful voice, and celebrate thy praise;
Thy great, thy wond'rous mercies we'll proclaim,
And sing the glories of thy holy name.
- 2 " When comes th' appointed time to judge the earth, 5
" I'll call (says God) my winged council forth,
" And on that solemn, that tremendous day,
" 'Fore them my righteous justice I'll display.
- 3 " And at my presence tho' this earth dissolve, 10
" Tho' dreadful fears her guilty sons involve,
" Yet firm I'll fix her in her wonted space,
" Strengthen her pillar, and confirm her base."
- 4 Ye senseless fools, how oft have I in vain
Warn'd you, your wretched follies to refrain?
How oft, to leave the fatal road you trod, 15
Nor take up impious arms against your God?
- 5 Say, whence this stiff-neck'd, self-will'd frenzy springs;
Whence this rebellion 'gainst the king of kings?
On what frail feeble hopes have ye relied,
That thus you raise your crests with haughty pride? 20
- 6 For not the raging *north*, nor rosy *east*,
Nor yet the rainy *south*, or ruddy *west*,
Can give you wealth, or fix you on a throne:
- 7 That sov'reign pow'r pertains to God alone;
'Tis he that raises from the dust the poor; 25
'Tis he brings down the haughty spirit low'r.
- 8 For lo! a flowing cup his hand divine
Extends, a cup that glows with purple wine;
Mix'd with a deadly poison is the draught;
'Fore him earth's trembling, guilty sons are brought; 30
Lo! to the wicked is the potion set;
The wicked quaff-----perdition is their fate.
- 10 By me, all nations, and all ages, hear
The God of *Jacob* thus his will declare;
- 11 " Of impious men, that have my pow'r defied, 35
" With fearful vengeance I'll confound the pride;
" The humbly good, that in affliction sigh,
" I'll crown with bright rewards, and raise them high."

P S A L M LXXVI.

- 1 **T**O fancied gods while all the nations bend,
 Our faithful tribes th' almighty Lord attend ;
 In *Judah* is his pow'r, his glory known ;
 2 *Salem's* his temple, *Sion* is his throne.
 3 'Twas here he broke the sword, the shaft, the spear ; 5
 And all the deadly implements of war.
 4 What bright majestic terror round him shone,
 When he earth's mighty tyrants tumbled down ?
 5 Struck by his pow'r, they fell an easy prey ;
 Sunk in eternal sleep their eyes, they lay. 10
 6 Vain was the chariot, useless was the steed ;
 Trembled at his rebuke their hearts with dread.
 7 And just their fear, for who his wrath can stand ?
 Who dare the thunder of his vengeful hand ?
 8 Did not, when he, in majesty array'd, 15
 Came down, propitious, to his servant's aid ?
 Did not high heav'n the awful sentence hear ?
 Was not th' astonish'd earth struck mute with fear ?
 10 His punishments, that on oppressors fall,
 Rejoice the good, the impious soul appall. 20
 11 Ye tribes, that round his sacred temple dwell,
 Your victims offer, and his praises tell ;
 12 Vow to your God, who, dreadful in his wrath,
 Humbles the haughty monarchs of the earth.

P S A L M LXXVII.

- 1 **T**O thee, O Lord, I made my humble pray'r,
 Thee I implor'd, and gracious thou didst hear.
 2 To thee alone in my distress I pray'd,
 With dreadful ills when I was sore dismay'd ;
 To thee the live-long night held up my hands,
 Nor wou'd receive the solace of my friends. 5
 3 On thee alone relying, thee I chose,
 To heal my heart, to dissipate my woes ;
 My soul with deep, with bitter anguish pain'd,
 To thee I therefore heavily complain'd. 10
 4 And well might I complain, for sleep no more
 Wou'd o'er my eyes exert his healing pow'r ;
 Tho' on my limbs a heavy stupor hung,
 And my continued anguish chain'd my tongue.
 5 'Twas then my mind revolv'd my former days, 15
 When thee I sung in sweet harmonious lays ;

My

- 6 My grateful praises on the tuneful lyre,
The hymns of joy thy mercies did inspire ;
With these ideas long my soul was fraught,
And thus wou'd I indulge the pensive thought : 20
- 7 " Ah ! will th' all-high make me no more his care ?
" Shall I no more his gracious goodness share ?
- 8 " Ah ! will his mercy now no more prevail,
" And is it possible his truth should fail ?
- 9 " Has he his great beneficence forgot ? 25
" Will dire resentment bring his love to nought ?"
- 10 Soon I repented of the vain surmise ;
Thy ways of old I set before my eyes,
The ever-gracious deeds thy hand had done,
The various mercies thou hadst constant shewn ; 30
- 12 The griefs, the dangers, thou hadst chac'd away,
The quick relief thou gav'st without delay.
- 13 Yes ; sov'reign ruler, I thy justice see ;
For truth, for mercy, who is like to thee ?
- 14 To the whole earth the wonders of thy pow'r 35
Shew'd thee the universal governor.
- 15 When struck proud *Pharaoh* with a dread alarm
Thy favour'd tribes, them, by thy mighty arm,
- 16 Didst thou redeem ; thy arm the waters saw,
The troubled depths, and they beheld with awe. 40
- 17 The heavy clouds obey'd thy great command,
And delug'd with their watery stores the land ;
- 18 Fell thy destroying hail, thy thunders roar'd ;
Their rapid fires thy forky lightnings pour'd.
- 19 And when thy people *Pharaoh's* fury fled ; 45
When *Moses* and his sacred brother led
Them thro' the deep, and strait pursued the foe ;
Back on the hostile bands the waters flow ;
Fain they'd retreat ; but their attempts are vain ;
Sudden they perish in th' o'er-whelming main : 50
While, as his fleecy care the shepherd leads,
Thou guid'st them thro' the sea ; the sea recedes ;
Stood on a heap the sea at thy command ;
Secure they pass, and joyful reach the strand.

P S A L M LXXVIII.

- 1 **Y**E sons of *Israel*, faithful tribes, attend ;
A list'ning ear to these my numbers lend ;
- 2 My flowing numbers marvels shall unfold,
Which were in parables conceal'd of old ;

M

Which

- 3 Which from our ancient fathers we have known ;
 4 Which shall to late posterity be shewn :
 Yes ; I, no simple bard, whom heav'n inspires
 (E'en now my soul celestial transport fires !)
 I will the wonders of th' Almighty sing,
 The pow'r, the praises, of our God, our king.
 5 For, when he made with *Abr'ham's* favour'd line
 A league, confirm'd by sanctions most divine,
 Them his peculiar people when he chose,
 This, his determin'd will, he did impose,
 That they his law, the wonders he had done,
 For ever to their after-race make known ;
 7 That, mindful of his mercies and his word,
 Firmly they might rely upon their Lord ;
 The statutes, that he had ordain'd, observe,
 And never from his dread commandments swerve :
 8 Never, like their rebellious fathers, prove
 Ingrate and stubborn to almighty love ;
 Never, like them, distrust his gracious pow'r,
 But wait his mercy, and his name adore.
 9 Ye sons of *Ephraim*, why, when strongly arm'd
 With bow, with spear, so dreadfully alarm'd ?
 Why fly your foes in the embattl'd field ?
 Why, when the fight began, so basely yield ?
 10 Alas ! the sacred cov'nant they 'ad forgot,
 Their God's most holy law regarded not ;
 11 Forgot the wonders of his mighty hand,
 12 His glorious acts in *Egypt's* idol-land ;
 His glorious acts, that all their fathers saw,
 That struck proud *Pharaoh's* harden'd heart with awe.
 13 He for their passage made the sea divide ;
 Her waves a rampier form'd on either side ;
 14 With a dun cloud he led them in the day ;
 By night a stream of fire directs their way ;
 15 In the dry desert, fainting and athirst,
 They cried-----his ears their piteous plainings pierc'd.
 He from the rock his plenteous streams bestow'd,
 The rock he smote, and pour'd a limpid flood.
 17 Yet still they sinn'd against his sov'reign pow'r,
 And by their faithless murmurs vex'd him fore :
 18 Dar'd in their thankless hearts to tempt their God,
 And ask'd with highest insolence for food.
 19 Great was their blasphemy, when thus they said ;
 " In the lone desert can he furnish bread ?

" True ;

- 20 " True ; in our need the veiny rock he smote,
 " And in full torrents gush'd the waters out. 50
 " Food to supply, is sure beyond his pow'r,
 " And where of bread, of flesh, his secret store ?"
 21 This heard the Lord, and strait his anger rose ;
 With dread resentment 'gainst his tribes he glows ;
 22 'Cause they, tho' such great mercies they'd receiv'd, 55
 Still wanted faith, nor in his power believ'd.
 23 Yet did he open strait the doors of heav'n ;
 24 Above their hopes, celestial food was giv'n ;
 In plenteous show'rs th' ambrosial manna fell,
 Meats, that did far all earthly cates excel. 60
 25 O blest result of clemency divine !
 Meats, such as angels eat, he gave, benign ;
 26 He drove the *east wind* from the fields of air,
 And bad the *south* his flaggy wings prepare ;
 27 The *south* obey'd, and pour'd a feather'd flood, 65
 Birds of the richest flavour for their food.
 O'er the astonish'd camp in heaps they lay,
 Thick as the scatter'd sand along the sea.
 29 And now they are with heavenly cates replete ;
 30 Yet still their lusts continue, while they eat, 70
 31 E'en while they eat, the God, that's ever just,
 Made them the victims of their wretched lust ;
 In his dread fury on the camp he flew,
 And the most valiant of their chieftains flew.
 32 Yet vain th' inflictions of his vengeance prov'd ; 75
 Nor yet his great beneficence remov'd
 30 Their horrid guilt-----at length, provok'd, their God
 With all his rage and all his fury glow'd,
 Their vitals with a dread distemper struck,
 Their wounded souls with all his horrors shook. 80
 34 Driv'n, by his vengeance, him they own'd their Lord,
 His pow'r acknowledg'd, and his help implor'd ;
 35 Own'd, they subsisted by his mighty aid,
 That he redeem'd them, and their foes dismay'd.
 36 Yet this they only with their lips confess ; 85
 Conviction cou'd not reach their harden'd breast ;
 37 Their vile demeanour, not their hearts, they chang'd,
 Their hearts from his blest statutes still estrang'd.
 38 Still he in mercy wou'd their crimes forgive ;
 Still in his favour he wou'd let them live ; 90
 Full oft his fearful anger he forbore,
 And did to health, to peace, their souls restore ;

- 39 For he consider'd them of mortal birth,
 That they were still but quicken'd lumps of earth ;
 Or empty shadows of a summer's day,
 That, like a fleeting wind, post swift away, 95
 40 And yet how oft ungrateful did they prove
 To all the efforts of his tender love ;
 41 Measur'd almighty strength by their short line,
 And, obstinate, denied his pow'r divine ! 100
 42 Their great deliv'rance they remember'd not,
 Soon they the mercies of his arm forgot ;
 For them how he stupendous wonders wrought,
 And 'gainst *Egyptian* rage their battles fought.
 44 How with infected streams their rivers flow'd, 105
 Their limpid waters ting'd with filthy blood :
 45 Range o'er their dwellings, the devouring fly,
 And marshy frog, their palaces annoy ;
 46 The locusts and destructive beetles swarm
 Around their fields, and do them dreadful harm : 110
 47 Their vines are ruin'd by the beating hail,
 And o'er their trees the blasting frosts prevail :
 48 His hail destroys the cattle of the plain,
 And all their flocks are by his thunder slain :
 49 Dread in his wrath, he all his vengeance pour'd, 115
 Full on their heads his indignation roar'd ;
 In heaviest trouble, in distress they lay,
 And in-born furies on their vitals prey.
 50 Stalks death around, in all his horrors clad,
 And beast and man devouring plagues invade. 120
 51 Hark ! what sad moans ! what unavailing cries !
 The favour'd son, the father's darling, dies !
 Joy of his years, and heir to his domain !
 He dies ; and mourns parental love in vain !
 52 Mean while, as leads the swain his woolly care, 125
 Our God did for his tribes their way prepare ;
 53 Fearless, they went ; and joyful reach the shore,
 While the returning waves their foes devour.
 54 Safely he brought them to the sacred hill,
 That holy mount where chose himself to dwell ; 130
 55 For them the impious nations chac'd away,
 And made their fertile lands his people's prey.
 56 Yet still provoking, they their God defied,
 Despis'd his statutes, and his patience tried ;
 57 Just like their fathers they rebellious prov'd, 135
 And from the even path of duty rov'd ;

Like

- Like a deceitful bow they turn'd, and soon
 Their wonted blasphemy and crimes begun.
- 58 Their Lord eternal they no more obey'd,
 But after gods, that were not gods, they stray'd ; 140
 On each high hill their adorations pay
 To images of brass, of stone, of clay.
- 59 This saw th' Almighty, and his anger rose ;
 He now abhorr'd the people he had chose ;
- 60 Them of his glad'ning presence he bereft, 145
 And his own altar, his dear *Shiloh*, left :
- 61 His hallow'd ark no more in *Judah* stands,
 Whence beam'd his glorious light to distant lands ;
 The sacred monument of his people's peace,
 Pledge of his awful law, the foes possess. 150
- 62 His people war with her fell train destroys,
 While with regardless ears he hears their cries.
- 63 Their lusty youth are by the flames devour'd ;
 Fall their hoar priests by th' unrelenting sword ;
 No more the nuptial bed, the virgin-throng 155
 Expect, or join the hymeneal song ;
 No more the widows for their consorts sigh,
 And in the grave they unlamented lie.
- 65 At length his furious anger was appeas'd ;
 And soon the insults of the *heathen* ceas'd ; 160
 As from a heavy sleep our God arose,
 And pour'd his dreadful vengeance on our foes :
- 66 Struck with a quick alarm, they turn, they fly ;
 In vain-----for by his fatal shafts they die ;
 And, while yon sun shall shine, continued shame, 165
 Continued infamy awaits their name.
- 67 Yet not to *Ephraim*, tho' his sons were brave,
 Nor to *Manasseh*, he the sceptre gave ;
- 68 His favour'd choice the tribe of *Judah* prov'd ;
 The hill of *Sion* was the hill he lov'd. 170
- 69 There he his sacred seat for ever plac'd,
 His temple there with his bright presence blest ;
 Firm as the globe, the hallow'd dome shall stand,
 Firm shall remain, till nature's self shall end.
- 70 And him who tended long his fleecy care, 175
- 71 Who drove his fatlings to the pastures fair,
David, his servant, has he call'd *his own*,
 And fix'd the humble shepherd on a throne ;
 O'er his own fav'rite people gives him sway,
 And bids the sons of *Abraham* obey. 180

- 72 By him supported, in his prowess strong,
His flock with faithful care he 'as govern'd long;
Protects them from the fury of the foe,
And teaches them the laws of heav'n to know.

P S A L M LXXIX.

- 1 **T**HOU sov'reign Lord, that fill'st our earth with dread,
Shall impious foes thy heritage invade?
Shall they thy sacred, solemn dome profane?
Shall o'er thy favour'd tribes destruction reign?
- 2 Dead are the pious souls that lov'd thy word, 5
Dead are they all, the victims of the sword:
They're to the wolves expos'd in open air;
Lo! their dismember'd limbs the vultures tear.
- 3 Round *Salem's* walls flow scarlet streams of blood, 10
As when the rains increase th' impetuous flood;
Their mangled carcasses unburied lie,
And not one friend that will a grave supply.
- 4 And both alike, the living and the dead,
A theme for laughter and contempt are made.
- 5 O gracious father, will thy dreadful ire 15
For ever rage, and shall it burn like fire?
- 6 Pour out thy fury rather on the race,
That not avow thy pow'r, thy law embrace:
Those impious kingdoms, blasphemously vain,
Who to invoke thy holy name disdain: 20
- 7 The ruin of thy people who resolve,
And in devouring flame their towns involve.
- 8 Recall not, Lord, our heinous crimes of yore,
And let thy wrath vindictive burn no more:
Quite overwhelm'd in killing woes we are; 25
Prevent us with thy love; in pity spare.
- 9 Why shou'd the *heathen* spread their taunts abroad,
And blasphemously cry, "Where is their God?"
- 10 To us extend thy clemency divine, 30
And let thy glory in our pardon shine:
Assert thyself, O Lord, and 'fore our eyes
In all the terrors of thy vengeance rise;
Revenge the blood of innocence they've spilt,
And punish, punish their enormous guilt.
- 11 Thy pow'r exert, to heal the captive's grief, 35
To give him, from his galling chains, relief;
Bid them in peace, in joy, in safety, breathe,
Who're destin'd by their cruel foes to death.

- 12 The vile reproach, the contumelies, that they
 Cast on thy people, and on thee, repay ; 40
 O let a sev'n-fold punishment be theirs,
 In our deliv'rance while thy pow'r appears ;
 13 While we, great shepherd, thy peculiar flock,
 Make thee our whole support, our strength, our rock ;
 And, in thy pastures as we feed, display 45
 Thy praise, thy pow'r, thy love, from day to day.

P S A L M LXXX.

- 1 **O** THOU (between the cherubims thy throne)
 Whom *Jacob's* faithful race their shepherd own,
 Who feed'st thy *Israel* with a shepherd's care,
 Benign O list ; attend our humble pray'r.
 2 Thou to thy chosen tribes thy glory shew ; 5
 Give them, the influence of thy pow'r to know ;
 Their many woes thy instant help demand ;
 O aid them, save them, by thy mighty hand.
 3 Our heavy griefs to dissipate is thine ;
 The clouds disperse, when beams thy light divine. 10
 4 Dread God of battles, will thy anger last ?
 Prefer a fruitless pray'r thy tribes distressed ?
 5 Their board with ever-streaming tears bedew'd,
 Tears are their only drink, their only food.
 6 We of our villain-foes are made the spoil, 15
 And, tho' they quarrel for their spoils the while,
 Yet still with cruel, with inhuman pride,
 Our sore distresses, scornful, they deride.
 7 But all our griefs to heal, O Lord, is thine ;
 The clouds disperse, when beams thy light divine. 20
 8 A vine thou brought'st from *Pharaoh's* hostile land ;
 This vine thou planted'st with thy mighty hand ;
 9 To make it room, the nations drov'st away ;
 Deep root she took ; and soon did she display
 10 Her tendrils far, the mountains soon she shades, 25
 And like the tow'ring, lofty cedar spreads,
 11 Her fruitful boughs she stretches to the sea,
 To where *Euphrates* rolls his rapid way.
 12 Ah ! why does she her broken fences mourn ?
 Why left unto her foes a prey, a scorn ? 30
 13 Why lays the cruel boar her branches waste ?
 Why on her blooming fruits the bestials feast ?
 14 Return, O God, and let thy mercy shine
 On this thy drooping, desolated vine ;

- 15 By thee 'twas planted, and by thee grew strong ; 35
 By thee in all her pride she flourish'd long ;
 16 But now destroying flames her boughs devour ;
 Laid level with the ground, she blooms no more.
 17 Indulgent father, 'kind assistance send ;
 With thy almighty arm thy vine defend. 40
 O let the man, whom long thou didst adorn
 With pow'r, with honours, now no longer mourn ;
 18 Restore us life, and we'll thy name adore,
 And from thy sacred statutes turn no more.
 19 All, all our griefs to heal, O Lord, is thine ; 45
 The clouds disperse, when beams thy light divine.

P S A L M LXXXI.

- 1 **I**N loftiest strains address the mighty God ;
 To *Israel's* great redeemer chant aloud ;
 2 Chant the glad psalm, and to the timbrel join
 The lute, the psaltery, harmony divine !
 3 Sound, sound the clarion, and your joy display ; 5
 Now is the stated feast, the solemn day ;
 4 The sacred solemn day, which heav'n ordain'd,
 Which *Israel* swore t' observe, while time remain'd ;
 5 The great memorial of *Egyptian* rage,
 When nought cou'd *Pharaoh's* harden'd heart assuage ; 10
 When on the banks of *Nile*, sad wand'ers, they
 In direful bondage groan'd, and felt dismay ;
 When they a language heard, not understood ;
 6 When bent their backs beneath the galling load.
 7 " 'Twas then, in misery sunk, with griefs appall'd, 15
 " With fervent prayer (says God) on me you call'd ;
 " On me you call'd, and I indulgent heard,
 " Dispers'd your woes, your road to freedom clear'd ;
 " Enwrapt in clouds, I gave my sacred law,
 " In thunder spoke, and struck your souls with awe ; 20
 " Your faith at *Meribah's* fam'd waters prov'd,
 " Forgave your murmurs, and the cause remov'd.
 8 " Hear, O my people, with attention hear,
 " Hear, while my solemn promise I declare :
 9 " If thou my laws, my statutes, will obey, 25
 " And after other gods wilt scorn to stray :
 " If to their altars thou'lt no victims bring,
 10 " But only worship me, thy God, thy king,
 " Thy God that from hard bondage set thee free,
 " And pav'd thy way to peace, to liberty ; 30
 " On

- " On thee I'll blessings 'bove thy hopes bestow,
 " And ev'ry solid good to thee shall flow ;
 11 " Vainly I said ; my people wou'd not hear,
 " But to my promise turn'd a listless ear :
 12 " Therefore I left them to their worst of foes, 35
 " Their senseless selves, the guides themselves had chose ;
 " Therefore I left them, madly to fulfil
 " The wretched dictates of their headstrong will.
 13 " But Oh ! that they had heard me, and obey'd,
 " Nor ever from the way I taught them stray'd ! 40
 14 " Me their support, with glory they had reign'd,
 " And o'er their foes a noble conquest gain'd.
 15 " I had not then maintain'd the odious cause
 " Of those that hate me, and despise my laws ;
 " To *Israel* they had yielded ; *Israel's* God 45
 " Eternal rule on *Israel* had bestow'd :
 16 " Them with what happy affluence I had blest !
 " The fields had furnish'd a continual feast ;
 " From the hard rock had gush'd ambrosial rills,
 " Sweet as the *nectar*, which the bee distils. 50

P S A L M LXXXII.

- 1 **I**N vain perversely, princes, you surmise,
 God views your judgments with regardless eyes ;
 Lo ! in the midst he stands, your ways beholds,
 And thus in thunder his dread wrath unfolds.
 2 " How long thus partial will ye judge ? how long 5
 " Support their cause, who in their guilt are strong ?
 3 " Ah ! rather the distressed orphan view,
 " And to the cause of innocence be true ;
 4 " Ah ! free the wretched from th' oppressive foe,
 " And do the poor the justice that you owe. 10
 5 " Vainly I warn them ; obstinately blind ;
 " A fatal error chains their stubborn mind ;
 " In guilt they're resolute, and won't observe
 " The dire result, when they from justice swerve.
 6 " I call'd you gods, to you the pow'r I gave, 15
 " To slay th' oppressor, and th' oppress'd to save ;
 " On you my own prerogative bestow'd,
 " To curb the villain, and protect the good.
 7 " But now grim death, with all his horrid train,
 " Shall soon convince you, that you are but men, 20
 " Shall sink your boasted honours in the grave,
 " And make you equal with the meanest slave.

N

Yes ;

- 8 Yes ; Lord *Jehovah*, thou vindictive rise ;
 To thee ascend the orphan's plaintive cries,
 Judge thou the earth, and make fell tyrants know
 Thou rul'st, impartial, all the realms below.

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P S A L M LXXXIII.

- 1 **N**O more be still, just God ; no more delay ;
 Speak in their cause, who thy commands obey ;
 2 For lo ! with lofty crests exult thy foes,
 With loud tumultuous roar they've all arose :
 3 Fix'd are their counsels ; all their schemes they bend
 'Gainst those whom thou hast promis'd to defend.
 4 " Haste (they cry all) be this our sole employ,
 " These favour'd tribes, this *Israel* to destroy."
 5 See, with what firm envenom'd hate they join,
 And 'gainst thy people and thy law combine.
 6 *Idume*, *Moab*, *Amalek*, conspire,
 With *Gebal*, *Ammon*, *Ismael's* race and *Tyre* ;
 Nor has *Philistia* her defeats forgot,
 And proud *Affyria* joins the sons of *Lot*.
 9 But let them fall by our avenging hands,
 As perish'd *Sifera* and his hostile bands :
 At *Kishon* perish'd they, and with their blood
 Ting'd, as it gently stream'd, his ancient flood :
 Their carcasses along his margin lay,
 To rav'ning vultures and fell wolves a prey.
 11 As *Oreb* fled and mighty *Zeb* in vain,
 As *Zeba* and *Zalmunna* bit the plain ;
 Who fiercely said ; " Be ours their wide domains,
 'Their fenced cities, and their hallow'd fanes ;"
 So let their nobles and their princes fall ;
 So in thy direful wrath consume them all ;
 13 Swift let them fly, while follow we behind,
 And drive them far like stubble 'fore the wind.
 14 As crackling fires along the mountains roar,
 And the tall honours of the grove devour,
 15 'Gainst them send forth the tempest of thy wrath,
 And let thy whirlwinds sink them all in death.
 16 Their faces cover with reproach, with shame,
 That e'en their woes thy Godhead may proclaim ;
 17 With terror, with affright, their souls confound ;
 A dread example to the nations round ;
 18 That all may know, *Jehovah* is the Lord,
 And that his name may be by all ador'd.

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P S A L M LXXXIV.

- 1 **H**OW glorious, Lord, thy temple ? what desires
 Fill my whole soul, O God ? what rapture fires ?
 How asks my glowing heart the glad employ ?
 My limbs, my very bones, demand the joy.
- 3 Nigh thee, secure, her nest the sparrow builds ;
 Thy sacred altar to the swallow yields
 Fit refuge for her young ; in artless lays
 Their sweet melodious throats pour forth thy praise.
- 4 Thrice happy all who in thy temple dwell !
 Thy pow'r, thy praises, they shall constant tell.
- 5 Thrice happy they, who on their God rely,
 And with their victims to his altar hie !
- 6 Thro' the dry vale as they direct their way,
 Their thirst the cooling riv'let shall allay ;
 To fill their cisterns, falls the kindly rain,
 While the vow'd victims to their God are slain.
- 8 Dread God of battles, hear thy servant's pray'r ;
 O to his pious vows incline thy ear ;
- 9 'Tis thy *anointed* pleads ; his shield art thou ;
 Thy own *anointed* with indulgence view.
- 10 One day within thy courts to him appears,
 A lot more glorious than a thousand years :
 The meanest office there I'd nobler own,
 Than 'mid the wicked an exalted throne.
- 11 For, like the beamy monarch of the day,
 Dost thou the glories of thy light display ;
 Thou, like a shield, thy servants dost defend,
 And all the blessings of thy mercy send ;
 No blessing to the righteous thou'lt deny ;
- 12 -----Thrice happy they, that will on thee rely !

P S A L M LXXXV.

- 1 **T**HO' oft, O Lord, we've felt thy heavy wrath,
 And oft thy vengeance menaces with death,
 Yet still thy people have thy mercy known,
 Still hath thy great beneficence been shewn :
- 2 Our heinous crimes against thee thou'lt forgot,
 And in oblivion hid our ev'ry fault ;
- 3 Benign hast heard us, when we did implore,
 And bad thy dreadful fury rage no more.
- 4 Now then, indulgent God, propitious turn,
 Nor 'gainst thy people let thine anger burn ;

- 5 Must we thy dread resentment ever bear ?
 And shall our after-race thy vengeance share ?
 6 Will now no more thy goodness bid us live,
 And in eternal anguish must we grieve ?
 7 Once more, ah ! let forgiving mercy reign, 15
 Save us, O Lord, nor let us plead in vain.
 8 Long have I waited for thy pow'rful word,
 That to our souls will peace, will bliss, afford ;
 Long have I waited for the gracious sign 20
 Of pard'ning love, of clemency divine ;
 That, if thy people wou'd no more offend,
 Soon thou wou'dst solace and assistance send.
 9 And sure to them thy great salvation's near,
 Who love thy holy law, thy name who fear.
 10 Yes ; joyful soon shall truth and mercy meet, 25
 Justice and pleasing peace in transport greet :
 11 Down from above the heav'n-born maids descend ;
 See, golden plenty on their steps attend ;
 12 Blest with their happy influence, teeming earth 30
 Shall give to all her blooming produce birth ;
 Her corn, her wine, her oil, shall joyous yield,
 And cloath with verdure the rejoicing field.
 13 Where'er our gracious Lord directs his way,
 There truth, there love, there justice, hold the sway ;
 Thence fly oppression, wrong, deceit and fraud, 35
 Thence quick they fly, by his dread presence aw'd.

P S A L M LXXXVI.

- 1 **T**O thee, good God, in my distress I plead,
 Benign O hear me ; hasten to my aid ;
 2 To my too just complaints propitious be,
 And save the pious soul that trusts in thee.
 3 From morn to even heavily I sigh, 5
 And shall I vainly on my God rely ?
 4 On thee my soul depends in her distress ;
 O yet with thy enliv'ning presence bless.
 5 For good art thou, and ready to forgive ;
 Who call on thee sincere, in thee shall live. 10
 6 O hear attentive, while to thee I sue ;
 My suffering innocence with pity view ;
 7 Thee in my deep affliction I invoke ;
 For thee in trying times I've prov'd my rock.
 8 Not one among the fancied gods like thee ; 15
 Not one can mate thy pow'r, thy majesty.

The

- 9 The nations all shall glorify thy name,
And hail almighty pow'r with loud acclaim ;
- 10 For great art thou ; the wonders thou hast done
Declare to all, that thou art God alone. 20
- 11 Teach me to thy blest dome, th' unerring road ;
Compose my soul, that she may praise her God.
- 12 Thee shall she praise, and thee shall she adore,
Thy name, thy pow'r, extol, till time's no more.
- 13 To her from thee continual blessings flow ; 25
And oft thou'st sav'd her from the depths below.
- 14 When men of violence against me rose,
When all the villain-rout commenc'd my foes ;
When with invet'rate hate my life they sought,
And set thy dread omnipotence at nought : 30
- 15 'Twas then, compassionate, thou didst relieve,
Didst to my anguish'd heart sweet solace give.
- 16 O still, while now my cruel foes invade,
Thy servant strengthen with thy mighty aid ;
- 17 That they with wonder and with shame may see, 35
I still have got a pow'rful friend in thee ;
That from thy clemency, success I have ;
That thou thy chosen shepherd still wilt save.

P S A L M LXXXVII.

- 1 **B**OVE all our cities does bright *Sion* prove
The dearest object of almighty love ;
Sion, high seated on a lofty hill,
Where blest *Jehovah* takes delight to dwell.
- 3 O Queen of nations ! O exalted theme ! 5
What tongue can justly celebrate thy fame ?
- 4 Will *Babylon* to mate thy splendor dare ?
With thee will *Rabab's* haughty town compare ?
Soon shall their vain, their empty boasts be shewn ;
They soon shall thy superior glories own ; 10
Nor, proud *Philistia*, thou, nor lofty *Tyre*,
Nor *Ethiopia's* towns to fame aspire ;
- 5 With *Sion's* city ye contest in vain ;
Long 'bove you all triumphant she shall reign ;
By God himself are her foundations laid,
And he'll uphold her with his mighty aid. 15
- 6 Who o'er th' extended world will not aver,
Who will not boast, that he belongs to her ?
- 7 Thy wond'rous beauties shall attune the lyre ;
Thy glories shall the raptur'd voice inspire ; 20
If

If aught befitting thee can fill my tongue,
Thee will I make my constant, only song;
If e'er my soul conceives a lofty lay,
Thy fame, dear city, shall my verse display.

P S A L M LXXXVIII.

- 1 **O** THOU, on whose blest mercy I rely,
Humbly to thee, by day, by night, I cry;
2 Turn not, indulgent God, thy face away,
But gracious hear, when in distress I pray;
3 Immers'd my anguish'd soul in dreadful woe, 5
E'en now she's sinking to the depths below;
4 Languid my limbs, my strength, my vigour fled,
Soon, soon shall I be number'd with the dead;
5 Like his pale carcase mould'ring in the grave,
Whose life thy sov'reign justice wou'd not save; 10
In youth's full bloom who by the jav'lin dies,
Clos'd in a dread eternal sleep his eyes;
6 In death's low dungeon thus confin'd, shall I,
Wrapt in amazing, dismal darkness, lie.
7 Still thy afflictive hand does press me sore, 15
And all thy threat'ning storms around me roar;
8 Far from my presence fly my wonted friends;
Me in my sad distress not one attends;
Shock'd at my wretched fate, they haste away,
And leave me to my killing griefs a prey. 20
9 Mean while, mine eyes, my hands, I lift to thee,
And in deep anguish plead thy clemency.
10 Wilt thou thy wonders to the dead display,
Or can the dead their adoration pay?
11 Shall the drear tomb thy glorious mercy shew? 25
The gloomy grave thy gracious goodness know?
12 Shall dreadful silence celebrate thy pow'r?
Shall everlasting night thy truth adore?
13 Constant to thee I've cried, all-clement Lord,
Constant thy saving mercy I've implor'd. 30
14 Ah! why dost thou thy pow'rful aid forbear?
Ah! why regardless hear my urgent pray'r?
15 E'en from my tender years I've known my grief,
Nor from thy terrors have I found relief;
16 Thy terrors that distract my heart with fear, 35
Thy terrors that reduce me to despair;
17 Thy dreadful terrors that my soul surround,
Like rain that deluges the fertile ground.

Helpless

- 18 Helpless I lie, deserted by my friends;
 No kind companion his assistance lends;
 Left in my sorrows to myself alone,
 Heaves my griev'd heart, and piteously I moan.

40

P S A L M LXXXIX.

- 1 **T**HE glorious subject of my tuneful song
 Be thou, O God-----to thee my strains belong.
 While lasts the sun, while times to times succeed,
 Thy goodness in my numbers shall be read.
- 2 For sure the orbs in yon ethereal plain 5
 To their primæval *nought* return again,
 Ere thou the wonders of thy mercy cease,
 Or 'gainst thy sacred covenant transgress.
- 3 Thy sacred covenant with *David* made,
 4 That, while yon lights the fields of air pervade, 10
 While stands this solid earth upon her base,
 While knows old *ocean* his appointed space,
 His progeny shall sit upon the throne,
 And *Israel's* faithful tribes their rule shall own.
- 5 Thee, great *Jehovah*, thee the heav'nly host 15
 Adore, and make thy mighty works their boast;
 Thy truth the righteous make their constant theme,
 Sing all thy mercies, and extol thy name.
- 6 With thee compar'd, O Lord, how meanly shew 20
 The thrones above, the sceptred kings below?
- 7 Th' ethereal myriads tremble at thy nod;
 Fear earth's imperious lords th' Almighty God.
- 8 Dread God of battles, who is like to thee?
 Who mates thy pow'r, thy truth, thy majesty?
- 9 Thou rein'st the fury of the swelling main, 25
 And dost the madness of her waves restrain;
- 10 Th' *Egyptian* tyrant felt thy vengeful hand;
 Feel all, who dare thy sov'reign rule withstand:
 Thine are the bright celestial worlds above-----
 Thine is the earth-----by thy command they move; 30
 Earth's varied blessings to thy love we owe;
 From thee, Creator-Lord, from thee they flow.
- 12 Thee the rude *north*, and rainy *south*, obey,
 And where the sun begins, where ends the day,
 Blest *Tabor* seated in the glowing *west*, 35
 Bright *Hermon*, gladden'd by the beamy *east*.
- 13 Strong is thy arm, resistless is thy hand;
 14 Nigh to thy throne bright truth, stern justice, stand;

Full

- Full in thy view sweet clemency appears,
 Blest attribute ! that calms our pious fears. 40
- 15 Thrice happy they, that hear thy gracious call,
 Flock to thy fane, and 'fore thy altar fall !
 On them with kindest ray thy light shall shine ;
- 16 Daily they feel the joys of love divine ;
 Rais'd by thy goodness to the highest bliss, 45
- 17 Pow'r, empire, glory, shall they long possess ;
- 18 Their strong support, their mighty leader thou,
 They gain a glorious conquest o'er the foe.
- 19 His sacred prophet hear, ye sons of men ;
 By him th' Almighty speaks, nor speaks in vain : 50
- “ *David*, my servant, from his low estate,
 “ I've rais'd, and plac'd him on the royal seat ;
 “ With kingly majesty I've him array'd,
 “ And sprinkled with my sacred oils his head.
- 21 “ To him I'll strength and nervous force impart, 55
 “ And with firm courage fortify his heart ;
- 22 “ Brave, he shall scorn the foe's proud menaces,
 “ Nor villain-schemes shall have 'gainst him success :
- 24 “ True to my word, assistance I'll supply,
 “ And 'bove the clouds will raise his glory high. 60
- 25 “ E'en from the sea the nations he shall sway,
 “ To where *Euphrates* rolls his rapid way :
- 26 “ Me his support, his father he shall call,
 “ To me, as to his God, shall prostrate fall :
- 27 “ Him with peculiar honour I will grace, 65
 “ As loves the fire the first-born of his race ;
 “ 'Bove other potentates I'll raise his name,
 “ And set him foremost in the lists of fame.
- 28 “ Nor to the present is my love confin'd,
 “ Nor to himself alone the sanctions bind ; 70
- 29 “ I'll to his progeny the throne secure,
 “ And, long as beams the sun, shall last their pow'r ;
- 30 “ But, if his children from my statutes stray,
- 31 “ Spurn at my laws, and not my will obey,
- 32 “ Soon for the vile transgression they shall smart, 75
 “ And soon I'll punish their rebellious heart.
- 33 “ Yet shan't my mercy my own *David* leave ;
 “ My covenant I made not, to deceive ;
- 34 “ Faithful and firm, I'll to my word remain ;
 “ What once I've said, shall man oppose in vain. 80
- 35 “ And by my holy self to him I swore,
 “ (And ne'er shall he my broken oath deplore)

- 36 " Till dies the world, till time no more runs on,
 " His blest posterity shall fill the throne ;
 37 " To this be witness, all ye lights above ; 85
 " When fails his race, no more your *orbits* move."
 38 Thy gracious promise this-----but now, alas !
 From thy anointed thou hast hid thy face ;
 39 Thy covenant forgot, and now cast down,
 For hostile feet to trample on, his crown. 90
 40 His cities thou'st laid open to the foe ;
 Their walls dismantled, and their tow'rs brought low.
 41 We're fall'n a prey to all the nations round ;
 With their insulting taunts our souls they wound ;
 42 Supported by thy hand, victorious they 95
 Highly exult, and with success are gay.
 43 Edgeless our swords, we vainly dare the field,
 Are soon defeated, and with shame we yield ;
 44 Our pride, our glory, in the dust are laid,
 And dreadful dreary darkness shades our head : 100
 45 In vile dishonour, in distress we lie,
 Few are our days, and immature we die.
 46 How long, O Lord, will last thy dreadful ire ?
 Shall burn thy fury like consuming fire ?
 47 Remember, Lord, how short the life of man ; 105
 Surely thou'st not created us in vain !
 48 But a few days we breathe the vital air,
 And those few days are clouded all with care,
 From death's dire call not one his soul can save,
 And soon we're mould'ring in the gloomy grave. 110
 49 Where are thy wonted tender mercies flown ;
 When first thou set'st thy *David* on a throne ?
 50 O view the killing scorn, the sore distress,
 Wherewith our impious foes thy tribes distress ;
 Their shocking insults in my breast I bear, 115
 While they their horrid blasphemies declare ;
 51 With insolent derision while they say,
 " He'll come-----your promis'd king-----await the day-----
 " Your *Christ* will come (they cry) the prince of peace,
 " And then, belike, your miseries will cease !" 120
 52 But let them sneer-----to their confusion, they
 Shall feel his terrors at th' appointed day ;
 Our *Christ* will come-----thy judgments he'll proclaim,
 And all the earth shall tremble at thy name.

P S A L M XC.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Lord, e'er since the world began,
Great hath been thy beneficence to man ;
E'er since this earth first run her annual round,
In thee her thankless sons defence have found.
- 2 Still thou'rt the same, and ever wast the same, 5
Ere yet the world assum'd this beauteous frame,
Ere yet the high, the lofty hills appear'd ;
Ere yet the glad'ning day gay mortals chear'd ;
Ere spread dun night her horrors all abroad,
Thou art the same, the everlasting God. 10
- 3 But thou hast giv'n short space to man on earth ;
Soon fleet the winged minutes from his birth
To that dark hour, when all his schemes are vain,
And to his parent-dust he goes again.
- 4 'Fore thee glide swift a thousand years away ; 15
To thee they seem a fleeting winter's day ;
Sudden they pass, and strait no more are seen,
And leave no trace, to tell us, they have been.
- 5 They roll impetuous like a rapid stream ;
Insensibly they leave us like a dream ; 20
Well to the grass we may our lives compare ;
- 6 The grass that looks at morn so fresh, so fair,
That with it's verdant spires enchants the sight,
But hangs the head, and withers ere 'tis night.
- 7 Yet not with life's short period we're distress'd, 25
As when thy dreadful anger strikes the breast ;
- 8 For whate'er errors in our bosoms roll,
Whate'er base passions hold in chains the soul,
Howe'er conceal'd, or kept from open day,
Does thy all-seeing eye, O God, survey ; 30
- 9 And while thy vengeance strikes us with despair,
Swifter than thought, life vanishes to air.
- 10 For sev'nty years while goes his rounds the sun,
To man 'tis giv'n his stated course to run ;
Haply his strength holds out ten winters more ; 35
But then all solid joys of life are o'er ;
On feeble age unnumber'd cares attend,
Unnumber'd griefs that but with life shall end ;
- 11 And, if our God strict justice shou'd demand,
Ah ! who can bear his dread avenging hand ? 40
- 12 Teach us our short-liv'd period to discern,
That we the road to heav'n, to blifs, may learn ;

Benign

- 13 Benign O hear us, and thine anger cease ;
Return, O Lord, and calm our souls to peace.
- 14 O let thy mercy fill our hearts with joy, 45
That our remaining hours we may employ
- 15 In peaceful scenes, devoid of griefs, of fears,
Free from the mis'ries of our former years.
- 16 Thy glorious works, the wonders of thy pow'r,
Shew to thy servants, that they may adore ; 50
And, that their off-spring may thy laws obey,
Thy great, thy awful attributes, display.
- 17 And let, O God, thy clemency divine
With happy influence on thy chosen shine,
That ev'ry action of our life may prove, 55
Thy grace directs us, prospers us thy love.

P S A L M XCI.

- 1 **T**O heav'n who trusts his fortunes and his life,
Tho' rage around contention, broil and strife ;
Tho' wild uproar and dire confusion sway,
His God will be his firm support and stay.
- 2 Thou then bad fate and her assaults defy ; 5
Thou to thy God for safe protection fly ;
Call him thy refuge, on his pow'r depend,
And he will ever, ever be thy friend.
- 3 From dark designs of crafty men he'll free,
From all their toils will give thee liberty ; 10
In fatal times, when rage diseases round,
Thy great preserver he will still be found.
- 4 O'er thee his shelt'ring wings shall he expand ;
Firm, firm beneath almighty care thou'lt stand ;
Nor ever to thy adverse fortunes yield, 15
The God of battles, thy defence and shield.
- 5 Secure he'll guide thee in the gloomy night,
From dangers safe, as in the mid-day-light ;
Secure he'll lead thee in the open day,
Nor foes, nor wars, nor terrors, shall dismay. 20
- 7 In battle tho' ten thousand round thee fall,
Thy guarded heart no perils shall appall.
- 8 Mean while with joy the wicked thou shalt view
Sink in the mis'ries that their crimes pursue.
- 9 For heav'n's high God thy refuge thou hast made, 25
And on his mercy hast relied for aid ;
- 10 Therefore thy dwelling hears no big alarm ;
No sad mischance thy peaceful soul shall harm :

- 11 And to his angels he has giv'n command,
 To watch thy steps, to guide thee by the hand ; 30
 O'er wilds, o'er cliffs, o'er desarts, thee to lead,
 That, free from bruises, thou secure may'st tread :
 13 That thou not fear, whene'er thou pass the brake,
 The crested basilisk or scaly snake ;
 That thou undaunted may'st the tiger meet, 35
 And crush the lordly lion with thy feet.
 14 For says th' almighty Lord, " 'Cause me he loves,
 " My name adores, and my dread law approves,
 " His soul I'll guard, and soon exalt him high ;
 15 " To me, his God, he in distress shall cry ; 40
 " Him strait I'll hear, from all his terrors free,
 " And raise him to imperial dignity ;
 16 " A length of days upon him shall attend,
 " And joys immortal, joys that ne'er shall end."

P S A L M XCII.

- 1 **W**HAT nobler subject can the soul employ,
 When feels the pious heart sublimer joy,
 Than when the praises of her God she sings,
 And chants the glories of the king of kings ?
 2 At night his truth, his honour to display, 5
 His clemency, his mercies in the day ?
 3 Whether the lofty theme the voice inspire,
 Whether it tunes the psaltery and the lyre.
 4 When my wrapt soul thy wonders meditate,
 What nameless transports o'er my heart dilate ? 10
 5 Thy glorious wonders ! far beyond the ken
 Of earth's untoward sons, of impious men ;
 7 Of men, the short-liv'd shadows of a day,
 Who, like the blooming grass, awhile look gay ;
 And, like the grass, that fades, that withers soon, 15
 Lose quick their strength, their beauty, and are gone.
 8 While permanent thy glory, Lord most high,
 To endless time shines forth thy majesty.
 9 What dreadful fate attends thy stubborn foes ?
 What fearful perils ! O what countless woes ! 20
 10 Dispers'd, they fall ; while health, while vigour's mine,
 And thy blest ointments on my temples shine :
 11 While my glad eyes with ceaseless transport view
 Inevitable death their steps pursue ;
 While, to my soul's desire, their fate she hears----- 25
 The welcome tidings fill my ravish'd ears.

- 12 As high in *Lebanon* the cedar grows,
 As spreads th' aspiring palm her lofty boughs,
 13 The righteous flourish long-----deep-rooted, they,
 Within thy courts, look ever green and gay ; 30
 14 Loaded with fruits, yet constantly in bloom,
 No frosts shall nip them, and no blasts consume.
 15 This solemn truth that all the earth may know,
 Our God is never to the good a foe ;
 Injustice hates, and equity approves, 35
 And humble innocence protects and loves.

P S A L M XCIII.

- 1 **T**HE mighty Lord, the great *Jehovah* reigns ;
 Who form'd the worlds, and still the worlds sustains ;
 The Lord, who gives to humble worth his aid,
 Girded with strength, in majesty array'd.
 2 Firm and unmoveable his awful throne, 5
 His pow'r no *flux*, no change of time has known.
 3 Let the wild stormy sea tumultuous roar,
 And threaten with her turbid waves the shore ;
 He stays her mad'ning fury at his will ;
 Aw'd by his dread behest, her waves are still. 10
 5 What once our God ordains, is firm and sure ;
 What he once bids, for ever shall endure ;
 Long as this solid world shall stand, O Lord,
 Shall last the solemn dictates of thy word.

P S A L M XCIV.

- 1 **C**OME forth, O thou, whose dread avenging arm
 Strikes impious guilt with horror and alarm ;
 2 Come forth, proclaim thy judgments all aloud,
 Thy dire inflictions on the haughty proud.
 3 How long shall they, who have thy laws abhorr'd, 5
 Boast in their shocking crimes ?-----how long, O Lord ?
 4 Elated with their guilt, how long look high,
 And 'gainst thine honour vent their blasphemy ?
 5 With dreadful woes thy people they oppress,
 They load them with the most severe distress. 10
 6 They the 'lorn widow and the orphan slay,
 They wait t' ensnare the trav'ller in his way ;
 7 And yet they boast, their crimes thou wilt not see,
 That *right* and *wrong* are all the same to thee.

- 8 At length, ye listless wretches, ope your eyes,
Ere 'tis too late, learn knowledge, and be wise. 15
- 9 Blind does the God, that form'd the eye, appear,
And deaf the sov'reign Lord that fram'd the ear ?
- 10 Who leads his servants in the perfect way,
Shall he not punish them that disobey ? 20
- 11 Alas ! he knows the inmost thoughts of men,
Vain all your hopes, and all your counsels vain.
- 12 Thrice happy they, who feel the chast'ning God,
Who learn from him, of life, of bliss, the road !
- 13 In adverse times their fainting souls he'll save ; 25
While drop the wicked in the gaping grave.
- 14 For he'll not cast his heritage away,
Nor leave them to their foes a guardless prey ;
- 15 He'll fix stern justice on her awful seat,
And all his servants to her throne direct. 30
- 16 With me against the wicked who will rise ?
Who 'gainst oppression kind relief supplies ?
- 17 In the drear tomb I'd long ago been laid,
Had not th' Almighty hasten'd to my aid.
- 18 Vainly against the danger I had strove, 35
If not supported by his pow'rful love.
- 19 'Twas he gave solace in my deep distress,
And calm'd the cares that did my soul depress.
- 20 " Will heav'n (I said) with vile oppressors join,
" Who 'gainst the guiltless craftily combine ; 40
" Their crimes who cover with a fair pretence,
" And aim to shed the blood of innocence ?"
- 22 But me, O sov'reign ruler, thou'lt defend,
My rock thou art, thy pow'rful aid thou'lt send ;
- 23 By their own arts the wicked thou'lt consume, 45
Their own base schemes shall bring them to the tomb.

P S A L M XCV.

- 1 **A** P P R O A C H, ye tribes ; with one according voice
Sing to your God, and in his name rejoice ;
- 2 Your saviour he ; let gratitude inspire
The song harmonious ; join with it the lyre.
- 3 He's Lord supreme, the world's dread governor, 5
Nor mate with him the other gods in pow'r.
- 4 His hand supports our earth upon her base ;
From him the cloud-topp'd mountains hold their place ;
- 5 Within his depths old ocean he restrains,
And his dread hand form'd hills and lawns and plains. 10
- With

- 6 With bended knee 'fore your creator fall,
With hands uplifted on *Jehovah* call ;
- 7 He is our God ; we in his pastures rove,
And long shall we enjoy almighty love,
- 8 If we the dictates of his law obey, 15
Nor from his sacred statutes wilful stray :
Stray, like our fathers in the days of yore,
When they *Arabia's* desarts wander'd o'er,
When, tho' by constant miracles he prov'd
His boundless pow'r, still were their hearts unmov'd ; 20
Still by their murmurs they provok'd his wrath,
And tempted him to punish them with death.
- 10 For forty years he their impatience bore ;
At length his mercy wou'd forgive no more ;
" Distracted sure (he said) these people are ; 25
" Their God they know not-----by myself I swear,
" That they the promis'd land shall ne'er enjoy,
" But in these wild and desert plains shall die."

P S A L M XCVI.

- 1 **I**N loftiest strains our sov'reign Lord adore,
In strains, ye sons of men, untun'd before ;
- 2 Sing, sing his name ; with praise approach his throne,
And let his pow'r in joyous hymns be shewn :
- 3 His glory to the nations round declare, 5
His mighty works let all the people hear :
- 4 Great is our God, and highly to be prais'd,
Far 'bove the gods that human pride hath rais'd ;
- 5 Gods that to human madness ow'd their birth ;
- 6 While form'd *Jehovah* heav'ns and seas and earth. 10
'Fore him authority and pow'r appear ;
Beauty and strength in his bright presence are.
- 7 Ye nations all that by his goodness live,
The honour due unto the Godhead give ;
- 8 Grateful, his great unfathom'd glory sing, 15
And to his sacred courts your victims bring.
- 9 In festal pomp his hallow'd dome draw near,
And hail his name with reverential fear.
- 10 Say to the *beathen*, that our Lord is God, 20
That worlds are govern'd by his awful nod ;
To him that earth her firm foundation owes,
And that he rules by equitable laws.
- 11 Rejoice, ye heav'ns-----thou earth, exult with joy-----
Thou air, thou sea-----be this the glad employ Of

- Of all that breathe in earth, in sea, in air----- 25
- 12 Their joyous transports let the fields declare,
Smile, smile, ye woods ; let flow'rs, let fruits around
Adorn your boughs ; let verdure cloath the ground ;
- 13 Be gay, all nature, for he comes, he comes ;
The judge, th' impartial judge, he now assumes ; 30
He comes the righteous from their foes to free,
He comes to rule the world with equity.

P S A L M XCVII.

- 1 **O** UR sov'reign Lord has universal sway ;
Let earth, let all her isles, their joy display ;
- 2 All, all their great almighty ruler own,
On truth, on justice, who has fix'd his throne :
His face a thick tremendous darkness shrouds, 5
His throne supported by impervious clouds :
- 3 Consuming fire his presence goes before,
Whose flames his hapless enemies devour.
- 4 With his red forky lightning *æther* glares ;
Stunn'd earth beholds ; she trembles and she fears : 10
- 5 At his appearance, struck with dread dismay,
The lofty mountains melt, like wax, away ;
- 6 His righteous justice heav'ns above declare ;
The nations view his glory, and revere.
- 7 All they, who, lost in dull stupidity, 15
To senseless gods of brass have bow'd the knee,
Shall meet confusion ; nay ; the gods ador'd
Shall own almighty pow'r, and bless the Lord.
- 8 And when dark errors clouds disperse away,
Shall *Sion* at the blest event be gay ; 20
When thou the sons of wickedness destroy,
Shall *Judah's* faithful daughters sing for joy ;
- 9 Far high above all heav'ns art thou, O Lord,
Far higher than the fancied gods ador'd.
- 10 Therefore who truly love, who rev'rence thee, 25
Shall keep their hearts from impious folly free ;
For to the good thou art a constant friend,
And wilt their lives from ev'ry snare defend ;
- 11 Thou on the righteous beam'st a glorious light ;
Beam'st heav'nly joy on all that walk aright ; 30
- 12 Ye happy souls, that tread the perfect way,
In your good God your confidence display ;
Grateful, in loud harmonious anthems, sing
The mighty God, the universal king.

P S A L M XCVIII.

- 1 **T**HE Lord *Jehovah* sing ; in noblest lays
 The wond'rous acts of your creator praise ;
 For why ! a glorious conquest he has gain'd
 By his strong arm and by his mighty hand :
- 2 The nations all have felt his dreadful pow'r, 5
 The wicked joy, the righteous grieve, no more.
- 3 To *Israel*'s tribes has he perform'd his word ;
 Th' astonish'd *heathen* saw it, and ador'd.
- 4 Join then, all lands, in anthems to his name ;
 Sing, sing our glorious God with loud acclaim : 10
- 5 The lute, the psaltery, in his praise employ,
 6 And let the clarion join the gen'ral joy.
- 7 Rejoice, thou sea, and all that in thee rove ;
 Rejoice, thou earth, and all that in thee move :
- 8 Exult with gladness, all ye streaming floods ; 15
 Exult with gladness, hills and lawns and woods.
- 9 For lo ! he comes the righteous to reward ;
 The righteous ever have his just regard ;
 For lo ! he comes his judgments to reveal,
 And soon the wicked shall his vengeance feel. 20

P S A L M XCIX.

- 1 **R**EIGNS great *Jehovah* ; let the people fear ;
 Bright cherubs guard his throne ; thou earth, revere :
 2 Nor yet to *Sion* is his pow'r confin'd ;
 Worlds feel the influence of *almighty mind*.
- 3 His great tremendous name they therefore praise, 5
 4 The God with mercy and with truth, who sways ;
 Whose mercy strikes with love, whose pow'r with awe,
 Who gives his favour'd tribes his perfect law :
- 5 Let all his dread omnipotence extol,
 And 'fore his footstool reverently fall. 10
- 6 When *Moses* and the holy *Aaron* pray'd,
 When faithful *Samuel*, he lent his aid,
 His wond'rous goodness to them, gracious, shew'd,
 And pointed to immortal bliss the road :
- 7 From out the cloudy pillar spoke benign, 15
 (O blest result of clemency divine !)
 'Cause, faithful, they his sov'reign will obey'd,
 Nor from the sacred law he gave them, stray'd.
- 8 Yes ; thou, benignant father, deign'dst to hear,
 And, to the obdurate sinner tho' severe, 20

Indulgent still thine answers didst thou give,
And bad'st the faithful in thy light to live.

- 9 For this, ye righteous souls, with joint accord,
Shout forth the praises of your mighty Lord,
And, 'cause his glory there delights to dwell,
Fall prostrate 'fore him on his holy hill.

25

P S A L M C.

- 1 **Y**E nations all, howe'er-dispers'd abroad,
With voice united sing the living God ;
2 With soul sincere his statutes all obey,
And in glad anthems his bright pow'r display.
3 Our father, he-----he gave to nature birth,
'Twas he that form'd us of the quicken'd earth ;
And still he shews his kind paternal care,
And feeds us sweetly in his pastures fair.
4 Therefore with joy let us his gate attend,
And in his courts with grateful praises bend,
Own him our great creator and our king,
And hymns harmonious to his glory sing.
5 For ever gracious, ever good, he'll prove ;
Unbounded his beneficence and love ;
Firm is his truth, inviolate his word-----
To endless time protects the just our Lord.

5

10

15

P S A L M CI.

- 1 **O**F mercy, Lord, of judgment, I will sing,
Thy justice and thy truth, eternal king ;
2 This will I make my firm, my constant rule,
Still to improve in wisdom's sacred school,
Still on thy kind protection to depend,
To keep my hands still clean, my heart unstain'd.
3 The ways of wickedness I'll scorn to view ;
The road thy law directs me, I'll pursue ;
The wily arts of fraudulent men I'll hate,
Of men who by oppression wou'd be great.
4 Far from my social hours the froward be ;
The villain-herd shall ne'er converse with me ;
5 By me the private slanderer be abhorr'd,
The cruel wretch that murders with a word ;
The haughty proud, whose empty hearts are vain,
Whose looks are lofty, I alike disdain ;

5

15

15

While

- 6 While men of open true simplicity
 Shall to my converse and my board be free ;
 While men, who hate oppression, fraud and wrong,
 Shall have my favour, and shall serve me long. 20
- 7 Avaunt, ye wicked, that deceive and lie,
 You're odious to my thought-----my presence fly ;
- 8 Yes ; all ye impious, hasten quick away ;
 Sure is my wrath, nor shall I long delay ;
 Of all your guilt the city I will clear ; 25
 Perdition waits you, and your fate is near.

P S A L M CII.

- 1 **M**Y pleading cries, eternal father, hear,
 O lift, while I pour forth my mournful pray'r,
 2 Nor from my griefs avert thy pitying eye ;
 For deeply I'm o'erwhelm'd in misery ;
 Incessant woes my anguish'd soul invade ; 5
 Propitious hear, and grant a speedy aid.
- 3 Like smok, like vapours, pass my hours away ;
 Griefs, like slow fires, upon my vitals prey ;
- 4 Like wither'd grass my smitten heart is grown,
 Like grass that's wither'd by the scorching sun ; 10
 Fast down my cheeks the scalding tears have flow'd,
 So that I've now no relish for my food ;
- 5 My constant groans my body so consume,
 That soon my shrivel'd corps will fill the tomb.
- 6 Just like the pelican that roves the wilds ; 15
 Like the lone owl that in the desert builds,
 Like the complaining dove that mourns her mate,
 Constant I wail, and brood upon my fate.
- 8 The bitter insults of my foes I bear,
 While still they basely seek my life t' ensnare. 20
- 9 Tears make my drink, and ashes are my bread,
 10 'Cause threats thy fury my devoted head ;
 'Cause, when from nought thou once hadst rais'd me high,
 Plung'd by thy hand in deepest woe I lie.
- 11 Like a mere shadow fleets my life away, 25
 And my whole system feels a swift decay.
- 12 But thou, O Lord, for ever art the same,
 And all our after-race shall hymn thy name ;
- 13 Rise then, blest father ; bid thy love return ;
 No more let *Sion* thy dread fury mourn ; 30
 Rise, and thy wonted clemency resume,
 For sure thy promis'd time to aid, is come.

- 14 See, how all they, who love thy sacred law,
 And hail thy name with reverential awe,
 Her shatter'd walls, her broken tow'rs regret,
 And weep in pious tears her mournful fate. 35
 15 Soon shall the *heathen* realms thy pow'r proclaim,
 Soon earth's proud monarchs fear thy sacred name;
 16 When thou her ancient glory shalt restore;
 When she shall wail thy heavy wrath no more; 40
 17 When thou thy mournful supplicants shalt hear,
 And not, all-clement God, reject their pray'r.
 18 This in eternal tablets shall be writ,
 That times to come thy pow'r may not forget;
 That people yet unborn may give thee praise, 45
 And sing thy glory in immortal lays;
 19 Gracious 'cause thou from thy etherial throne
 Didst with an eye of love on man look down,
 20 The sighs, the groans, of captive souls didst hear,
 And freed'st the death-devoted prisoner: 50
 21 That *Sion's* hill thy glory might resound,
 And *Salem* sing thy name to realms around,
 22 While distant nations croud thy sacred dome,
 And sov'reign princes with their victims come.
 23 Tho', while my race I run, my strength decays, 55,
 Tho' thou depriv'st my life of half it's days;
 24 To thee, O God, still fervently I'll pray;
 O take me not in my mid-age away;
 To everlasting time extend thy years;
 25 Thy pow'r eternal in thy works appears, 60
 This earth, that sprung from nought at thy command,
 Yon heav'ns, the bright creation of thy hand.
 26 They all shall die, and, like a worn-out vest,
 Grow worse by age, while thou'lt for ever last;
 Great change, great alteration, shall they feel, 65
 27 While thou, great God, within thyself dost dwell,
 Eternally the same; and dost display
 Thy pow'r to-day-----to-morrow-----yesterday.
 28 Nay; e'en the faithful race, that worship thee,
 Have their blest share in thy eternity; 70
 Tho' born in time, tho' creatures of thy hand,
 Immortal are their souls, and have no end.

P S A L M CIII.

- 1 **B**E God of my harmonious song the theme;
 His pow'r my ev'ry faculty proclaim;

And

- 2 And thou, my soul, his gracious works repeat,
And not his great beneficence forget.
- 3 'Tis he, that all thy various crimes, forgives ; 5
He dissipates thy pain when sickness grieves ;
- 4 With new-born vigour fortifies my mind,
My life enlarges, and is ever kind.
- 5 From him each unexpected blessing flows,
His goodness 'bove my warmest wish bestows ; 10
Renews my youth, that, like the eagle, strong,
That skims the azure plains, I'm ever young.
- 6 Just his award-----when impious men oppress,
To him the injur'd 'plain, and meet redress.
- 7 He the meek *Moses* taught his law divine, 15
T' instruct therein his *Israel's* favour'd line.
- 8 Gracious is he, and constantly he gives,
Slow is his wrath ; his mercy ever lives ;
- 9 And, if awhile our sins his anger raise,
Soon he the fury of his wrath allays. 20
- 10 Great tho' our crimes, tho' daily we offend,
Mild are his punishments, and soon they end.
- 11 Farther than heav'n is from this earthly sphere,
His goodness beams on all his name revere :
- 12 Wider than *east* from *west* (so much he loves 25
The soul repentant) he our crimes removes.
- 13 As when a dear-lov'd child in duty fails,
In the fond fire parental love prevails ;
So, when offend the servants he has chose,
From our good God forgiving mercy flows. 30
- 14 For well he knows the weakness of our frame,
Well he remembers that from dust we came ;
- 15 As the green grass, that for awhile looks gay,
Then withers soon, so passes man away ;
- 16 Or like a blooming flow'r, whose lovely pride 35
Is by a cruel *southern* blast destroy'd.
- 17 But to the righteous souls, their God that fear,
And to their race, while they his will revere ;
His justice and his mercy ever lives,
His justice shields them, and his love forgives : 40
- 18 Keep they his statutes, and his laws obey,
His goodness to them constant he'll display.
- 19 High in yon starry heav'ns he 'as fix'd his throne,
And o'er th' extended earth reigns Lord alone.
- 20 Ye shining seraphs, ye celestial bands, 45
That hear his voice, and do his dread commands ;

Ye

Ye bright angelic hosts, that round him dwell,
 In dignity, in beauty, who excell ;
 And all ye wond'rous works that speak his pow'r,
 In hymns of harmony his name adore ;
 And thou, my soul, thou in the praise accord ;
 Bless, bless for ever the almighty Lord.

50

P S A L M CIV.

- 1 **T**HE noblest subject swells my lofty lay,
 The Lord *Jehovah*-----I his pow'r display ;
 The Lord *Jehovah*, great creator-----God,
 Who darts his dazzling glories all abroad ;
 2 Who's in tremendous majesty array'd, 5
 With beamy light, as with a garment, clad :
 3 Who, like a curtain, spreads th' etherial plains ;
 In yon wide arch suspends his fleecy rains,
 By winds supported, makes the clouds his car,
 And rides triumphant in the ambient air. 10
 4 Around him wait his bright angelic train,
 Ready to bear his dread behests to man ;
 Unbodied forms and essences divine
 That fleet like *æther*, and like fire that shine.
 5 Firm on her base the solid earth he plac'd, 15
 And 'gainst th' assaults of time secur'd her fast ;
 6 The earth he cover'd with a watery flood ;
 High 'bove the loftiest hills the surges flood ;
 7 But in tremendous thunder when he spoke, 20
 Soon they subsided at his stern rebuke ;
 8 The hills they leave, and seek the level plain,
 And to their wonted depths return amain.
 9 The bounds permitted them to pass no more ;
 No more they on the delug'd mountains roar.
 10 A long the vales, amid the tow'ring hills, 25
 In sweet *meanders* flow the bubbling rills ;
 11 Whence the wild bestials of the wilderness,
 And the rejoicing flocks, their thirst appease.
 12 All on their margin, the aerial choir, 30
 Whose guileless loves their slender throats inspire,
 Perch on the trees, and with their tuneful lay
 Ravish the plains, and cheat the ling'ring day.
 13 Down from his stores he sends his fruitful rains ;
 Feel their glad influence strait the meads, the plains ;
 All earth is strait with flow'rs, with herbage gay ; 35
 14 Rejoices man ; the herds in rapture play ;

The

- The lovely prospect fills the heart with joy ;
 15 But what transporting strains our tongues employ,
 When the smooth oils around our temples shine,
 When high-enraptur'd with the racy wine ; 40
 When, by the bounty of our maker, fed,
 New strength, new vigour, is supplied by bread ?
 16 Nor less from him each vegetable tribe
 Their sap receive-----th' enliv'ning juice imbibe
 17 The tow'ring cedars where the eagles build, 45
 The firs that to the storks fit refuge yield !
 18 The wanton goats along the mountains rove ;
 While the rough craggy cliff the coney's love.
 19 He gives her stated seasons to the moon ;
 He guides in his appointed course the sun ; 50
 20 His is the night ; he bids the darkness reign ;
 'Tis then the howling bestials range the plain ;
 Their haunts they leave, and by fell hunger led,
 Fall on the flocks, and fill the swains with dread.
 21 Then the young lion with his hideous roar 55
 Roams all abroad, the fatlings to devour ;
 To heav'n he roars, and while he prowls for food,
 Owns, that his sole dependence is on God.
 22 But soon as e'er, with his reviving ray,
 Comes forth the joyous sun, to gild the day, 60
 The bestial-tribes all to their dens retreat,
 23 And his alternate labours man await ;
 The live-long day in constant toil he spends,
 Till kind indulgent night his travail ends.
 24 Thy works, O God, display thy pow'r divine ; 65
 Thy glorious works proclaim, that wisdom's thine ;
 Nor earth alone thy mighty gifts can boast ;
 25 The sea survey'd, in wonder we are lost.
 Such countless millions of the finny train,
 That roam exulting o'er her glassy plain ; 70
 Their different dimensions who can trace ?
 The varied beauties of the smaller race ;
 26 Th' enormous monsters, that with dreadful pride
 Sport in the waves along the vessel's side ;
 But most, that dread, that huge *leviathan*, 75
 The proud imperious tyrant of the main,
 Who on her surface insolently plays,
 And fills th' admiring eye with wild amaze.
 27 O gracious God, all, all in sea, on land,
 Receive their portion from thy mighty hand ; 80

All.

- All, all the blessings of thy bounty share,
 And all employ thy providential care.
- 28 Thou giv'st, they gather, their respective food;
 Thine hand thou open'st, and they're fill'd with good.
- 29 And, when thy glad'ning presence is withdrawn, 85
 The loss of thy beneficence they mourn;
 Thou at thy pleasure tak'st their breath away;
 They die, and strait return to native clay.
- 30 Yet not without inhabitants the earth;
 Thy quick'ning spirit gives new forms a birth; 90
 A new creation springs; their slated place
 They hold, and run successively their race.
- 31 Our God with glory shall for ever reign,
 And will with joy his wond'rous works sustain;
- 32 Struck with his presence, quakes the earth with fear; 95
 Mov'd at his dread rebuke the hills appear;
 See, from the hills in curling streams arise
 The circling smog, and darken all the skies.
- 33 For me, while breath inspires this vital frame,
 The glories of my God shall be my theme; 100
- 34 With joy sincere his praises I will sing,
 And to his honour'd name attune the string.
- 35 While impious men by his resentment fall,
 And direful woes their guilty hearts appall,
 The great creator shall my soul inspire, 105
 Shall fill my tongue, and animate my lyre.

P S A L M CV.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord; invoke his sacred name;
 His glorious acts to all the earth proclaim;
- 2 Our dread *Jehovah* claims your noblest lays;
 Loud let th' exulting tribes chant forth his praise.
- 3 Let his great name employ the grateful voice; 5
 Let all, that love his name, sincere rejoice:
- 4 With firmest heart on his blest pow'r rely;
 His presence ask-----'twill ev'ry want supply.
- 5 Reflect the works of his almighty hand,
 Th' observance that his sacred laws command. 10
- 6 To you, blest *Abr'ham's* race, I speak alone,
 To you whom he hath deign'd to call his own.
- 7 He is our king, e'en he th' almighty God;
 Who to th' astonish'd earth his truth hath shew'd.
- 8 Firm to his covenant he 'as long remain'd, 15
 Which for a thousand ages he ordain'd;

Which

- 9 Which he with *Abr'ham* made in days of yore,
To which with *Isaac* solemnly he swore,
10 Which *Jacob* heard confirm'd, and which shall bless,
Inviolatè, to endless time, his race. 20
- 11 "To thee (he said) rich *Canaan's* lands I'll give,
"Thou in her fertile plains shalt ever live:"
12 E'en then, when yet they were but strangers there,
And weak their pow'r, and few their numbers were;
13 When they, as heav'n ordain'd, poor wand'ers, rov'd 25
From place to place, and had no fix'd abode.
14 Yet them in peace his goodness still maintain'd;
The cruel rage of threat'ning kings restrain'd,
15 And bad them not those favour'd tribes oppress,
Whom with peculiar love he chose to bless. 30
- 16 When a dire famine sore distress'd the land,
And scarce th' enfeebled nations life sustain'd,
17 Fair *Rachel's* favour'd son he sent, a slave,
To those glad lands, *Nile's* fertile waters lave.
18 There long in prison, long in chains, he lay, 35
'Til heav'n it's mercy to him did display,
19 Dreams to interpret, gave the wond'rous pow'r,
And taught, the scheme of providence t' explore.
20 This heard the king; he set the pris'ner free,
'Twas *Egypt's* monarch gave him liberty. 40
- 21 He made a bond-slave ruler o'er his land;
O'er all the palace his was the command;
22 That next in honour to his prince he stood,
While all the nobles with obeisance bow'd.
23 'Twas then that *Israel* into *Egypt* came, 45
And sojourn'd in the fruitful plains of *Ham*:
24 Our God his people 'bove the natives blest;
That soon in pow'r, in numbers, they increas'd.
25 This saw th' *Egyptian* monarch with regret,
And strait fell on the favour'd tribes his hate: 50
- 26 Long suffer'd they, when their almighty friend
Did humble *Moses* to their succour send.
27 *Aaron* and he by their dread wonders prove,
That they had their commission from above.
28 Nature obeys, at once, their great command; 55
A gloomy darkness shrouds th' astonish'd land;
29 Their streams polluted, flow with fetid gore,
And all their fish lie dead upon the shore:
30 Not now the soil it's glad'ning produce yields,
But frogs infest their palaces and fields. 60

- 31 In swarms unnumber'd rang'd the noisome flies,
 And all their coasts are cover'd o'er with lice.
 32 The kindly rains enrich their glebe no more,
 But storms of hail and flame around them pour.
 33 Their vines no more the chearful juice supply, 65
 And trees, fruits, flow'rs, in one wild ruin lie.
 34 In flights the locusts and the beetles come,
 And, what the hail hath left them, they consume ;
 So that not food for sustenance remains,
 But one wild desolation fills the plains. 70
 36 Nay ; more t' enhance their fatal miseries,
 The favour'd son, the dear-lov'd first-born, dies.
 37 At last the humbled tyrant lets us go ;
 A joy sincere his ruin'd people shew ;
 While we depart, of countless wealth possess, 75
 With nervous strength, with sprightly vigour, blest.
 39 By a dun cloud he leads us in the day ;
 By night a glitt'ring shine directs our way :
 40 We ask, and strait we're fed with bread from heav'n ;
 We ask, and birds of richest taste are giv'n. 80
 41 The rock he smote, and strait the waters came,
 Free as a riv'let, gush'd the flaking stream.
 42 For he his faithful *Abr'ham* not forgot,
 Nor wou'd he bring his promises to nought ;
 43 His gracious goodness pointed them the road ; 85
 With joy they follow'd their directing God.
 44 The *heathen's* lands he gave them to possess ;
 And all the produce of their toils in peace ;
 45 That they his holy statutes might obey,
 And never from his dread commandments stray. 90

P S A L M CVI.

- 1 **W**ITH thankful hymns address the mighty Lord ;
 With songs of joy be heav'n's high king ador'd ;
 For his beneficence to all extends ;
 His great, his glorious mercy never ends.
 2 His wond'rous acts what eloquence displays ? 5
 What tongue can utter all his pow'r, his praise ?
 3 Thrice happy they, that will his law observe,
 That love his law, nor from it's dictates swerve !
 4 Me with that gracious mercy view, O God,
 Which to thy chosen thou hast constant shew'd ; 10
 Look on me still with an indulgent eye,
 5 That I thy people's blessings may enjoy,

May

- May long in their felicity rejoice,
And to thy glory tune my grateful voice.
- 6 Stiff and rebellious, like our fires, we prove, 15
And pay with base ingratitude thy love,
Plunge into horrid mischiefs, and forget
How vast thy pow'r, thy clemency how great ;
- 7 So they, from hard, from cruel bondage freed, 20
Them to the sea when humble *Moses* led,
Reflected not the wonders of thy hand,
Thy miracles in *Egypt's* idol-land ;
But, obstinately blind, in murmurs rose
Against the leader heav'n himself had chose.
- 8 Yet his resentment still our God forbore ; 25
That all might know and tremble at his pow'r ;
- 9 He his dread mandate to the waters gave ;
They heard, and strait subsided ev'ry wave ;
Erect they rose-----he spoke, and they obey'd-----
By his directing hand his people led, 30
- 10 Pass o'er secure, and gain the farther shore,
And soon the rageful tyrant fear no more.
- 11 For, as the hostile bands, resolv'd, pursue,
The waves returning on their ranks they view ;
Whelm'd in the deep, they die-----not one remains ;----- 35
- 12 But oh ! amid the tribes what transport reigns ?
How do they now believe ? and how they praise
Their great Protector-God in thankful lays ?
- 13 But all their dangers, all their fears remov'd,
Again rebellious to this God they prov'd ; 40
Soon his stupendous miracles forgot,
Nor on his pow'r, nor on his mercies thought.
- 14 Urg'd by their lusts, their murmurs soon they breathe,
Make insolent demands, and raise his wrath.
- 15 Their insolent demands they strait obtain'd ; 45
Down from high heav'n the feather'd food he rain'd ;
But while the cates the greedy tribes devour,
Adown their throats they sure perdition pour ;
They eat and die-----provok'd, their angry God
With fatal fury, with dread vengeance glow'd. 50
- 16 But nought, when men are wilful in offence,
Avails or vengeance or beneficence ;
Enflam'd with envy, still their murmurs rose,
And *Moses* and his brother they oppose.
- 17 Their impious crimes dire punishments await ; 55
Her jaws earth opens, and devours them strait ;

- 18 Consuming fire pours sudden from the sky,
 And all th' abettors and their race destroy.
 19 Still they're perverse ; they now their Lord forsake,
 On *Horeb's* mount an imag'd calf they make ; 60
 'Fore this they fall, and adoration pay ;
 Absurd resemblance of what feeds on hay !
 21 Ingrate ! their great redeemer to forget,
 How he secur'd from bondage their retreat ;
 22 What gracious mercies to them he had shewn, 65
 What glorious wonders he had for them done.
 23 'Twas then his dire resentment 'gainst them rag'd,
 Which had the faithful *Moses* not assuag'd,
 Had he not stood between their God and them,
 Extinct had been their race, and lost their name. 70
 24 Sure now their harder'd hearts were struck with dread ;
 Sure now with ease they by their chief were led ?
 Ah no ! by punishment they're yet unaw'd,
 Again they murmur, and distrust their God.
 Against their leader and their God they rise ; 75
 Swift o'er the camp the winged tumult flies ;
 The joyous seats he promis'd them, they scorn,
 And to his mercies make a base return.
 26 Th' All-high, provok'd, rais'd then his mighty hand,
 Resolv'd to slay them in that desert land ; 80
 27 To leave them to the nations round a prey,
 Destroy their race, and scatter them away.
 28 Still obstinate, again they left their Lord,
 And *Baal's* imag'd deity ador'd ;
 To him their victims and oblations paid, 85
 And bow'd before a mortal god for aid.
 29 *Jehovah*, angry at this new offence,
 Sent on his tribes a deadly pestilence ;
 In *Baal's* aid but poor relief they found ;
 Death, clad in all his horrors stalk'd around ; 90
 30 When *Phinebas* with divine resentment glow'd,
 And due regard for heav'n's high honour shew'd ;
 The madness of the wretched croud restrain'd,
 And a full respite from their miseries gain'd :
 No more th' infection on their vitals prey'd, 95
 But by his strenuous arm the plague was stay'd.
 31 For this has he acquir'd a deathless name,
 And, long as lasts this earth, shall live his fame.
 32 And, *Meribab*, their guilt thy waters saw,
 When still the All-high's dread anger cou'd not awe 100
 Their

- Their adamantine hearts ; when still they shew'd
 Their base distrust in their almighty God.
 'Twas then, O *Moses*, that thy meekness fail'd ;
 Their constant murmurs o'er thy soul prevail'd ;
 Their base reproaches rais'd thy wrath too high,
 And on this side of *Jordan* must thou die. 105
 34 But sure, when of the promis'd land possesst,
 When with the fruitful fields of *Canaan* blest,
 Their God they worshipp'd and his will obey'd,
 And never from the law he gave them stray'd ? 110
 Ah ! still his dread behests they durst withstand,
 And not destroy'd the natives of the land :
 35 But, to their base idolatries inclin'd,
 36 Soon in their impious rites with them they join'd ;
 Of fancied deities they sought th' abodes,
 And offer'd human victims to their gods : 115
 37 Nay ; their own infants (horrid is the thought) !
 Unnatural parents to their demons brought ;
 Around their altars stream'd the vital flood,
 And all the sacred land's distain'd with blood. 120
 39 Thus they the aid of fancied gods implor'd ;
 Thus they the works of their own hands ador'd.
 40 Therefore the Lord with dreadful fury burn'd ;
 Justly the people he had chose, he scorn'd ;
 41 He to the nations gave them up a prey,
 And they their most invet'rate foes obey. 125
 42 Their lordly foes with insolence oppress,
 And load them with the most severe distress.
 43 And yet, if e'er their gracious God reliev'd,
 Still their obdurate hearts his spirit griev'd ;
 Still to their wonted crimes wou'd they return,
 His name reject, and at his statutes spurn. 130
 44 Yet still his mercy and his goodness sway'd ;
 Oft he reliev'd them, when they sought his aid ;
 45 Oft mindful of his covenant he prov'd,
 Forgave their crimes, and all their woes remov'd. 135
 46 And, when for their impieties brought low,
 They bore th' oppressions of the haughty foe,
 With soft compassion he the conqu'ror struck,
 That still more mild, more gentle, was the yoke. 140
 47 O sov'reign Lord, thy favour'd tribes defend ;
 Still 'gainst the *heathen* be our pow'rful friend ;
 That we thy wond'rous glory may proclaim,
 And sing in grateful hymns thy holy name :

That

- 48 That *Israel's* race may *Israel's* God extol,
 And, while this earth shall live, on thee may call ;
 Thy pow'r, thy might, thy majesty, may sing,
 And hail their gracious God, their heav'nly king.

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P S A L M CVII.

- 1 **F**OR ever lasts the mercy of the Lord ;
 His name in pious anthems be ador'd ;
 2 Yes ; praise him, all, who from th' oppressor's chain
 Have ask'd redemption, and not ask'd in vain.
 Whom, when with cruel hate their foes distress,
 His gracious goodness with deliv'rance blest. 5
 3 From all the various corners of the earth
 With his directing hand he led them forth ;
 4 Long in the lonely desert did they roam,
 Nor knew the path to their appointed home ; 10
 5 Fainting with thirst, quite destitute of food,
 What complicated woes their steps pursued ?
 The desert wilds no kind repast supplied ;
 To slake their thirst, the cooling stream denied.
 6 'Twas in this sore distress to heav'n they pray'd,
 And heav'n in mercy hasten'd to their aid ; 15
 7 Led them the way to opulence and peace,
 And gave them lands and cities to possess.
 8 Then let them sing their good, their gracious God,
 And publish his beneficence abroad : 20
 9 For food he gives, and all our griefs controuls,
 Strengthens our limbs, and satisfies our souls.
 10 Who, vain, rejected dread *Jehovah's* law,
 Nor heard his word with reverential awe,
 11 When in the confines of the grave they lay,
 O'erwhelm'd in darkness, sunk in dire dismay ; 25
 12 When ills incessant wrung their hearts with pain,
 And death came stalking with his meagre train ;
 13 In their distress to heav'n they earnest pray'd,
 And heav'n in mercy hasten'd to their aid ; 30
 14 Bad all the terrors of their souls to cease,
 Broke off their fetters, and restor'd their peace.
 15 Then let them sing their good, their gracious God,
 And publish his beneficence abroad ;
 16 He to the captive liberty ensures, 35
 Unbinds his chains, and breaks the prison-doors.
 17 By lures of sense when men are led astray,
 And the soul dictates of their lust obey,

They

- They feel th' inflictions of his heavy wrath ;
 Some dire distemper draws them nigh to death : 40
 They relish now their luxuries no more ;
 And loath the dear-bought cates they priz'd before.
 19 But if in their distress to heav'n they pray,
 His mercy drives the foul disease away,
 20 Heals all their pains, bids new-born vigour rise,
 And firms their souls-----the dreaded spectre flies. 45
 21 Let such sing then the goodness of their God,
 And publish his beneficence abroad ;
 22 With victims croud his sacred courts, and sing
 Glad hymns of praise to their all-clement king. 50
 23 Who plough the surface of the raging main,
 And dare the fury of her waves for gain,
 24 To them his dread tremendous works appear ;
 They view his wonders in the deep with fear.
 25 At his command the stormy winds arise, 55
 And raise her foamy billows to the skies :
 26 High as the heav'ns his waves old *ocean* rears ;
 Aloft they mount, and seem to threat the stars ;
 Then sudden to the depths below subside,
 And in the horrible abyfs are hid. 60
 27 What terrors then the mariners assail,
 What killing fears o'er their sad hearts prevail,
 When, like a wretch o'erpower'd with wine, they reel,
 And the tost vessel mocks the master's skill ?
 28 But, if to heav'n in their distress they pray, 65
 He drives their dangers and their fears away,
 29 Calls off his winds, and strait allays the storm ;
 Still are th' obedient waves ; the sea grows calm ;
 30 The mariners rejoice, their terrors o'er,
 And the torn bark scuds swiftly to the shore. 70
 31 Let such sing then their good, their gracious God,
 And publish his beneficence abroad.
 32 Yes ; all ye people, all, his pow'r proclaim,
 And in the great assemblies hail his name ;
 33 'Tis he forbids the flood t' enrich the lands, 75
 And turns the living springs to barren sands ;
 34 'Tis he, when rages wickedness around,
 Curses with quick sterility the ground ;
 35 He too the desert wilds with water fills,
 And blesses thirsty soils with fruitful rills ; 80
 No more their wonted barrenness they mourn,
 But soon look gay with herbage, fruits and corn.

These

- 36 These to industrious poverty he gives ;
 The colony, by him supported, thrives ;
 Their wives, their infants, strong-built towns defend ; 85
 37 Their tilth with joy the painful farmers tend ;
 They sow the grain, they plant the fruitful vine,
 That soon repays their toil with gen'rous wine.
 38 Their God looks o'er them with protectful eye,
 Hears all their pray'rs, does ev'ry want supply ; 90
 With a fair off-spring crowns their chaste embrace,
 And gives of cattle the desir'd increase.
 39 But, when, elated with their prosp'rous fate,
 The mercies of the donor they forget,
 They heav'ns beneficence no more engage, 95
 But feel the fury of almighty rage :
 40 He gives them up to tyranny a prey,
 They soon some proud imperious prince obey ;
 Their prince and they are equally a scorn
 To realms around, and their contempt they mourn ; 100
 Stript of their wealth, they roam wild desarts o'er,
 Where human feet have never trod before.
 41 Yet still the humble and the modest mind
 A sure protection in his love shall find ;
 Secure from ills, by him they're set on high, 105
 Rewarded with a num'rous progeny.
 42 This view the righteous, and sincere rejoice,
 And to his glory tune the grateful voice ;
 While impious finners fullenly repine,
 And mock in gloomy silence truth divine. 110
 43 Whoe'er is wise, and on the blest effects
 Of heav'n's high justice seriously reflects,
 Will know, and own, that mercy, truth and love,
 Pertain to him alone, who rules above.

P S A L M CVIII.

- 1 **F**IX'D is my heart ; my heart's resolv'd, O God,
 To spread thy glory, and thy praise abroad ;
 2 Awake, my lyre-----my psaltery-----my voice-----
 At early dawn I'll in my God rejoice ;
 3 My song of thee the nations round shall hear, 5
 And, with the theme transported, thee revere.
 4 For to yon trackless clouds, yon heav'ns above
 Extend thy truth, thy clemency, thy love.
 5 Do thou, O God, exalt thy glory high ;
 Beam on th' astonish'd earth thy majesty ; 10
 O

- 6 O save the pious soul that trusts in thee,
And with thy mighty arm thy servant free.
- 7 But speaks our God-----hear all his awful words ;
(What solemn joy his heav'nly voice affords) !
" Fair *Shechem's* fertile fields thy lot shall be ; 15
" I'll mete out *Succoth's* lovely vales for thee.
- 8 " The faithful tribes of *Israel*, ar'n't they mine,
" To me confirm'd by sanctions most divine ?
- 9 " Therefore their great protector I'll be found ;
" Therefore for them I'll curb the nations round ; 20
" I'll lay them all beneath their conqu'ring feet ;
" *Idume, Moab, Palestine*, submit."
- 10 Who to yon lofty town the path will shew ?
To *Edom's* tow'ring gates our leader who ?
- 11 Say, wilt not thou, O God, tho' in thy wrath 25
Thou'st cast us off, and threatened us with death ?
Say, wilt not thou, tho' late thine anger rose,
And thou not led'st us 'gainst our haughty foes ?
- 12 But now, dread father, thy assistance give,
For vain are human aids-----they but deceive. 30
- 13 Our leader thou, intrepidly we'll fight,
We'll conquer and we'll triumph in thy might ;
Our leader thou, our haughty foes shall bleed,
And on their humbled necks we'll joyous tread.

P S A L M CIX.

- 1 **S**TRICT silence keep not, sov'reign Lord-----behold,
How impious men in horrid guilt are bold ;
- 2 What fraudulent snares against my soul they scheme,
In what calumnious terms they blast my name.
- 3 'Gainst me in causeless hatred they engage, 5
And ask my life the victim of their rage :
- 4 My proffer'd love, my friendship they oppose,
And, 'cause I'd be their friend, become my foes ;
Their hearts such vile ingratitude has sway'd,
With base returns my favours they repay'd. 10
Howe'er in pray'r to thee I solace find,
To thee who know'st each secret of my mind.
- 6 But give o'er him some cruel prince command,
Let some dire demon at his elbow stand ;
- 7 If 'fore the dread tribunal he appear, 15
Trembling, let him th' impartial sentence hear ;
The mercy of his judge may he intreat
In vain, and may his pray'r but irritate.

- 8 Few be his days, and sudden may he bleed,
 And let a stranger to his home succeed ; 20
 9 May his 'lorn widow and his orphan-race
 Be vagabonds, and roam from place to place,
 10 Beg for their bread, yet not receive relief,
 Nor one kind friend commiserate their grief ;
 11 While base extortioners his goods possess, 25
 And heirs unknown on all his treasures seize.
 12 May he and may his children plead in vain
 For mercy, and may all their suit disdain ;
 13 Nay ; let his progeny be all destroy'd,
 Sunk be his name, and his memorial void. 30
 14 Remember, Lord, th' offences of his fire,
 And let his mother's guilt increase thine ire ;
 15 'Their ev'ry crime thy piercing eyes explore,
 'Till earth shall hear their cursed names no more.
 16 For he the needy never wou'd relieve, 35
 Nor to th' afflicted kind assistance give ;
 From their petitions turn'd his face away,
 And call'd it joy the guileless soul to slay.
 17 As cursing was his dear, his sole delight,
 On his own head his imprecations light ; 40
 As never from his tongue a blessing fell,
 Let none e'er give him joy, or wish him well.
 18 As he his soul with curses has array'd,
 May they, like oil, his very bones pervade,
 Into his bowels, swift as waters, stream, 45
 And the whole man with deadly pangs enflame ;
 19 'Their dire effects O may he ever feel,
 Nor have it in his pow'r their wounds to heal.
 20 Be this, just God, their lot, that harass me,
 And vex my soul with cruel calumny. 50
 21 But me, great God, thy goodness still defend,
 And for thy mercy's sake be still my friend ;
 22 For poor I am ; in sore distress I lie ;
 Deep am I wounded ; heavily I sigh :
 23 Like a mere shadow on a summer's day, 55
 Weak and infirm, my substance wears away ;
 Tost to and fro, in devious paths I rove,
 Like locusts ranging o'er the leafy grove.
 24 My feeble limbs their wonted aid refuse,
 And all my beauty, all my strength, I lose : 60
 25 My foes with proud disdain my peace invade,
 And, scornful, shake at my distress the head.

But

- 26 But save me, Lord, and let thy servant live ;
 O let thy mercy plead ; sweet solace give ;
 27 That all may know, thy hand defends my cause, 65
 My soul her solace from thy goodness draws :
 28 With bitter imprecations while they foam,
 On me the blessings of thy mercy come ;
 While dire confusion all their peace destroy,
 O fill my faithful heart with solid joy. 70
 29 Let them who load with calumnies my fame,
 Be with dishonour cloath'd, and lost in shame.
 30 Then to my God my grateful voice I'll raise,
 And in the throng'd assemblies hymn thy praise ;
 31 Sing, how the poor are objects of thy love, 75
 How thou their strength, their great support, wilt prove ;
 How thou reliev'st them in their dire distress,
 And shield'st their pious souls, when foes oppress.

P S A L M CX.

- 1 **T**HUS to our *Christ* the Lord *Jehovah* said ;
 (Shook as he spoke th' etherial worlds with dread) ;
 " At my right hand, my best-beloved, sit,
 " Till all thine enemies shall kiss thy feet.
 2 " From *Sion's* hill to earth's extremeſt ſhore, 5
 " The rod I'll ſend, the emblem of thy pow'r ;
 " That 'mid the nations thou may'ſt hold the ſway,
 " And thy rebellious foes thy rule obey.
 3 " In joyous pomp, when thou ſhalt back return,
 " And conqueſt's ſplendid meed thy head adorn ; 10
 " The people ſhall attend with loud acclaim,
 " Shall celebrate thy deeds, and hail thy name ;
 " Thick as the ſpangles on the dewy plain,
 " Shall ſwarm the nations, and aſſert thy reign.
 4 " By his dread ſelf th' almighty Godhead ſwore ; 15
 " (And ne'er ſhalt thou his broken oath deplore)
 " That thou the royal prieſthood long ſhalt ſhare,
 " And great *Melchizedek's* high office bear ;
 " Long as ſhall beam the ſun his glad'ning light ;
 " Long as the waining moon illumines the night. 20
 5 " At thy right-hand ſhall ever ſtand the Lord,
 " And ſtrike fell tyrants with his flaming ſword ;
 6 " The impious nations all ſhall feel his wrath,
 " He dooms their proud rebellious chiefs to death ;
 7 " As he purſues, the riv'let in his way 25
 " Offers it's ſtream, his fiery thirſt t' allay ;

“ Then crown’d with conquest, strait he lifts on high
 “ His glorious head, and emulates the sky.

P S A L M CXI.

- 1 **W**ITH me, ye varied nations, hymn your God ;
 On me while life, while vig'rous health's bestow'd,
 With heart sincere his wond'rous works I'll sing,
 And 'mid the tribes chant our all-clement king.
- 2 Great are his works-----who with a humble mind 5
 Surveys them, soon their excellence will find.
- 3 O'er all his works a majesty divine,
 A bright refulgent glory constant shine ;
 O'er all his works, while glads yon sun the plains,
 Mankind shall own impartial justice reigns. 10
- 4 The wonders he in days of yore hath wrought,
 His mighty acts, shall never be forgot :
 His mercy hears the wretched in their grief,
 Compassionates their woes, and grants relief.
- 5 The righteous souls, that have his will pursued, 15
 From him have been supplied with daily food :
 His faith his people never shall upbraid,
 For long he'll keep the covenant he made.
- 6 By the illustrious deeds his hand hath done,
 To them his dread omnipotence is shewn : 20
 He drove the *beathen* from their fruitful plains,
 And blest his people with their rich domains.
- 7 Justice and truth o'er all his works preside ;
 His dread right-hand strict truth and justice guide ;
 His blest commands the strongest basis have, 25
 By truth, by justice, he delights to save ;
- 8 For ever firm, th' assaults of time are vain,
 'Gainst them, and they for ever shall remain.
- 9 In bondage most severe when *Israel* sigh'd,
 And to their God in bitter anguish cried ; 30
 He not delay'd his favour'd tribes to free,
 But promis'd them continued liberty,
 If from the paths of justice they'd not stray,
 But to his law a due attention pay ;
 For reverend and holy is his name, 35
 And strict obedience to his law he'll claim.
- 10 And sure t' observe the statutes of our God,
 'To heav'nly wisdom is the certain road ;
 By this sure rule who guides his steps, will find
 Unstain'd his conscience, and illum'd his mind ; 40
 And,

And, while this earth, and while yon heav'ns shall last,
Those, that are truly wise, pronounce him blest.

P S A L M CXII.

- 1 **T**HRI**C**E blest the man, that great *Jehovah* fears,
Observes his law, and his dread will reveres !
- 2 In honour long his progeny shall live ;
And 'mong the nations great respect receive :
- 3 His life he spends in peace, in wealth, in pow'r, 5
His name will last, when he himself's no more :
- 4 While fore distresses wicked men confound,
Our God will beam his light the just around ;
For, ever gracious, ever good, he frees, 10
The pious soul from woe, and gives her ease.
- 5 The good man's bountiful, and constant gives,
And injur'd innocence with joy relieves ;
And, with discretion while his life he guides,
His wealth he with the indigent divides.
- 6 " No storms of fate his steady soul can move," 15
His soul, that scorns the earth, and soars above :
Ne'er dark oblivion can involve his name,
Nor time itself obliterate his fame.
- 7 No dismal tidings can his heart surprize ;
Firm is his heart, and on his God relies ; 20
- 8 Firm as a rock, he dares his threat'ning foes,
For heav'n himself his sure support he knows.
- 9 The wealth that he with chearfulness bestow'd,
The kind compassion to the poor he shew'd,
His merit and his glory high will raise, 25
And propagate his name to after-days.
- 10 This views the wicked with indignant eye ;
Rank spite and envy all his peace destroy ;
He chafes, he frets, he pines, the live-long day,
And with unbated malice wastes away. 30

P S A L M CXIII.

- 1 **Y**OUR maker's praise, ye righteous souls, proclaim ;
All ye his servants, hymn his holy name ;
- 2 The name of your tremendous Lord adore,
That all to endless time may hail his pow'r ;
- 3 From morn to night, while glads the sun the day, 5
Let man the mercies of his God display ;
- His

- 4 His God, above the nations seated high,
 High in the heav'ns, enthron'd in majesty.
 5 What fancied god can with our God compare ?
 Whose throne's supported by the azure air ; 10
 6 Whose eye, all-seeing, heav'n and earth pervades,
 7 Who in their deep distress the wretched aids ;
 8 The poor who raises from his low estate,
 And, equal with proud princes, makes him great ;
 9 Who gives the sterile womb a fruitful birth ; 15
 With joy the matron brings her issue forth ;
 With joy she views her progeny around ;
 -----The praises of your God, ye just, resound.

P S A L M CXIV.

- 1 **W**HEN *Israel* to their native fields return'd,
 And left the barb'rous lands, where long they 'ad
 2 Their God protectful led them in the way, [mourn'd,
 And o'er their camp his banners did display :
 3 The troubled sea beheld him, and she fled ; 5
 Flow'd back th' affrighted *Jordan* to his head ;
 4 The lofty hills from their foundations mov'd ;
 Like sportive flocks along the plains, they rov'd.
 5 What saw the sea, that she so sudden fled ?
 Why roll'd his streams stunn'd *Jordan* to his head ? 10
 6 Why did the hills from their foundations move ?
 Why, like the flocks, along the pastures, rove ?
 7 Why ? 'Cause all earth was at his presence aw'd,
 And trembled when she saw th' almighty God ;
 8 Who turn'd the rock into a living stream, 15
 Who gave the word, and strait the waters came.

P S A L M CXV.

- 1 **N**OT to ourselves, O God, we ask a name,
 Nor want to glitter in the lists of fame ;
 To our own honour we'd no trophies raise ;
 Be thine the glory, and be thine the praise.
 2 Why shou'd the *heathen* spread their taunts abroad, 5
 And ask insulting, Where is now your God ?
 3 Where is our God ? 'Bove yon bright worlds on high,
 With glory all-array'd, with majesty ;
 His boundless pow'r o'er all the earth is known ;
 His pow'r with dire dismay they soon shall own ; 10
 Shall

- 4 Shall prove the weakness of the faith they hold
 In imag'd gods, of silver, and of gold ;
 In gods, who not their pray'rs can understand,
 But owe their being to the sculptor's hand.
 5 A mouth they have ; yet have they not a voice ; 15
 Have eyes, yet cannot in the light rejoice ;
 6 Their nostrils no rich fragrant odours taste,
 Nor with harmonious sound their ears are blest ;
 7 Their hands are uselefs, and their feet not move ;
 Speech is not theirs-----what peerlefs gods they prove ? 20
 8 Bright objects of devotion's holy flame,
 And wise are they, such deities who frame,
 And wiser still, beyond description wise,
 The man, who, on the god he makes, relies !
 9 But thou, O *Israel*, trust thou in the Lord, 25
 And he'll to thee his surest aid afford ;
 10 Ye house of *Aaron*, on your God rely,
 And in distress assistance he'll supply ;
 11 Croud, croud, ye pious souls, his sacred court,
 For he'll the righteous constantly support. 30
 12 Still mindful of his people, still he'll bless,
 And crown their days with affluence and peace.
 13 Or be they young, or old, or rich, or poor,
 They have his favour, who his name adore ;
 14 The happy objects of his love they are, 35
 And e'en their children's children prove his care.
 15 Who form'd yon heav'ns and this terrestrial ball,
 Benignly hears us, and preserves us all.
 16 The heav'ns with his own presence does he grace,
 And gives this beauteous earth to human race. 40
 17 While not the silent dead their maker praise,
 18 We'll chant his glory in sublimest lays ;
 While rolls this spacious globe, our God we'll sing,
 And hymn for ever our immortal king.

P S A L M CXVI.

- 1 **T**HE mighty God I'll love with heart unfeign'd ;
 To him in vain I never yet complain'd ;
 2 He to my mournings lent a gracious ear ;
 'Fore him I'll therefore breathe my ardent pray'r.
 3 In killing griefs, in deep distress, I lay ; 5
 Death with his horrid train beset my way ;
 I on the verge of dire destruction stood,
 4 When loudly I implor'd my gracious God ;

- “ O sov’reign Lord, my anguish’d soul relieve,
 “ Disperse my woes, and let me cease to grieve.” 10
 5 How good our God ! how ready to relieve !
 6 My woes dispers’d, he bad me cease to grieve.
 7 Therefore shall I my wonted ‘plaints forbear,
 Since not unworthy of Almighty care ;
 8 Since he of threat’ning death hath calm’d my fears, 15
 From my full eyes has wip’d away the tears,
 My feet hath strengthen’d, that I firmly tread,
 9 No more the terrors of the grave I dread ;
 But safe in his protecting love, I sing
 His praise, and to his glory strike the string. 20
 10 Sad was my soul, in deep affliction lost,
 In fears of my impending dangers tost ;
 11 “ On man ’tis fruitless to rely (I said)
 “ But heav’n is sure, if heav’n will give his aid.”
 12 His aid he gave ; he drove my griefs away ; 25
 And how shall I his clemency repay ?
 13 With rich libations I’ll my God adore,
 And hail in hymns of pious joy his pow’r ;
 14 My victims shall his hallow’d courts attend,
 And ’mid th’ assemblies ’fore his throne I’ll bend ; 30
 15 For precious in his sight the righteous are,
 He frees their souls from death, their lives from care ;
 16 Me from my bonds did he relieve, and save
 His sinking servant from the gaping grave.
 17 Therefore with thankful heart ’fore him I’ll fall, 35
 And on his honour’d name devoutly call ;
 18 Amid his people I my vows will pay,
 Hasten to his sacred dome without delay,
 My victims shall his sacred courts attend,
 And his great name I’ll praise, till time shall end. 40

P S A L M CXVII.

- 1 **Y**E nations all, howe’er dispers’d, proclaim
 Your maker’s praise, and hymn his holy name ;
 2 His goodness and his clemency relate ;
 Own, that your God is ever good, as great ;
 That firm his truth, inviolate his word----- 5
 Ye scatter’d nations, hymn the living Lord.

- 1 **O** UR sov'reign Lord, the great *Jehovah* praise,
 Ye tribes, of *Abr'ham* the distinguish'd race ;
 Blest *Aaron's* sons, that at his altar bow ;
 Ye just, whose souls with heav'nly fervour glow ;
 Sing, sing our sov'reign Lord in loftiest strains, 5
 And own, his clemency for ever reigns.
 5 To him in dire calamity I pray'd ;
 My voice he heard, and gave a speedy aid.
 6 And he my help, while he my cause sustains,
 My soul the threats of haughty man disdains ; 10
 7 And he my help, I'll on that help rely,
 While direful ruin strikes the enemy.
 8 'Tis safer far in his strong arm to trust,
 Than in the boasted strength of feeble dust ;
 9 On our great God 'tis safer to depend, 15
 Than have earth's mightiest monarch for our friend.
 10 Me tho' the nations all around assail,
 I'll in th' assistance of his hand prevail ;
 11 Let them e'en with their utmost force assail ;
 -----His mercy aids-----his *David* must prevail ; 20
 12 Tho' round me their broad banners they display,
 And swarm like bees upon a summer's day,
 By him supported, on their ranks I'll fly,
 And, spite of numbers, snatch the victory.
 13 All your attempts, ye wicked, are in vain ; 25
 The mighty God his servant will sustain ;
 14 He is my strength, the subject of my lay,
 My great salvation he, my prop, my stay ;
 15 The righteous all in my success rejoice,
 And to *Jehovah's* glory tune the voice ; 30
 16 Sing his strong arm, and his resistless hand,
 His arm, that crouded ranks in vain withstand ;
 His valiant hand, that strikes the deadly blow,
 And pours severe destruction on the foe.
 17 Fruitless thy insults, death ;-----thy shafts I dare ; 35
 Long shall I live, and heav'n's high pow'r declare ;
 18 True ; long his sad afflicting hand I bore ;
 Yet still he sav'd me from thy ruthless pow'r.
 19 Ope wide, ye holy priests, his temple-gate,
 That I may there his wond'rous works relate ; 40
 20 The gate by him belov'd, where wait the just,
 To shew in him their confidence and trust.
 21 Thee, gracious God, I'll praise, for in my grief
 My voice thou heard'st, and gav'st a quick relief.

- 22 Me from the rageful foe didst thou protect ; 45
 The stone which late the builders did reject,
 'High in the lofty fabric now is plac'd,
 And shines conspicuous, far above the rest :
- 23 So wills th' almighty Lord ; and what he wills, 50
 Our souls with wonder and with rapture fills.
- 24 Hail, happy day ! hail, bright refulgent morn !
 That to the joy of all the earth wilt dawn !
- 25 Still favour, Lord, the king thou hast ordain'd ;
 Bring all his efforts to a glorious end :
- 26 Thrice happy he, whom thou shalt send, to bless 55
 Thy favour'd people with eternal peace !
 Success attend him !-----this the pray'r of all,
 That 'fore thy altar reverently fall.
- 27 For thou art God, the only pow'r divine ; 60
 Thou bid'st thy glory on thy tribes to shine ;
 Hear this, ye righteous, and loud anthems sing ;
 And to his hallow'd dome your victims bring.
- 28 With heart, with voice, my God, will we adore
 Thy name, and sing thy praise, till time's no more :
- 29 Praise all *Jehovah* in sublimest strains ; 65
 To all eternity his mercy reigns.

P S A L M CXIX.

A L E P H.

- 1 **T**HRICE happy they, who with religious awe,
 With purest hearts, observe God's sacred law !
- 2 The way their maker teaches, who pursue,
 And to the dictates of his word are true !
- 3 Such will from ev'ry heinous crime be clear ; 5
 They keep the statutes of their God in fear.
- 4 For 'tis his will, that strictly we obey
 His blest commands, and never from them stray.
- 5 O that my ways were order'd so aright,
 That I might shew therein my high delight ! 10
- 6 If from thy precepts I forbore to part,
 No shame wou'd seize my soul, no grief my heart ;
- 7 Thy judgments when I 'ad learn'd, with conscience gay
 Thy righteous justice gladly I'd display :
- 8 Yes, Lord, thy law my constant rule I'd make ; 15
 -----O not thy servant utterly forsake.

B E T H.

- 9 How shall a young man well his conduct guide ?
 -----When heav'n's high laws o'er all his steps preside. 20

- 10 So have I ever found-----still, gracious God,
Still let me keep the same unerring road. 20
- 11 Thy word my constant inmate, Lord, hath been
To guard me from the fatal lures of sin.
- 12 Most worthy thou of praise-----preserve me still
In due obedience to thy sacred will :
- 13 That on thy law I yet may meditate ; 25
That yet my tongue thy judgments may relate.
- 14 Not wealth, not honours, such true pleasure give
As from my firm obedience I receive.
- 15 Therefore thy precepts fill my inmost thought,
My soul to rev'rence them is daily taught ; 30
- 16 Thy laws to me sincerest joy afford,
And I'll ne'er slight the dictates of thy word.

G I M E L.

- 17 To me the blessings of thy grace impart,
That still thy statutes may direct my heart ;
- 18 With thy effectual light illumine my mind, 35
That she the wonders of thy law may find ;
- 19 On earth but as a sojourner I dwell ;
Thou not thy precepts from my soul conceal.
- 20 My soul that sickens with desire to know 40
The sacred laws that from thy wisdom flow.
- 21 O thou, that, when the wicked wilful err,
Rebuk'st their pride, and strik'st their hearts with fear,
- 22 Since faithful to thy dread commands I prove,
From me contempt and calumny remove.
- 23 The great ones of the earth against me speak, 45
'Cause I thy statutes resolutely seek ;
- 24 Their obloquy I scorn-----thy statutes still
Shall guide my heart, and regulate my will.

D A L E T H.

- 25 Droops my sad soul ; she languishes in grief ;
Do thou, as thou hast promis'd, grant relief ; 50
- 26 The secrets of my heart I've not conceal'd,
But ev'ry error of my life reveal'd.
- 27 O let me then thy precepts understand ;
And sing the wonders of thy mighty hand.
- 28 With pain, with anguish, melts my soul away ; 55
But thou thy mercy in her cure display.
- 29 Let me, my lips from falshood to refrain,
A perfect knowledge in thy precepts gain.
- 30 The ways of truth, of justice, I have chose,
And thy blest judgments as my rule propose ; 60
- 31 Thy law the pleasure of my life I've made,
Let not reproach my guileless soul upbraid :

- 32 If thou my heart from all her cares wilt free,
I'll ever tread the path prescrib'd by thee.

H E.

- 33 Give me, the way of thy commands to know ; 65
The *salutary* road unto me shew ;
Them to observe, my utmost soul I'll bend,
And keep the road till life itself shall end.

- 35 Yes ; in thy statutes is my high delight ;
O guide me, lead me, that I walk aright. 70

- 36 Deaf may I prove to avarice's call,
And never in the snares of folly fall ;
But to thy precepts thou my heart incline ;
And still support me with thy pow'r divine.

- 38 Thy servant firmly on thy word relies, 75
He owns, thy judgments all are good, are wise ;
Long let him prove thy providential care,
Nor the vile calumnies of scoffers bear.

- 40 Thy law, thy precepts, will he constant love,
May he thy favour and thy mercy prove. 80

V A U.

- 41 Be mindful of thy covenant, O Lord ;
Support my soul, as promises thy word ;
42 That, when the wicked with their taunts assail,
I may 'gainst their opprobrious wrongs prevail.
43 Truth let me ever speak, and scorn a lie ; 85
For to thy justice for defence I fly.

- 44 So, long as breath inspires this vital clay,
Thy law shall I effectually obey ;
45 So, in the paths of safety I shall tread,
Still live in peace, and no misfortunes dread : 90

- 46 Thy law, thy statutes, fearless, I'll aver ;
Thy law e'en sceptre'd kings from me shall hear ;
47 Obedience to thy law my sole employ,
Thy law I'll make my only, constant joy :

- 48 Thy law I've ever lov'd, and still will love, 95
And nought on earth my fix'd resolve shall move.

Z A I N.

- 49 Remember, Lord, the promise thou hast made ;
'Tis on that promise I rely for aid ;
50 My consolation this in deep distress ;
Thy word consoles me, when my foes oppress. 100

- 51 For, when the proud with base derision wound,
Blest comfort in thy love I've ever found.

- 52 Of old thy judgments I have ne'er forgot ;
And they have cheer'd my soul, and eas'd my thought :
And,

- 53 And, tho' with horror I the wicked view,
And grieve to see the measures they pursue ; 105
54 Yet in this vale of mis'ry while I stay,
Thy law shall be the subject of my lay.
55 At night sweet solace in thy law I find,
E'en in the gloom thy name relieves my mind ; 110
56 Or night or day 'tis my continued care,
Thy name to sing, thy statutes to declare.

C H E T H.

- 57 My portion thou, my hope, my wealth, my *all*;
I'll keep thy statutes, on thy name I'll call :
58 With fervent zeal thy favour I'll intreat, 115
That thou thy promis'd mercy ne'er forget.
59 When on the conduct of my life I thought,
My soul to rev'rence thy commands, I brought ;
60 With steady feet, without the least delay,
Thy sacred will I hasten'd to obey. 120
61 The wicked pillage my domains, yet ne'er
Thy law will I forsake thro' servile fear.
62 To nobler heights I'll still my duty raise,
And rise at midnight thy blest name to praise ;
63 And they alone shall my associates prove, 125
Who keep thy precepts, and thy law who love.
64 Thou, who to man dost all his blessings give,
Grant that in this resolve I constant live.

T E T H.

- 65 Firm to thy word, good God, with joy, with peace,
Beneficent, thy servant dost thou blest. 130
66 O still, since thy commandments I believe,
A solid judgment and true knowledge give.
67 Before I was distrest, I went astray ;
But now I've steadily pursued my way.
68 Thou'rt ever good-----beneficence is thine----- 135
Direct me in the road to joys divine.
69 'Gainst me the villain-proud their slanders raise ;
But thee I'll faithful seek, and fervent praise.
70 While my delight is in thy law and thee,
Their hearts are blinded with prosperity. 140
71 Well was it then, that I distrests have known ;
Else I with them the fatal road had gone.
72 Thy law, thy statutes, to my soul appear,
More precious far, than all the world holds dear.

J O D.

- 73 My frame, O God, created by thy hand, 145
Grant me, thy perfect law to understand ;

My

- 74 My great protection thou, with heart sincere
They'll joy to see me, who thy word revere.
75 I know, O God, how just thy judgments are ;
And that I justly thy inflictions bear. 150
76 But now thy faithful promise call to mind,
And let me solace in thy mercy find.
77 Yes ; since thy statutes make my sole employ,
Let me thy blest beneficence enjoy ;
78 While perish they, who with a causeless hate
Pursue my soul, and to destroy me, wait ; 155
79 While those, who fear thee, and obey thy laws,
In friendship join me, and assist my cause ;
80 While firm my feet the paths of duty trace,
And dire confusion never shrouds my face. 160

C A P H.

- 81 For thy salvation faints my soul ; yet still
I hope, and in that hope sweet solace feel :
82 Deny their wonted aid my languid eyes ;
Yet on thy word thy servant still relies :
83 In expectation wastes my strength away ; 165
And yet I never from thy statutes stray.
84 How long must I this bitter anguish know ?
When falls thy fearful vengeance on the foe ?
85 For me the proud, who thy commands blaspheme,
Dig deep the pit, and 'gainst thy servant scheme. 170
86 Just are thy precepts, and thyself art just ;
Therefore in thee 'gainst all their wiles I trust.
87 Me to the grave their wiles had well nigh brought ;
Thy law directed still my ev'ry thought.
88 O let thy mercy then my soul revive ; 175
So I thy law shall constant keep and live.

L A M E D.

- 89 For ever firm, O God, thy word remains ;
Firm as the heav'ns what once thy will ordains ;
90 Thy faithfulness for ever is the same ;
And lasts as long as earth's establish'd frame : 180
91 What thou hast once determin'd ever stands,
For all things hear and wait thy high commands.
92 Unless thy statutes my delight had been,
This blest, this happy day, I 'ad never seen.
93 To them I owe my present prosp'rous state ; 185
Therefore thy statutes never I'll forget.
94 Thine am I, gracious God ;-----thy servant save-----
A strict regard to thy commands I have.
95 The wicked long have waited to destroy,
But still thy law shall all my hours employ : 190
Thy

96 Thy law shall to eternity have pow'r,
When earth, when time, when death itself's, no more.

M E M.

97 How does thy law my soul's affections sway,
Thy law, my meditation all the day?

98 Thy blest commands, that constant with me dwell, 195
Make me, that I mine enemies excel:

99 My mind by them illumin'd, high I soar,
'Bove those, who were my teachers heretofore.

100 Thro' them more wonders can I now descry 200
Than all the sages of antiquity.

101 Thro' them the paths to evil I've eschew'd;
Thro' them the road to happiness pursued:

102 My great instructor thou, the road I trod,
And ne'er forsook the statutes of my God.

103 O how they furnish me a sweet repast, 205
Sweeter than purest honey to the taste!

104 By them the paths to error I decline;
By them celestial wisdom now is mine.

N U N.

105 Thy word directs me, that I never stray, 210
A lamp to guide me in the perfect way.

106 I've sworn (and what I've sworn, I will observe)
That from thy judgments I will never swerve.

107 Afflicted heavily, to thee I cry;
O, mindful of thy word, swift aid supply.

108 The free-will off'ring of my mouth accept, 215
And in thy statutes thou my soul direct.

109 My soul unnumber'd perils still surround;
But on thy mercy all my hopes I found.

110 For me my impious foes have laid the snare;
Yet from thy precepts I will scorn to err. 220

111 Them, as my sole inheritance, I take;
Them, I my sole delight, my solace make.

112 Long as I live, my resolution this;
Thy law t' observe, to never act amiss.

S A M E C H.

113 Vain-glorious thoughts my strongest hatred move; 225
And only on thy law I fix my love.

114 My shield art thou, my sure, my strong defence,
Thy word, the guardian of my innocence.

115 From me depart; avaunt, ye impious croud;
For I will keep the statutes of my God. 230

116 And thou, my God, be still my powerful friend,
Nor let distracting shame my hopes attend.

The

- 117 The anchor of my hopes I'll not reject,
Secure I stand, if thou my soul protect.
118 Destroy'd are all, thy statutes that desert, 235
Their works are falsehoods all; the tricks of art :
119 Like dross, the impious dost thou sweep away;
Soon are they gone; soon finishes their day.
120 Nay too, my trembling system quakes for fear;
Left I the terrors of thy justice bear. 240

A I N.

- 121 In justice I've endeavour'd to excel;
'Gainst me let not th' oppressor's schemes prevail.
122 With thy beneficence thy servant aid,
Left foes insulting shou'd my peace invade.
123 Dim are my eyes with waiting for the hour, 245
Wherein thou wilt exert thy healing pow'r.
124 I plead thy mercy-----let thy mercy sway;
I only ask thy precepts to obey.
125 Myself thy servant humbly I confess;
My prostrate soul with heav'nly wisdom blest. 250
126 'Tis time, O Lord, that thou assert thy cause;
For lo! the wicked have made void thy laws:
127 While I of nobler price thy precepts deem,
Than all the glitter grovelling souls esteem:
128 Thy law I rev'rence, and thy name adore, 255
And all false ways I utterly abhor.

P E.

- 129 Thy laws are wonderful, beyond compare;
'Tis therefore they're the objects of my care.
130 His mind's enlighten'd, who thy word receives;
Thy word blest knowledge to the simple gives. 260
131 Thy pow'rful word so much my soul desir'd;
My breath heav'd short, and almost I expir'd.
132 All-gracious, view me with that eye benign,
With which thou wontest on the just to shine.
133 Me in my conduct by thy word sustain, 265
That no base passion o'er my soul may reign.
134 From vile injurious pride preserve me free;
So shall I keep thy law, and reverence thee.
135 On me the glories of thy face display,
And teach me to walk steady in thy way. 270
136 Incessant streams flow from my weeping eyes,
'Cause poor mistaken men thy law despise.

T S A D E.

- 137 Impartial justice, Lord, directs thy pow'r,
Justice divine the wicked shall deplore:

And

- 138 And all the laws thou'lt given us to observe
Teach us, that thou wilt ne'er from justice swerve. 275
- 139 What anguish pains my soul, because my foes
Forget thy word, and thy commands oppose?
- 140 Yet purer still thy word than purest gold;
Close to my heart thy word I therefore hold. 280
- 141 Poor tho' I am, tho' had in vilest scorn,
Yet from thy precepts I'll disdain to turn.
- 142 With killing griefs I struggle day and night;
Still in thy law I find sincere delight.
- 143 Thy sacred law shall time assault in vain;
When time's no more, thy justice shall remain; 285
- 144 Thy justice to eternity shall live-----
The pow'r to know thy will, dread father, give.
K O P H.

- 145 With faithful heart to thee, O God, I pray;
That I may never from thy statutes stray. 290
- 146 Me with thy gracious mercy still protect;
And ne'er shall I thy sacred law reject.
- 147 E'er dawns the day, is this my constant pray'r,
And this my hope I faithfully declare:
- 148 When glooms the night, I thus thy pow'r intreat,
And, wakeful, on thy law I meditate. 295
- 149 My voice, all-gracious God, benignly hear;
Give me, my life to govern by thy fear.
- 150 The impious croud that not on thee rely,
That sport with mischief, draw alas! too nigh: 300
- 151 But nearer thou; on thee will I depend;
Truth, equity, and judgment, thee attend.
- 152 Thy holy law, O God, I've known of old,
Thy law that lasts, till time's last hour is told.

R E S H.

- 153 My griefs consider, and thy servant free;
Thy law I've not forgot; but trust in thee. 305
- 154 Plead thou my cause; in safety bid me live;
And, as thou'lt promis'd long, my soul revive.
- 155 Salvation to the wicked thou'lt deny;
Thy law they scorn, nor on thy pow'r rely. 310
- 156 O let me long in peace enjoy the day;
Thy mercies, Lord, no numbers can display.
- 157 Many are they, that 'gainst my life combine;
Yet ne'er from thy commandments I decline.
- 158 I view'd the vile transgressors with regret,
'Cause thy dread statutes they wou'd still reject. 315
- 159 O thou consider, how thy law I love,
And to my faithful soul benignant prove.

160 True from the first thy word has ever been ;
True to eternal ages shall remain.

320

S C H I N.

161 With causeless hate proud tyrants have oppress ;
But on thy word my soul shall ever rest.

162 Thy word to me more solid joy does yield,
Than e'en the richest plunder of the field.

163 Odious unto my soul base liars prove,
But thy blest law with ardency I love.

325

164 Seven times a day to thee my voice I raise ;
Seven times a day I celebrate thy praise.

165 What joys on all that love thy statutes, wait ?
No heavy cares disturb their happy state.

330

166 For thy salvation long I've waited, Lord,
And therefore was I govern'd by thy word :

167 Observant of thy law I've constant prov'd ;
Thy sacred precepts I've sincerely lov'd ;

168 Obedience to thy will I've ever shewn-----
But thou my soul's most secret thoughts hast known.

335

T A U.

169 O hear me, gracious, when I thee address ;
My soul, O God, with heav'nly wisdom blest.

170 Let my complaint pervade thy pitying ear ;
With mercy, Lord, as thou hast promis'd, hear.

340

171 Then, when thou'st made me perfect in thy ways,
My glowing lips shall utter all thy praise ;

172 My tongue the mysteries of thy word shall sing,
For all thy laws from truth, from justice, spring.

173 On thy right hand secure let me repose,
For I thy precepts for my guides have chose.

345

174 To me thy laws sincerest joy afford,
And long I've waited thy salvation, Lord.

175 Still grant me life, that I thy praise may tell,
And in obedience of thy precepts dwell.

350

176 Seek me, O God, as seeks the swain his stray,
And never more I'll wander from my way.

P S A L M CXX.

1 **W**HEN foes with cruel hate beset me round,
My fame when impious tongues with slander wound,
Quite destitute of aid, to thee I fly,

To thee, dread father, and thou hear'st my cry.

2 O thou, who art to simple truth a friend,

And dost the honest, guileless heart defend,

5

From

- From fland'rous lips and undermining tongues
Relieve my soul, and chase away her wrongs.
- 3 Ye villain-herd, who thus assault my fame,
Your tongues more fatal than devouring flame, 10
Who wound more deep with your invenom'd words,
Than pointed arrows, or than keenest swords;
What sudden vengeance shall your souls await;
What dreadful judgments shall I deprecate?
- 5 Alas! the fatal miseries I feel, 15
Amid the hostile croud constrain'd to dwell,
With men, who to humanity are lost;
And all their cruelties for virtues boast!
- 6 For blood they thirst, and wars and rapines please,
Nor have they joy in the delights of peace; 20
- 7 Fair peace they hate; from her embrace they fly;
War fills their thought, and furnishes their joy.

P S A L M CXXI.

- 1 **W**HEN cruel foes with causeless malice arm,
And strike my harast soul with dread alarm,
Around the neighb'ring hills I'll cast mine eye;
They haply may immediate aid supply.
- 2 Yet sure our God, of heav'n, of earth, dread Lord, 5
In my distress will quick relief afford;
- 3 Nor thou, my soul, be lost in empty fear;
Thy God, to heal thy griefs, is ever near;
His eye, thy heav'nly guard, will never close,
- 4 Nor asks, like feeble mortals, soft repose. 10
- 5 Anigh thee, see, thy great preserver stands,
And o'er thy head his shelt'ring wings expands;
- 6 By day he shades thee from the scorching sun;
By night defends thee from the baleful moon:
- 7 At home thy sure protector he'll be found; 15
In vain insidious foes thy home surround;
Abroad he shields thee, or in peace or war;
He watches o'er thee with a father's care;
In ev'ry exigence thy life defends-----
Thy God's protecting mercy never ends. 20

P S A L M CXXII.

- 1 **O** BRIGHT, O glorious day! resplendent morn!
With what a beamy lustre dost thou dawn?
What joy pervades my soul, the tribes to see
In pious throngs, dear *Salem*, visit thee?

- 2 I too with them will croud thy sacred gate ; 5
 To join the joyous tribes I earnest wait ;
- 3 Yes ; thee I'll visit-----thy bright domes arise
 In fair proportion, equal with the skies :
 Fruitless th' attempt, in numbers to express
 Thy lofty tow'rs and stately palaces. 10
- 4 Approach thy gates on this appointed day
 The faithful tribes, their stated vows to pay,
 Their annual rites t' observe ; in tuneful lays,
 In rapt'rous hymns, to sing *Jehovah's* praise.
- 5 In thee hath judgment fix'd her awful seat ; 15
 Thee has *Jessides* made his blest retreat ;
 From his high throne he hears the orphan's cause,
 Condemns oppression, and supports the laws.
- 6 O favour'd city ! long may downy peace, 20
 May ev'ry joy, thy happy people bless !
 May heav'n it's choicest gifts on thee bestow ;
 Around thy plains eternal plenty flow !
 May that dread pow'r, who long thy sacred hill
 Hath chose for his abode, protect thee still.

P S A L M CXXIII.

- 1 **O** THOU, who hast o'er all eternal sway,
 Whose throne is heav'n, and whom the worlds obey ;
 When griefs distress, when foes around me rise,
 To thy paternal love I lift mine eyes.
- 2 As with attentive eye the slave observes 5
 His master's beck, nor from his duty swerves ;
 As views the maid her mistress' nod with care,
 That she her favour and her love may share ;
 So wait our eyes on our all-clement Lord,
 Till he his blest beneficence afford. 10
- 3 E'en now assist us, and our griefs remove ;
 Mere objects of reproach, of scorn, we prove ;
 Our foes insult us, and our griefs deride,
 And utter their contempt with killing pride ;
 Our anguish'd souls their insolence can't bear,----- 15
 Have mercy, Lord, and our confusion spare.

P S A L M CXXIV.

- 1 **O** UR cause if heav'n's high king (may *Israel* say)
 Had not supported on that doubtful day ;
- 2 For us had he not fought, when haughty foes
 In all their wrath and all their fury rose ;

When

- 3 When they so thirsted for our guiltless blood,
We ne'er their cruel frenzy had withstood. 5
- 4 Like fierce impetuous floods that break their mounds,
And deluge with their sudden waves the grounds,
On us they 'ad fall'n, and swept us clean away,
Our wives, our infants, and our lands, their prey. 10
- 6 But everlasting praise attend our God !
From him our safety in our danger flow'd :
- 7 By him deliver'd from their toils we are,
As scapes the sparrow from the fowler's snare ;
- 8 On his strong arm we still depend for aid ; 15
On his alone, who heav'n, who earth, hath made.

P S A L M CXXV.

- 1 **O**N great *Jehovah* who in faith rely,
Shall firmly stand, like *Sion* seated high ;
In vain 'gainst *Sion's* mount the winds arise ;
She braves their fury, and the storm defies.
- 2 As round *Jerusalem* the hills extend, 5
And by their natural strength the town defend ;
So guards his tribes *Jehovah* with his pow'r ;
They never long his wanted aid deplore.
- 3 Long as his people to their God are true,
Them shall the impious nations ne'er subdue, 10
O'er them ne'er exercise despotic sway,
Nor lure their souls from his dread laws to stray.
- 4 To them, O Lord, who duly rev'rence thee,
Whose hearts are upright, shew thy clemency ;
- 5 But all who deviate from thy sacred law, 15
Whose souls are sinful, with thy judgments awe ;
While blest tranquility in *Salem* reigns,
And peace and plenty crown her flow'ry plains.

P S A L M CXXVI.

- 1 **W**HEN God all-clement heard his people's cries,
And freed them from their galling miseries ;
When he redeem'd them with his mighty hand,
And safe-restor'd them to their native land ;
'Twixt hope and fear distracted, long they seem 5
Like men awaking from an irksome dream ;
- 2 Then were their sorrows into laughter turn'd ;
They then rejoic'd as much as late they mourn'd ;
Dried were their tears-----'twas all one scene of joy ;
While hymns of gratitude their tongues employ. 10

Nor

- Nor less astonish'd at the great event
 The *heathen* were, and murmur'd discontent :
What wonders hath their God perform'd ? they cry ;
 3 Wonders indeed ! we therefore shout for joy.
 4 And thou our brethren, gracious God, restore ; 15
 In their hard bondage let them sigh no more ;
 Let them return, and fill the crouded road ;
 As, when the south-wind blows, the rapid flood
 Disdains confinement, and breaks down it's mounds,
 And the whole plain in one wide deluge drowns. 20
 5 Who trusts his grain unto a barren soil,
 Anxious he fears, 'twill not repay his toil ;
 But if glad rains a plenteous crop produce,
 What sudden transports o'er his soul diffuse ?
 6 So we, from exile happily return'd, 25
 Where long our fetters and our woes we 'ad mourn'd ;
 Re seated in our native fields, are gay,
 And our deliv'rer's clemency display ;
 Ourselves to life, to liberty, restor'd,
 We, raptur'd, sing the mercies of our Lord. 30

P S A L M CXXVII.

- 1 **T**HE great design if not *Jehovah* blest,
 Vainly we scheme the lofty dome to raise ;
 Nor wakeful guards the city can secure,
 If not protected by Almighty pow'r.
 2 If heav'n not man in all his toil sustain, 5
 He rises early to his work in vain,
 In vain he to his rest does late repair,
 And eat the bread of weariness and care.
 But heav'n your friend, your schemes have sure success,
 Prosp'rous your labours, and you sleep in peace. 10
 3 He shew's eternal blessings on your head,
 Crowns with a num'rous race the genial bed :
 With infant prate, diverting cares away,
 Around your board the dear-lov'd striplings play.
 4 And Oh ! what nobler blessings can afford 15
 To his lov'd servants our indulgent Lord ?
 The warrior boasts not in the dusty field
 So sure a buckler, nor so firm a shield.
 5 Happy the man, whose sons defend his life ! 20
 They're arms, that fail not in the day of strife ;
 Afore the judge when cited to appear,
 He'll not his wily adversary fear.

P S A L M CXXVIII.

- 1 **H**E's trebly blest, who dreads th' omniscient God,
And in his perfect way with fear has trod.
- 2 Himself and his-----kind providence's care;
The produce of his hands he long shall share.
- 3 His wife, chaste object of his faithful loves, 5
Fills all his wishes, and his joys improves;
Like beauteous olives in a fruitful soil,
His children croud his board, and crown his toil.
- 4 Thus blest he lives-----his God will still bestow;
Still from his God incessant bounties flow; 10
And, more t' enhance his happiness, he sees
His country blest with opulence and peace;
- 6 He sees his own and country's welfare join'd,
While fond parental transports fill his mind;
He sees his race of ev'ry good possest, 15
Thanks his kind God, and dies supremely blest.

P S A L M CXXIX.

- 1 **F**ULL oft (may *Israel* say) invet'rate foes,
E'en from our infant-state, have causeless rose;
- 2 Full oft our peace, our lives, have they assail'd;
But never yet their villain-schemes prevail'd;
- 3 Oft heavy burthens on our backs they've laid; 5
And with their barb'rous cruelties dismay'd.
- 4 But heav'n is ever just-----our bonds he broke,
And freed his people from the galling yoke.
- 5 May sure confusion and vain hopes await
The impious nations that our *Sion* hate: 10
- 6 Wither like grass on lofty roofs, our foes;
Like grass that never to perfection grows;
- 7 Which, lest the pastime of the wanton wind,
The mower scorns, nor will the gleaners bind;
- 8 Which views the trav'ler with a careless eye, 15
Nor craves a blessing, as he passes by.

P S A L M CXXX.

- 1 **S**UNK in the depths of woe, to thee I cried,
On thee, my God, in all my griefs relied;
- 2 " O hear me, Lord; attend my humble pray'r;
" The sad complainings of thy servant hear.
- 3 " If thou, vindictive, not our crimes forgive, 5
" Ah! who can bear the dread award and live?

" But

- 4 " But still, our hearts to gratitude to move,
 " Thy dear, thy darling attribute is love.
 5 " In thy sure word my only hope I place,
 " And wait the mercy of thy promis'd grace. 10
 6 " As longs the watchman for the morning light,
 " Tir'd with the tedious duty of the night ;
 " My anguish'd soul, o'erwhelm'd in misery,
 " Asks for thy presence, Lord, and burns for thee."
 7 Hope in the Lord, ye just ; his mercy still 15
 Redeems from woe, when we obey his will ;
 8 From all her crimes the spotted soul he'll clear,
 Disperse each danger, and dispel each fear.

P S A L M CXXXI.

- 1 **G**OOD God, I am not insolent and high,
 Nor view inferiours with a lofty eye ;
 On wings of wild ambition I not soar,
 Nor things, too deep for human skill, explore.
 2 Humble and meek as is a new-wean'd child, 5
 Still my behaviour's affable and mild ;
 Not on myself I, arrogant, rely,
 But to the refuge of thy mercy fly.
 3 And you, ye pious tribes, learn this from me ;
 The noblest merit is humility ; 10
 Not on yourselves, but on your God, depend,
 And he will ever, ever be your friend.

P S A L M CXXXII.

- 1 **R**EMEMBER, Lord, the toils that *David* bore ;
 The woes for thee he suffer'd heretofore ;
 2 Remember too, how solemnly he vow'd,
 The sacred oath he took to *Jacob's* God !
 3 " My house (he said) shall not receive it's Lord ; 5
 " Rest to my wearied limbs shall not afford
 " My downy bed ; sweet sleep shall not surprize,
 " With all it's flatt'ring lures, my drowsy eyes ;
 " Till first I know, a temple where to raise,
 " To his tremendous name, and fix the place." 10
 6 This honour had I to my natal plains
 Design'd ; but he, who o'er our actions reigns,
 Did to my duteous soul himself reveal
 The happy region, where he chose to dwell.
 7 Come then, ye tribes, with me your God attend, 15
 And in his temple 'fore his altar bend ;

And

- 8 And thou, eternal God, propitious, deign
With thy bright presence to illumine the fane ;
- 9 Bless there thy priests in their devout employ,
And let the pious soul exult with joy. 20
- 10 If e'er thy *David* with a heart sincere
To thee hath breath'd his unpolluted pray'r,
E'en he, whom thou'st adorn'd with regal sway ;
Receive the vows his off-spring there shall pay.
- 11 Oft hast thou solemn sworn, almighty Lord, 25
(And time shall cease ere thou forget thy word)
" Thy progeny I'll on the throne maintain,
" And they for ever o'er my tribes shall reign ;
- 12 " If still thy children will my laws obey,
" Nor from the perfect rule I give them, stray ; 30
" Their children shall possess the regal pow'r,
" Their children's children, e'en till time's no more.
- 13 " On *Sion's* hill I've fix'd my own abode ;
- 14 " *Sion's* the favour'd mansion of her God.
- 15 " With plenty her inhabitants I'll bless, 35
" And crown her fertile plains with rich increase :
- 16 " I to her priests will ev'ry grace impart,
" And fill with solid joy each pious heart.
- 17 " From *David's* loins a mighty chief shall spring,
" Whom all the realms around shall own their king ; 40
" Whose noble deeds shall grace the royal line,
" Whose glorious light o'er all the earth shall shine :
- 18 " His enemies shall view him with regret ;
" While shame and infamy their souls await :
" Long shall he reign, and have a deathless name, 45
" And everlasting time record his fame."

P S A L M CXXXIII.

- 1 **T**HE mind sublimer pleasure ne'er receives,
Nor earth a more delightful prospect gives,
Than when good men their faithful friendship prove
By cordial amity and mutual love.
- 2 'Tis like the oils, that, pour'd on *Aaron's* head, 5
On his hoar beard their fragrant odours shed ;
And to his flowing robe's extremest hem,
Diffusing rich perfumes around him, stream :
- 3 Or like the pearly dew the heav'ns distil 10
On *Sion's* mount, or *Hermon's* flow'ry hill.
For where firm union reigns, celestial peace,
With all her balmy sweets, their souls will bless ;

U

On

On them all blessings of this life attend,
And in sincerest joy their hours they spend.

P S A L M CXXXIV.

- 1 **Y**E priests, by night that in his temple wait,
The praises of your gracious God repeat ;
2 To him your hands in adoration raise,
And mingle humble worship with your praise.
3 So he, yon starry heav'ns, this earth who made,
And shields his favour'd *Sion* with his aid,
With eye benign your holy transports view,
And all the blessings of his love bestow.

P S A L M CXXXV.

- 1 **A**LL you, who in his sacred courts attend,
With humble awe who 'fore his altars bend,
Sing, sing the praises of the mighty God,
And publish his tremendous acts abroad.
2 Yes ; praise his mercy in sublimest strains ;
O'er the wide universe supreme he reigns ;
What nobler subject can the soul employ ?
What fill the heart with more exalted joy ?
4 'Bove all the various nations that possess
This spacious globe, his *Israel* does he bless ;
Our happy tribes have long his goodness known ;
Our tribes he made peculiarly his own.
5 Say, hath he not omnipotence display'd ?
Can all the gods that human pride has made,
That impious nations stupidly adore,
With him compare in majesty and pow'r ?
6 Awful he wills-----lo ! heav'ns and seas and lands
Obey submissive his supreme commands ;
His dread behest the deep obedient hears ;
The dark abyss her maker's voice reveres.
7 He bids the vapours from the earth arise,
And fills with genial rain the azure skies ;
His forky lightnings on the rain attend,
And, rapid, in vast sheets of flame descend ;
The winds are his ; his mandate when they hear,
They burst their prison-doors, and sweep the air.
8 Thou, faithless *Egypt*, thou his wonders saw ;
He struck thy *Pharaoh*'s harden'd heart with awe ;
Trembled thy chiefs when they at dawn beheld
Their noblest herds and flocks bestrew the field ;
And with what killing anguish did they sigh
To see their best-belov'd, their first-born die ?

Great

- 10 Great nations by his arm did he subdue ;
 He mighty kings with all their armies slew ;
 11 Enormous *Og*, proud *Bashan's* plains who sway'd, 35
 Dread *Sihon*, whom the *Amorites* obey'd ;
 The haughty princes that in *Canaan* reign'd,
 And o'er her fertile plains sweet rule maintain'd :
 12 Their lands to *Israel's* faithful race he gave ;
 Their lands new masters and new laws receive ; 40
 For ever ours, while we with holy fear
 The sacred dictates of his will revere.
 13 O mighty God, how glorious is thy name ?
 Eternal ages shall thy pow'r proclaim ;
 14 Just art thou, Lord-----the humbled proud shall own, 45
 Th' exalted poor, that truth supports thy throne.
 15 With thee compar'd, the heathen gods how vain ?
 What *bright*, what *glorious* deities they feign ?
 Poor imag'd *nothings*, form'd of shining clay,
 To whom their stupid vot'ries fruitless pray ! 50
 16 Mouths, true ! they have, yet have they not a voice ;
 Have eyes, yet cannot in the light rejoice ;
 17 Their nostrils no rich fragrant odours taste,
 Nor with the pow'rs of speech their tongues are blest :
 18 Bright objects of devotion's holy flame ! 55
 And wise are they, such deities who frame !
 And wiser still, beyond description wise,
 The man, who on the god he makes, relies !
 19 Ye happy tribes, from faithful *Abr'ham* sprung,
 Ye priests, that to his hallow'd dome belong, 60
 And also all, who, struck with pious fear,
 With duteous hearts the sov'reign Lord revere,
 21 Praise him, the God, on *Sion's* sacred hill,
 In *Salem's* temple, who delights to dwell.

P S A L M CXXXVI.

- 1 **I**N joyous hymns and in sublimest lays,
 The God of gods, the great *Jehovah* praise,
 The God, o'er mighty kings dread Lord alone,
 Who such stupendous miracles has done :
 For great his mercy ; equal with his pow'r ; 5
 Lasts his beneficence, till time's no more.
 5 'Twas he by his creating hand brought forth,
 From *nought*, yon worlds above, this spacious earth ;
 This earth did for his fav'rite, man, provide,
 And bad the waters to their depths subside ; 10

- Great is his mercy, equal with his pow'r;
 Lasts his beneficence, till time's no more.
- 7 'Twas he that fix'd the radiant lights on high,
 With their bright blaze t' illume the azure sky;
 That gave the sun to shed his beams by day, 15
 The moon to bless the night with milder ray;
 Great is his mercy, equal with his pow'r;
 Lasts his beneficence, till time's no more.
- 10 When *Israel* in *Egyptian* bondage sigh'd,
 By him the first-born of their tyrants died; 20
 He led his people from the faithless land,
 By his strong arm and his Almighty hand:
 Great is his mercy, equal with his pow'r;
 Lasts his beneficence, till time's no more.
- 13 He bad the sea her turbid waves divide; 25
 Her waves a rampier form'd on either side;
 Safely we pass, and gain the welcome coast,
 While *Pharaoh* and his threat'ning bands are lost;
 Great is his mercy, equal with his pow'r;
 Lasts his beneficence, till time's no more. 30
- 16 Thro' the dry desert he his people led,
 Slew mighty kings, and all their hosts dismay'd;
 Great *Sihon* whom the *Amorites* obey'd,
 And valiant *Og*, that *Basban's* warriors sway'd;
 Great is his mercy, equal with his pow'r; 35
 Lasts his beneficence, till time's no more.
- 21 On *Israel* he their fruitful lands bestow'd,
 That they might ever serve their gracious God;
 And still, when in distress to him they cry,
 Swift he redeems them from the enemy; 40
 Great is his mercy, equal with his pow'r;
 Lasts his beneficence, till time's no more.
- 25 On him depend the nations all for bread,
 All by the bounty of his love are fed;
 O'er heav'ns above, o'er earth beneath, he reigns; 45
 Praise all their maker in exalted strains;
 For great his mercy, equal with his pow'r;
 Lasts his beneficence, till time's no more.

P S A L M CXXXVII.

- 1 WHILE in sad anguish, *Babylon*, we sat
 By thy *Euphrates'* stream, and mourn'd our fate,
 Bewail'd our killing griefs, our galling chains,
 And, fruitless, call'd to mind our natal plains,
 Those plains, alas! we fear'd to see no more,
 What tongue can speak the cruel pangs we bore? 5
 Our

- 2 Our harps, that wont to tune our maker's praise,
That sweetly answer'd to our joyous lays,
Our idle harps, that long had been unstrung,
Then silent, on the mournful willows hung. 10
- 3 'Twas then our tyrants thus their taunts exprest;
(E'en they who laid our glorious *Salem* waste)
"Now tune your voices to the heav'nly strains
"That us'd to glad your hearts on *Judah's* plains."
- 4 Shall *Babylon* our heav'nly anthems hear, 15
The praises of our God, with impious sneer?
Shall they with blasphemy our songs deride,
While thus we sing to sooth their barb'rous pride?
- 5 O dear-lov'd *Salem*, if I thee forget, 20
And that bright hill, where fix'd our God his seat;
If I not thee 'bove ev'ry good desire,
May then my hand forget to tune the lyre;
May fail my voice, when I, as wont, wou'd sing
My daily hymns to our Almighty king.
Nor thou, *Jehovah*, thou forget the wrongs, 25
That fell from *Edom's* vile invenom'd tongues;
When with unbated malice they egg'd on
The rageful foe to raze the sacred town.
- 8 Thou too, O *Babylon*, thy fate shalt mourn, 30
And sure destruction waits thee in thy turn;
Happy is he, who in our cause shall rise,
And well repay thy horrid cruelties!
- 9 Happy, who, deaf unto the matron's moans,
Shall dash thy tender infants 'gainst the stones!

P S A L M CXXXVIII.

- 1 DAUNTLESS, thy pow'r I'll sing in noblest lays;
'Fore earth's proud tyrants thee, my God, I'll praise.
- 2 To thy blest temple I my eyes will turn,
That hallow'd dome thy presence does adorn;
Thy truth, thy mercy, and thy love proclaim, 5
And celebrate in tuneful hymns thy name.
- 3 To thee I plain'd, and thou didst hear my cry;
Didst to my trembling soul due strength supply.
- 4 Earth's sceptred kings when they thy word shall hear, 10
With humble rev'rence shall thy praise declare;
- 5 Thy law shall own, thy mighty name adore,
And sing the awful glories of thy pow'r.
- 6 Tho' seated high on his ethereal throne,
Yet on the lowly looks *Jehovah* down;
And, while the proud disdainful heart he scorns, 15
The poor he loves, and, gracious, to him turns. Me

- 7 Me tho' a thousand dangers shou'd surround,
 Tho' arm ten thousand foes, my soul to wound ;
 From him I swift deliv'rance shou'd receive,
 And, free from peril, in his mercy live. 20
- 8 His great beneficence he 'as ever shewn,
 He, that will perfect what he 'as once begun ;
 His humble servant, faithful, he protects,
 And ne'er the work of his own hand rejects.

P S A L M CXXXIX.

- 1 **'F**ORE thee, O gracious God, I stand confest ;
 Thou view'st the inmost secrets of my breast ;
- 2 Whate'er my heart conceives, my hands have done,
 Howe'er from man conceal'd, to thee is known :
- 3 My night's repose, the travail of my days, 5
 Thy wisdom searches, and thy eye surveys :
- 4 Nor from my tongue drops one unheeded word,
 But strait thou hear'st it, O omniscient Lord :
- 5 Whate'er I am, my frame, behind, before,
 Is all the bright exertion of thy pow'r. 10
- 6 Such knowledge far transcends the narrow bounds
 Of human lore, and all our pride confounds.
- 7 O how shall I thy awful presence shun ?
 To what dark corner from thy spirit run ?
- 8 If I ascend to yon celestial sphere, 15
 Lo ! thou in dreadful majesty art there :
 To hell's drear shade if I direct my road,
 E'en there I find the omnipresent God.
- 9 Me with her roseate car if morn supply,
 And to the limits of the west I fly ; 20
- 10 'Tis vain ; still in thy presence I shall stand,
 Expos'd to all the thunder of thy hand.
- 11 Say, shall I hide me in the gloomy night ?
 Alas ! thy presence makes the darkness light ;
 Thy presence drives the darkness far away ; 25
 With thee there's no alternate night and day.
- 12 Thou form'st the close recesses of the mind,
 And in those close recesses thee I find :
 When a rude embryo in the womb I lay,
 Thou gav'st a cov'ring to my growing clay. 30
- 13 The perfect model of my frame displays
 Thy wond'rous wisdom, and extorts my praise ;
 My mind runs o'er thy works with awe unfeign'd,
 And owns the pow'r she cannot comprehend :
- 14 Owns, when at first in secret I was made, 35
 Thine eye the gloomy dwelling did pervade ;
 To

- To forming nature was the certain guide,
And o'er the curious texture did preside.
- 16 Thou knew'st me, Lord, while yet my limbs were nought,
For in thy book my formless limbs were wrote ; 40
And, 'fore they were, thy wonder-working mind
Their various pow'rs, their stated hours, design'd.
- 17 This when my soul revolves, in wild amaze
She's lost, and can but offer up her praise ;
And vainly she attempts to number o'er 45
The dread stupendous wonders of thy pow'r :
- 18 For with much greater ease I'd count the sand
Which cast the flowing tides upon the strand,
E'en tho' I should eternal vigils keep,
And ne'er indulge my eyes in balmy sleep. 50
- 19 O when wilt thou the impious race destroy,
Whose thirst is blood, and *homicide* their joy ;
- 20 Who with their villain-tongues thy works blaspheme,
And, wanton in their guilt, profane thy name ?
- 21 Say, are not they the objects of my hate, 55
Who dare thy sacred statutes violate ?
Count I not them among my enemies,
Who thee blaspheme, and thy dread pow'r despise ?
- 22 Yes ; sure I hate them, nor my friends shall be
The impious crouds, who dare dishonour thee ? 60
- 23 O search, all-clement God, my honest mind ;
Thou'lt still thy love my *ruling passion* find :
- 24 If with the wicked I thy laws contemn,
Consign me to eternal woes with *them* ;
If with the righteous I thy laws obey, 65
Guide me with *them* to everlasting day.

P S A L M CXL.

- 1 **P**RESERVE me, Lord, from that insidious croud,
Those cruel foes, who've long my death pursued,
- 2 Who mischiefs 'gainst me constantly prepare,
Threaten my ruin, and denounce a war :
- 3 Whose tongues their deadly slanders scatter round, 5
And far more deeply than a viper wound :
- 4 Defend me from their villainous deceit,
And shield me from the violence they threat.
- 5 For my poor soul in ambuscade they lie,
And hope t' ensnare me by their treachery. 10
- 6 But thou, whom long my only strength I've made,
Hear, when I pray, and hasten to my aid ;
- 7 My great salvation thou, my Lord, my God ;
Oft hast thou aid in doubtful times bestow'd. Now

- 8 Now too, make all their hopes, their counsels void, 15
 Their souls infatuate, and confound their pride.
 9 On their own heads fall all their killing wrongs ;
 Wound their own souls the arrows of their tongues :
 10 From heav'n pour down thy dread consuming fire ; 20
 Deep in th' avenging flame let them expire ;
 11 Drive false detractors from our earth away,
 And in their horrid fate thy pow'r display.
 12 Thou wilt, I know, griev'd innocence sustain :
 To thee the injur'd ne'er apply in vain.
 13 Therefore the righteous in thy presence dwell, 25
 Sing to thy name, and all thy praises tell.

P S A L M CXLII.

- 1 **T**O thee, all-clement God, I constant cry ;
 O hear me, and immediate aid supply :
 2 'Fore thee in pray'r when thy griev'd servant falls,
 And on thy name with hands uplifted calls ;
 Hear him, as when with incense he adores, 5
 And the pure off'ring on thy altar pours.
 3 By thy dread fear be still my tongue restrain'd,
 Guard close my lips, that I not thee offend :
 4 Preserve me steady in the perfect road,
 That I with sinners ne'er blaspheme my God ; 10
 Never with them in horrid guilt combine,
 But in their impious off'rings scorn to join.
 5 Me rather smite the righteous and reprove ;
 I'll count it all the kind result of love ;
 More welcome this, than when in flatt'ring guise, 15
 With soothing speech, deceitful men entice.
 6 When fall the wicked from their high estate,
 And mourn their sad vicissitude of fate ;
 May they reflect, how friendly I advis'd,
 The wholesome warnings that they late despis'd. 20
 7 For me, thro' terror of impending death,
 Hang loose my shatter'd bones, and faint I breathe ;
 My bones are shatter'd like the tumbling oak,
 That mourns it's honours fall'n, it's branches broke..
 8 But thou, almighty God, that rul'st on high, 25
 Thou art my hope ; I on thy aid rely :
 9 Defend my life from each insidious snare,
 From all the toils my cruel foes prepare :
 10 Let me escape, while I, enraptur'd, see
 Those foes destroy'd thro' their own perfidy.

P S A L M CXLII.

- 1 **W**ITH ardent voice unto the Lord I cry ;
 With uplift hands implore his clemency.
- 2 To him lay open all my secret grief,
 And in sad anguish beg his swift relief.
- 3 While in the depths of woe, O God, I lay, 5
 Thou know'st how firm I trod the perfect way ;
 Thou know'st how my inhuman foes prepar'd
 Their toils, thy faithful servant to 've ensnar'd.
- 4 I look'd for aid, but no kind friend was near ;
 No friend, my faint and sinking soul to cheer ; 10
 No faithful friend to curb my cruel foes,
 To stem the torrent, and their wrongs t' oppose.
- 5 'Twas then, thy mercy I invok'd, O Lord,
 Call'd thee my refuge, and thy aid implor'd,
 Resolv'd, while life thou gav'st me to enjoy, 15
 On thee and thy protection to rely.
- 6 O hear me now, for I'm in great distress,
 With killing wrongs the men of blood oppress.
- 7 From the drear prison thou thy servant raise,
 That he thy great, thy glorious name may praise ; 20
 That thee the righteous may in hymns extol ;
 The God whose goodness guards the humble soul.

P S A L M CXLIII.

- 1 **O** SOV'REIGN Lord, my suppliant plainings hear ;
 Give to my mournful plea a list'ning ear ;
 Thy wonted faith, thy wonted justice shew,
 And shield me, save me, from th' obdurate foe.
- 2 Yet not my life too strictly thou survey, 5
 Since none so perfectly thy laws obey,
 None o'er their passions hold so firm command,
 As pure, as guiltless, in thy sight to stand.
- 3 Lo ! my fierce enemy assaults my soul ;
 The victim of his villain-hate I fall. 10
 My dismal dwelling in the dark I have,
 Like them who long have moulder'd in the grave.
- 4 Therefore my soul was overwhelm'd with grief ;
 My heart well nigh despair'd to ask relief :
- 5 Yet I remember'd still, (and still ador'd) 15
 That not in vain our ancestors implor'd
 Thy gracious mercy ; when thy pitying hand
 Dispell'd their dangers, and their souls sustain'd.
- 6 This gives me courage to support my fate ;
 With confidence thy mercy I intreat : 20

- For thee I long, as long the thirsty plains,
 Parch'd by the sultry heat, for kindly rains.
- 7 Then hear, all-clement God ; swift aid impart,
 Droops my afflicted soul, and fails my heart :
 Shoud'st thou in anger turn thy face away, 25
 Soon death wou'd drive me from the realms of day.
- 8 In thee alone I hope, on thee rely ;
 With gracious speed to my assistance fly ;
 To thee my soul looks up, to only thee ;
 Save her, my God, and give her liberty. 30
- 9 O shield her from the insults of her foes,
 For thee her fortress and her rock she chose.
- 10 Wise, good and just, art thou-----direct my will,
 That I thy statutes ever may fulfil ;
 That I no ear to error's lure may give, 35
 But in the paths of duty ever live.
- 11 And that the grateful tribes thy name may praise,
 Give me the blessings of my former days ;
 And, that thy justice may to all appear,
 Relieve me from this burthen of my fear. 40
- 12 Thy servant I-----my griefs in mercy view,
 And let thy vengeance my fell foes pursue ;
 Destroy them, that they not distress me more,
 And I'll that mercy gratefully adore.

P S A L M CXLIV.

- 1 **O** GRACIOUS God, thy glorious name be prais'd !
 'Tis thou that oft my drooping soul hast rais'd ;
 By thee inspir'd, what wonders I've perform'd,
 What armies routed, and what rampiers storm'd ?
- 2 That life, that health, that manly vigour's mine, 5
 That I with bright unsullied honours shine,
 That oft I've triumph'd o'er the enemy,
 And rule o'er mighty realms, I owe to thee.
- 3 O great Creator ! what is man, that thou
 To him dost such continued favour shew, 10
 Such wond'rous blessings dost for him prepare,
 And constant guard'st him with paternal care ?
- 4 What, but the empty pageant of a day,
 That like a shadow, swiftly fleets away !
- 5 Bow down thy heav'ns, O mighty God ; descend ; 15
 And let thy radiant guard their king attend ;
 Let at thy presence clouds of smok arise,
 From out th' astonish'd hills, and shade the skies.
- 6 Bid the vast *æther* with thy lightnings glow,
 And with thy flaming arrows strike the foe. 20

- 7 Stretch forth thy aiding hand, and, gracious, save
From the drear horrors of the threat'ning grave -
Thy faithful servant; lo! with impious rage
The villain-rout against my peace engage;
- 8 With words of death they arm their venom'd tongues, 25
And fill their cruel hands with fatal wrongs.
- 9 In hymns of joy I then my voice will raise,
And tune my lyre, to celebrate thy praise.
- 10 Thou hear'st the pleading monarch in distress,
And with deliv'rance dost thy *David* bless; 30
- 11 Yes; with thy mighty hand propitious save
From the drear horrors of the threat'ning grave
Thy sinking servant; lo! with impious rage
The villain-rout against my peace engage;
With words of death they arm their venom'd tongues, 35
And fill their cruel hands with fatal wrongs.
- 12 In strength, in vigour, may our youth improve,
As in a fruitful soil the laurel grove;
Lovely and blooming may our maids become,
Like polish'd columns of the stately dome. 40
- 13 May our rich fields a golden plenty yield;
May with their yellow sheaves our barns be fill'd;
And fast our flocks increase their fleecy breed,
That scarce our grassy plains their numbers feed.
- 14 Strong for his labour prove the sturdy steer, 45
While no shrill clarion strikes our hearts with fear;
While no fierce foe our peaceful cities threatens,
No moaning, no complaining, fills our streets.
- 15 Blest are the people, who without alloy
Such sweet felicities as these enjoy! 50
Yes; trebly blest are they, whose God's the Lord,
The dread *Supreme*, by heav'n, by earth, ador'd!

P S A L M CXLV.

- 1 **W**HILE lasts this solid globe, my God, my king,
Thy name, thy pow'r, thy majesty, I'll sing;
- 2 Both night and day my grateful voice I'll raise,
And ev'ry hour shall hear me hymn thy praise.
- 3 Great art thou, Lord, and mighty is thy pow'r, 5
Too great for human wisdom to explore!
- 4 Yet, while yon starry lights above shall roll;
Thy mighty acts shall ev'ry age extol.
- 5 With me the varied nations all around
Thy majesty, thy glory, shall resound; 10
Old hoary age shall teach each list'ning son,
With pious joy, the wonders thou hast done;

- 7 With raptur'd hearts shall hear th' astonish'd youth
 Thy justice, thy beneficence, thy truth :
 8 How thou the wretched, gracious, dost relieve, 15
 How slow to wrath, how ready to forgive ;
 9 How good to all ; how all yon orbs above,
 This earth beneath, thy gracious goodness prove,
 10 Thy works, O God, and all thy saints shall join 20
 To hail thy glorious name in hymns divine ;
 11 With joyous transport their Creator sing,
 The pow'r, the glory, of their heav'nly king ;
 12 And to all ages and all nations shew,
 What to the ruler of the world they owe.
 13 Eternal pow'r is thine ; shall last thy pow'r, 25
 When dies the world, when time itself's no more.
 14 Thou lift'st the humble from their low distress,
 And giv'st them affluence, and giv'st them peace.
 15 On thee all eyes are fix'd, nor fix'd in vain ;
 Thy bounteous pow'r all nature does sustain : 30
 16 Thy hand thou open'st, and on all below,
 To their desire, unnumber'd blessings flow.
 17 Thy truth, O God, demands continued praise,
 Just in thy works, and holy in thy ways !
 18 And they who to their God in faith apply, 35
 Share strait thy goodness and thy clemency ;
 19 And they, who to their God approach in fear,
 Prove strait, all-clement, thou their suit wilt hear.
 20 Thou giv'st them, ev'ry blessing to enjoy,
 And dost their impious enemies destroy ; 40
 21 Therefore with me all earth shall sing thy praise,
 Shall hymn thy pow'r in ever-grateful lays.

P S A L M CXLVI.

- 1 **W**HILE thou permit'st me, Lord, the light t' enjoy,
 Thy praises shall my grateful tongue employ ;
 While o'er my limbs shall flow life's purple stream,
 I'll make thy glory and thy pow'r my theme,
 3 Consider all, how weak it is, how vain, 5
 To trust in the most potent sons of men,
 Even in those, whom mighty realms obey,
 Lords of the earth, exulting in their sway !
 4 Lo ! soon their frail mortality they mourn ;
 Soon to their parent *nothing* they return ; 10
 And, when the icy hands of death assail,
 Their deep-laid schemes, their wily counsels, fail.
 5 But blest is he, who steadily relies
 On that great God who rules above the skies ;

Who

- Who fixes all his hopes on him alone, 15
 Whom heav'n, whom earth, their great *Jehovah* own.
- 6 The heav'ns he made, the earth, the liquid main,
 And all that heav'ns and earth and sea contain;
 Firm is his truth, inviolate his word;
 Ne'er from his gracious promise swerves the Lord. 20
- 7 When cruel tyrants humble souls oppress,
 He hears their cry, and gives them swift redress;
 He feeds the hungry, and the naked cloaths,
 And on the captive liberty bestows.
- 8 The blind, the lame, from him soft pity find;
 He gives the lame, to walk, to see, the blind:
 The just, the righteous, his high favour prove,
 The just, blest objects of his heav'nly love.
- 9 He the 'lorn widow and her babes befriends;
 He the poor stranger in his path attends;
 The guilty wretch he in his schemes appalls;
 By his avenging thunder struck, he falls! 30
- 10 Therefore, while yon bright lamps illumine the sky,
 While yon gay sun his joyous light supply;
 Our God on *Sion's* sacred hill shall reign,
 And o'er the nations endless rule maintain. 35

P S A L M CXLVII.

- 1 **I**N loftiest strains the great eternal praise;
 Sing, sing his glory in sublimest lays;
 What nobler subject can the soul employ?
 Can charm her more?-----'tis ecstasy-----'tis joy!
- 2 Sure, *Salem*, thou wilt gladly sing the Lord, 5
 Thee to thy wonted glory who restor'd,
 Who freed thy captive-sons from galling chains,
 And safely led them to their natal plains.
- 3 'Tis he that gives the anguish'd spirit ease,
 Heals up our wounds, and sooths our souls to peace: 10
- 4 He numbers all the starry worlds above;
 He gives them names, and at his will they move.
- 5 Great is his glory, infinite his pow'r;
 And who his boundless wisdom can explore?
- 6 The meek are his, and he rewards their worth, 15
 While feel the wicked his avenging wrath.
- 7 With grateful hearts the great *Jehovah* sing;
 And tune his praises on the warbling string;
- 8 'Tis he the heav'ns with low'ring clouds obscures;
 That on the plains sends down his fruitful show'rs;
 That on the mountains bids his grass to grow,
 And makes the barren hills with plenty flow: 20

- 9 The bestial tribes that with their food supplies,
 And hears the callow raven, when he cries.
 10 Not in the valiant chief, the man of might, 25
 Nor in the warrior-steed, he takes delight;
 11 But in those humble souls, sincerely just,
 Who fear his name, and in his mercy trust.
 12 Thy mighty God, O happy *Salem*, praise;
 The tuneful voice, ye sons of *Sion*, raise; 30
 13 Your gates he binds with adamantine bars;
 He ev'ry blessing for your race prepares;
 14 He crowns your cities and your plains with peace;
 And gives your yellow harvests rich increase:
 15 His awful voice our earth obedient hears, 35
 And with her plenteous gifts all nature cheers;
 16 His hoary frosts he scatters on the plains,
 And o'er the hills his snowy fleeces rains;
 17 He binds the waters with his freezing air;
 His cold, say, feeble mortal, can'st thou bear? 40
 18 He bids at will the milder winds to blow;
 The air grows warmer, and the waters flow:
 19 On *Jacob* he his sacred laws bestow'd;
 His heav'nly statutes to his *Israel* shew'd:
 20 Not thus to other nations he hath done, 45
 Nor they his statutes nor his laws have known.

P S A L M CXLVIII.

- 1 **Y**E bright celestial choir, who live above,
 Who o'er the heav'nly plains at pleasure rove;
 Devoid of mortal crime, or grief, or care;
 The praises of the eternal God declare.
 2 And you, ye blest cherubick hosts, that wait 5
 More near around your great Creator's seat,
 Ever prepar'd his mandate to obey,
 In joyous hymns his boundless pow'r display.
 3 And thou, O sun, who gild'st the day with light,
 And thou, O moon, pale empress of the night; 10
 And you, ye stars, with dimmer ray that shine,
 Sing forth his mighty name, his pow'r divine.
 4 And you, ye various orbs, aloft that roll,
 Scarce visible to the enquiring soul;
 And you, ye waters, far above that lie, 15
 Beyond the regions of the azure sky;
 5 All, all, the glory of your God proclaim;
 From his Almighty word your *being* came;
 6 Your *being* still his awful pow'r maintains,
 And binds you fast in adamantine chains; 20

- Fix'd is your period, and you roll secure,
 From all th' assaults of time, till time's no more.
- 7 And thou, O parent-earth, that li'st supine,
 And thou, O sea, do thou the concert join;
 And you, ye monstrous tyrants of the main,
 Which float exulting o'er her watery plain: 25
- 8 Ye fires, ye ratling hails, ye fleecy snows,
 Ye mists, ye rains, each stormy wind that blows;
- 9 Ye tow'ring hills, or you who gently rise,
 Or you whose lofty heights eclipse the skies; 30
 Ye trees, or you whose fruits the fields bestrew,
 Or you, who, sterile, in the forest grow;
- 10 Ye savage bestials, all that shun the plain,
 Or you, who love the neighbourhood of man;
 Ye reptile tribes that humbly trail the ground,
 Ye winged birds, that skim the air around; 35
- 11 Ye various nations of the human race,
 Howe'er distinct in rank, disper'd in place;
 Or born to hold on earth imperial sway,
 Or born some lordly ruler to obey. 40
- 12 Howe'er distinct in age, in sex, you are,
 Or youths in prime of life, or maidens fair,
 Or just now trembling on the verge of life,
 Or strangers yet to all it's cares and strife;
- 13 All, all, the praises of your God proclaim, 45
 All, give the honour due unto his name;
 All, all, in heav'n, on earth, make him their theme,
 All, own with grateful tongues, he's Lord supreme.
- 14 And you, O *Israel*, from your mouths is due 50
 Eternal praise, for much to him ye owe;
 Peculiar objects of his boundless love,
 Your thankful hearts in joyous anthems prove.

P S A L M CXLIX.

- 1 **I**N strains before unsung, in noblest lays,
 Ye saints of his, your great Creator praise.
- 2 Ye sons of *Israel*; 'tis to him you owe
 Your life, your glory; grateful rapture shew:
 Ye blooming train, that round our *Sion* throng, 5
 Sing to your heav'nly king a joyous song;
- 3 Join in the dance in honour of his name;
 With timbrels and with harps his praise proclaim.
- 4 All-clement, he his happy people loves,
 And their religious melody approves; 10
 And everlasting joy will he bestow
 On all that humbly 'fore his altar bow.

Sing

- 5 Sing then, ye saints, his glory all the day,
His mighty acts, his wond'rous works display;
And in the solemn silence of the night,
Ere laid to rest, *Jehovah's* praise recite. 15
- 6 Your dread Creator's praise your blest employ,
Let heav'n's high concave eccho with your joy;
While wield your nervous arms th' avenging sword
Against the nations that reject his word. 20
- 7 Dread punishments shall then their souls await;
They fly-----they fall-----perdition is their fate-----
- 8 Their sceptred kings, their haughty chieftains, mourn
In hard, in ruthless chains, their fate forlorn;
- 9 And thus they feel from your victorious hand 25
The heavy woes your God had fore-ordain'd;
While thro' the regions of the world shall fly
Your bright renown, your glorious victory.

P S A L M CL.

- 1 **L**ET great *Jehovah* animate our strains;
To him yon spacious firmament pertains;
High 'bove yon starry heav'ns he reigns supreme;
Yon starry heav'ns his boundless pow'r proclaim. 5
- 2 His glorious deeds in tuneful numbers sing;
Display the majesty of heav'n's high king;
- 3 With it's shrill clangor bid the trumpet join
The lute, the psalt'ry, harmony divine!
- 4 With timbrels bid the virgins all advance, 10
To celebrate his glory in the dance;
While sprightly viols sweetly play around,
And solemn organs give a deeper sound:
- 5 Let the sonorous cymbals speak his praise;
In concert, all, your grateful voices raise;
Yes, all that breathe this vital air, accord 15
With one consenting voice, to hymn the LORD.

T H E E N D.







